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THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

"If," says a modern French writer, "there ever was a palace that appealed to the imagination, it is Fontainebleau. Here we invoke recollections of all ages, the mysterious visits of ancient kings, the most pompous scenes in French history, the great artists employed here—all in their day busy as bees in a hive. Brilliant galleries, priceless pictures, fine statues, a perfect mosaic of architecture, showing the varieties of ages, tastes, and talents that have been displayed in the construction of this palace, a vast forest near with its verdant shade, spreading oaks, and wonderful traditions—all, in a word, tells of grandeur, poetry, and art; every thing inspires the beholder with a desire of knowing from its very origin to the present day one of the finest monuments in France."

Fontainebleau does not afford those symmetrical proportions favorable to description. This royal residence, enlarged at different periods by succeeding monarchs, justifies the *bon mot* of a witty Englishman, who called it "a rendezvous of châteaux."

The different elements of which it is composed form an exception to all ar-

chitectural rules in any other known structure. They serve as an index to the state of the arts in France during three centuries—a history in themselves. Sebastian Sertio, Jamin, le Primatice, Du Cerceau, Mansard, all successively assisted in its erection.

Historians are not well agreed as to the derivation of the name of Fontainebleau. A great number considered it to be a corruption of Fontaine-belle-eau, on account of the fresh and abundant springs that are found here; but this etymology, though poetical, is not true. It appears that *Bleau* was the name of a person, the proprietor of the ground, who was the first to construct a habitation near the spring.

However, it is very difficult to fix the precise period of the foundation of this celebrated royal residence. It has been successively attributed, without sufficient reason, to various princes, such as Robert, Louis VII., and Louis IX. It is certain, that towards the middle of the twelfth century a forest and a royal residence existed at Fontainebleau. A donation of the time of Louis VII. to some neighboring monks bears this inscription: "Actum

publice apud Fontene Bleaudi in palatio nostro." This residence, like Versailles, became from a mere hunting-box a sumptuous residence, by the successive additions of the greatest French monarchs. Louis VII. built a chapel here, dedicated to St. Saturnin. Philip Augustus added considerably to the building. There remain various acts of this prince dated from this residence, among others one by which he gives to the Hôtel-Dieu, at Nemours, all the bread remaining from his table during his stay at Fontainebleau.

St. Louis added much to the constructions of his predecessors; among other apartments, a pavilion that still bears his name, although re-built by Francis I. St. Louis, in several of his letters, calls this place "Our Desert," which seems to imply that Fontainebleau in his time was not of considerable extent. The room is still shown where this just and pious sovereign, being dangerously ill, gave what he supposed to be his dying advice to his son. Philippe le Bel was born and died at Fontainebleau.

Charles V. formed the magnificent library—the first of the kind in France. To render it worthy of his royal name he employed all the litterati in France and in foreign countries to collect the best books for him, and wishing to make it universally useful, he enriched it with the best translations. Towards 1364 Charles V. formed another library at Paris.

Charles VII. much embellished this residence, and, amongst other things, added various paintings.

The library, having been pillaged by the English under his reign, was re-constructed by Louis XI., and received great additions by the discovery of printing, lately introduced into France. Charles VIII. enriched it with the Greek and Latin collections of the kings of Naples, the only substantial fruit of the conquest of that kingdom; and Louis XII., after having removed it to Blois—then the residence of the court—added to it all the books from the library of Pavia, brought back by him from his expedition to the Milanese.

The reign of Francis I. is particularly connected with Fontainebleau. He made various changes in the château; many buildings were re-constructed, and new ones erected, while vast gardens, designed by Primaticcio, contributed to the beauty of this residence. These gardens, admirable in that age, but destroyed to suit the

taste of Louis XIV., excited the liveliest admiration at a period when the arts were only beginning to reappear. All contemporaries speak with admiration of Fontainebleau. Many brilliant *fêtes* were held there under Francis on the occasion of the Emperor Charles V. passing through France.

Among the constructions of Francis I., which indicate not a little the too gallant character of that monarch, was a bath surrounded by mirrors, situated in a grotto in the garden of pine-trees. There is a curious anecdote related of this bath.

When James V. of Scotland came into France to demand the hand of Madeleine, daughter of Francis I., his impatience to behold the princess caused him to commit a great indiscretion, if a conversation which took place between him and Henri II. is to be believed.

"You may remember," said the Scotch monarch to Henri II., "that at the beginning of the summer Madeleine wished to bathe, and chose as the place of her bath that magnificent grotto constructed by your father, Francis I., and joining the apartments of the Duchesse d'Etampes. I was acquainted with the secret of the arch, where, by means of a reflecting mirror set in the rock, the person bathing could be distinctly visible. The king, your father, had let me into this secret. I gained by bribes the officer who had charge of the grotto, and he placed me in the niche just before the princess entered the bath. Pardon me, my dear prince, this audacity, and let the purity of my intentions plead my excuse. Indeed, I was in the sequel sufficiently punished for my temerity. You imagine my audacity was successful? Well, you are both right and wrong, for, up to a certain point, all went well; but the niche became any thing but an agreeable position when I heard the princess whom I loved so distractedly, and whom I was on the point of marrying, declare to her companion, Mademoiselle Vendôme, that she felt any thing but indifferent to Don Juan, the handsome natural son of the Emperor Charles V., and that if she were married to me (the King of Scotland), she should look on herself as a miserable victim of state policy!"

Notwithstanding this frank avowal of the Princess Madeleine, James could not make up his mind to resign her, and although he had heard this confession from

the lips of the princess herself, he continued to solicit her hand from her father, and press his suit with herself. The marriage took place in January, 1537.

But, says Brantôme, when Madeleine arrived in Scotland, she found the country very different to what it had been described to her, and a sad contrast to *la belle France*. She uttered but few complaints, and only repeated continually to herself: "Alas! I would be a queen!" veiling her melancholy and her ambition under a garment of patience. Madeleine was miserable; she could not bear the severe climate of Scotland nor the savage manners of the inhabitants. She faded like a fair flower transplanted into an uncongenial soil, and died of grief about six months after her marriage.

The grotto of the garden of pines is now entirely destroyed, and the tell-tale mirror has disappeared, but there are some frescoes still visible that mark the situation of the celebrated bath of the Duchesse d'Etampes.

The room is yet shown at Fontainebleau where Francis I. received the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, when that noble dame came sobbing and in tears to supplicate pardon for her father, condemned to death for treason. Diana was covered with a long black veil, which shrouded her charming features as under a sombre cloud. The monarch at first sternly refused the appeals she addressed to his mercy. The heart of Diana was bursting with emotion, and for a moment she lost all consciousness. The gallant Francis was not slow in offering his assistance to the distressed beauty. He placed her on a couch, the black veil which had before covered her was displaced, and the countenance of Diana was revealed to him in all its dazzling beauty. The king was astonished at the ravishing sight, and contemplated for some time her lovely face with boundless admiration. His sense of justice, which the entreaties of the daughter had failed to touch, was disarmed by the sight of such charms. Her prayer was granted, and the life of her father was spared.

Francis was not without reason styled "the restorer of literature and art." Besides the numerous palaces he built, in whose construction and embellishment he employed the first painters and architects of Italy, he made a collection of all the rare and ancient manuscripts, in which he was aided by the learned litterati of his

day. The library of Fontainebleau, reduced to almost a name, was reorganized by Francis, who employed for that purpose Guillaume Budé, one of the most erudite men then living.

There is extant an anecdote of Budé, which shows his extraordinary application to study, and the little attention he paid to the more material and sublunary cares of life. One day he was engaged in study in his house at Paris, when a servant, rushing into the room, informed him that the house was on fire. "Go and tell my wife," replied he, without raising his eyes; "you know I never attend to any of the household affairs."

Loaded with favors by Francis I., who named him to some valuable situations, he never could bear to tear himself from his beloved books to attend to the duties his appointments imposed on him. "The liberality of the king and the confidence of the people," said he, complainingly, "will have the effect at last of making me utterly ignorant."

Henri II., Charles IX., and Henri III., all continued the embellishment of Fontainebleau, making it their residence from time to time. Henri IV. particularly delighted in Fontainebleau. He spent in buildings and additions to the palace and the park two million four hundred thousand eight hundred livres—an immense sum for that period. Henri liked this palace particularly; he never, however, was perfectly happy either here or elsewhere, unless *La belle Gabrielle* was beside him. "What would you have?" he used to say to his friends when speaking on this subject; "after all the reverses I have encountered, and all the battles I have fought, I want to enjoy myself, and to pass some jovial days at least. I am never happy but with my son and with his dear mother." At that time he had no other child but Cæsar, created Duc de Vendôme, whose mother, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, was his mistress. As a specimen of his attachment to this lady, a letter is subjoined that he wrote to her from Fontainebleau in the autumn of 1599, entreating her to join him forthwith:

"From our delicious Wilderness of Fontaine-belle-Eau.

"MY DEAREST LOVE: The courier has arrived this evening. I sent him quickly to you, because he told me that you had ordered his immediate return in order to have some news of me. I am well, thank God; the only malady I endure is the violent longing I have again to behold you."

The next day Gabrielle was at Fontainebleau.

In 1599, Henri IV. received Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, here. It was most probable that during this visit those intrigues were begun that ended by conducting Biron to the scaffold—Biron who, after having bravely fought for Henri, being honored by his friendship, and having received from him the staff of *maréchal* as a reward, fell in the midst of prosperity, when his conspiracies with Spain—then the bitterest enemy of France—were discovered, as well as various other intrigues against his sovereign, he having been seduced by the caresses and the magnificent promises made to him by his country's foes. The king was at Fontainebleau when the guilt of Biron was first discovered. Nothing could exceed the grief he felt at the treachery of the *maréchal*, to whom he was personally much attached. He sent for Sully, and throwing his arms round him with great emotion, said to him: "Sully, I am betrayed by a friend. Biron has conspired against me." Sully advised the king to have Biron arrested in his own house. Henri would not consent to this; he wished first to have an interview with his former friend, and induce him to acknowledge his crime, in order afterwards at once to forgive him. The *maréchal* was summoned to court without delay. He at first hesitated, but, reassured by his accomplices, who persuaded him that it was impossible the king could be acquainted with the conspiracy, proceeded to Fontainebleau, and arrived there the 13th of June, 1602. His entry created quite a sensation, for every one suspected his treason, and all were on the *qui vive* to know what steps would be taken against him.

Biron resisted with haughty obstinacy all the efforts of his magnanimous sovereign to draw from him an acknowledgment of his treason, or some expressions of regret and repentance. "Sully," said Henri to his minister, "Biron is indeed a most unhappy man. I really have a great inclination to pardon him, to forget the past, and behave to him as if I had never known it. I pity him profoundly. I can not endure to punish so brave a man—one who has served me for so many years, and for whom I have felt so much friendship. All my fear is, that if I pardon him he will never pardon me, and may revenge himself on my children or my kingdom."

The king determined to make a last appeal to his treacherous general. One evening, after playing at cards, he summoned Biron into his cabinet, and thus addressed him:

"*Maréchal*, I wish to learn from your own mouth circumstances which, to my sorrow, I am too well acquainted with. I promise you my forgiveness for whatever you have done against me; only confess frankly what your conduct has been. All shall be covered with the royal mantle of mercy. I will protect you, and every thing shall be buried in eternal silence!"

"This is strange language to an honest man," replied the obstinate *maréchal*. "I never had any desire but to be your faithful servant."

"Would to God that were true!" replied the king. Then, turning on him a look of compassion, he left the room, saying: "Adieu, *Maréchal* Biron."

A few moments afterwards Biron was arrested in the very palace where he had been summoned to justify himself. Once in the hands of justice, and condemned to death, he now vainly solicited a pardon which Henri would once willingly have granted to him, if he had only confessed his delinquency. The only favor he could obtain was, that he should undergo the extreme penalty of the law in private within the walls of his prison.

Louis XIII., that feeble, timid, suspicious son of the gallant Henry IV. and of Marie de Medicis, was born at Fontainebleau. During his whole life this prince was governed by Cardinal Richelieu. History seems only to have preserved his name in order to mark the era of an imperious minister, or as a period of repose for the mind, passing from the inordinate licentiousness of his father's conduct to the pompous though scandalous amours of his son, Louis XIV.

The sight of youth and beauty were not, however, without very particular attractions for Louis XIII., yet his attachments were entirely Platonic—a union of kindred souls that excluded all idea of sensuality—truly, a most singular exception in the annals of royal intrigues! Some account of these *liaisons* must, I imagine, be agreeable to the reader, and I shall, therefore, enter into the details of various scenes in the life of Mademoiselle de Hautefort and of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the two favorites who have afforded the almost singular instance offered by history

of influence acquired by beauty and maintained by virtue.

Anne of Austria, and wife of Louis XIII., was born in the same month of the same year, 1601, as he was himself, and they were married at the age of fifteen. The mind of the queen was already formed; she was lively, clever, and brilliant. Louis, who still remained a child, was naturally timid and melancholy, and she felt her superiority over him. It is easy to govern those who are of an imbecile or indolent disposition without pleasing them, but love is often not gained by a display of superiority. The admiration extorted by the superior mind from one conscious of inferiority is, after all, only a kind of wonder, often mixed with envy, which, far from gaining the affections, only serves to alienate and repulse those tenderer feelings. The queen might and ought to have governed Louis, but she wanted those qualities that were calculated to gain his heart. Louis admired her beauty, but was terrified at her vivacity. Her gayety, her frankness, and general taste for all kinds of amusements, jarred against the austerity of his principles, and from the very commencement of their union he lived as much estranged from her as the rules of etiquette permitted.

Marie de Medicis, who then held the reins of government, dreading the power that a young and beautiful wife might exercise over him, used every endeavor to confirm these painful impressions in the mind of the king, and increase his disinclination towards Anne of Austria. The first years of their marriage passed away in mutual indifference. The queen uttered no complaints, she showed no vexation, but among her favorite friends she expressed herself in a style of very indiscreet raillery on the character and conduct of her husband. If the reproaches of a neglected wife are wearisome, at least they are flattering to a husband's vanity; but ridicule on subjects that ought to produce sorrow and distress is not to be pardoned, for it is the certain indication of scorn or of insensibility. Reports of the queen's expressions, heightened by the malice of those whose interest it was to widen the breach, were not wanting to alienate still further the mind of Louis. His was of a disposition neither to hide nor to display his displeasure with violence, much less to seek for explanations. He took no care to disguise his annoyance, and showed his

feelings by a cold and disdainful silence. The pride of the queen was wounded. Too young to be fully aware of the probable danger and misery of her future position, and entirely deprived of all judicious advice, she took no steps to reconcile herself to the king, and their misunderstanding grew into irreconcilable dislike.

Louis XIII. was neither without sense nor religion; his conduct was irreproachable, and he was not wanting in courage, but he had none of those virtues that insure domestic happiness; he failed equally in his duties as a son, a husband, and a brother, and was neither a great prince nor a good king. For in a sovereign, indolence and weakness become often the most fatal of vices, a certain strength and fortitude of character being absolutely necessary in those who are intrusted with the burden of the state. Educated in the midst of ever-recurring wars and rebellions, Louis knew nothing of royalty but its cares and anxieties; he only experienced the lassitude and weariness of power without any of its enjoyments. He had been badly educated, and when arrived at that age when his own sense and application might have remedied this neglect, he mistook his ignorance for incapacity, and took no measures for self-improvement. Those who desired to govern under his name were very careful not to enlighten him as to his own powers; his idleness was, moreover, favored by natural indolence, it being easier to doubt his own powers of acquirement than to apply himself to conquer such deficiencies. The fame of Henri IV., and the admiration his memory inspired, instead of filling his son with emulation, seemed only to have the effect of still further discouraging him. The most brilliant examples are not always the most useful. Emulation may be extinguished by the excessive superiority of the model, or the only sentiment it inspires may end in nothing but a barren enthusiasm. But there was at least this difference between Louis XIII. and the Fainéant kings, his predecessors, though similar to him in many other respects: he did not, at any rate, betray or leave to chance the best interests of his country; his mind and his principles at least induced him to select a worthy deputy for his delegated authority. He did not resign the reins of government without consideration, and he displayed discernment in intrusting them

into the most able hands. But from that moment he considered himself liberated from all the responsibilities of royalty. He abdicated without descending from the throne, and by this dishonorable abandonment of his duties, which only showed his impotence and incapacity, without any of the philosophic contempt or disregard of the advantages attending them which a voluntary resignation of the legitimate exercises of power would have displayed, he lost the respect due to his position, yet still remained responsible for the sufferings inflicted on his people. That people ceased not to reproach him with every mishap that occurred, and at the same time refused to allow him any share of the glories of his reign. Posterity has confirmed this severe but equitable sentence.

The idle disposition of Louis made a prime minister absolutely necessary, and his heart yearned after a friend to whose bosom he could confide his sorrows and disappointments. Henri IV. had found many faithful and attached servants, but his son met only with favorites. An attachment of a deeper kind, but which the purity of his heart induced him to mistake for friendship, long occupied him. Among the queen's ladies of honor he particularly noticed Mademoiselle de Hautefort. Her discretion and her virtue first attracted him, and formed her greatest charm. Such a reputation in a young and beautiful woman was the most potent seduction that could be offered to the king. Mademoiselle de Hautefort was ambitious and talented, and of rather a serious turn of mind; her conversation was most agreeable to him, and she soon gained his confidence. It was observed with surprise that the king, after his daily visits to the queen, with whom he only stayed a few minutes, remained for whole hours in a boudoir contiguous to her apartments, where at certain hours he met Mademoiselle de Hautefort, accompanied by others of the maids of honor. Here, in the recess of a bay-window, Louis seated himself by her side, and while conversing in a low voice, forgot how the hours fled in interminable conversations, where such a naughty word as love was not even mentioned. The purity of his conduct was so thoroughly known, that this kind of intimacy did not damage in the slightest degree the reputation of the young lady. It is true that, in order to prevent even the shadow of suspicion, Mademoiselle de

Hautefort repeated to the queen every word that the king had uttered. This platonic attachment was the subject of much amusement in the queen's circle, and Mademoiselle de Hautefort herself took rather a delight in ridiculing the sentiments and conduct of her august lover, which was neither prudent nor right in her to do. She ought either to have refused to become the confidante of the king, or to have faithfully kept the secrets he intrusted to her.

After some months Louis discovered her treachery, as several circumstances were repeated to him again that he had only mentioned to Mademoiselle de Hautefort. He had every reason to feel himself offended as her friend and her sovereign, but he did not openly complain. Mademoiselle de Hautefort, however, was deprived of her situation and exiled. After the loss of his confidante, Louis again shut himself up in his apartments, and became more shy and more reserved than ever. At this period he suffered much vexation, caused by the animosity of the queen-mother to Cardinal Richelieu. Marie de Medicis was obstinate and narrow-minded; her unbounded ambition was unaided by judgment; she was imperious, and at the same time weak, violent and inconstant—at once opinionated and obstinate when her passions were concerned. She was guided rather by the heart than the head, and became therefore the dupe of favorites; but still she wished to exercise the most despotic power over France. Her bad temper and her violence had already deprived her of her husband's affection. The same imperious temper alienated from her a son naturally affectionate and devoted, and her insatiable ambition forced that minister, who owed his elevation to her favor, ultimately to become her enemy. Richelieu did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions: he supplicated, he entreated, he knelt, he even shed tears; but the queen was inflexible. Louis, alarmed, or rather annoyed, at these disputes, neither acted as became a son nor a sovereign. He might at once have ended all internal discord by demanding of the queen, as a sovereign, and entreating her with all the filial respect of a son, to cease from further interference with the affairs of state. But he only requested where he ought to have commanded, and ended by basely sacrificing his mother, because he wanted

the necessary courage to act with firmness, and expose himself to the chance of an unpleasant outbreak. It is thus that weakness often drives the mind to more violent resolutions than even passion, which at least calms down after any vehement outbreak. Louis knew well that the measures he meditated would excite the rage of his mother to the very highest pitch; but in determining her exile, he imagined he would at least be spared the embarrassment of having personally to endure face to face her invectives and reproaches. He was aware that public opinion would be against him, but he flattered himself that it would never reach his ears; in a word, he only feared personally to see and to hear what might give annoyance. Such are the vices of weak characters.

He hastened to hide himself in one of the royal residences in the country, when the letter announcing her exile was to be presented to Marie de Medicis, giving her the choice of remaining at Compiègne or in the chateau of Angers, of Nevers, or of Moulins. The disgrace of a sovereign wanting in intellect and discernment is the more overwhelming because generally unexpected. The same weakness of character that leads to the commission of imprudences, shuts the eyes of the understanding to the dangerous consequences sure to be the result. Marie de Medicis was overwhelmed. Anne of Austria, on hearing of this event, saw only in her unfortunate mother-in-law (who had never ceased to persecute the young queen) an unhappy parent. She flew to her apartment, threw herself into her arms, mingled her tears with those of Marie de Medicis, and promised to employ all the little influence she possessed in her favor. She kept her word; but although in reality her conduct was irreproachable, her position was neither that of a happy nor respected wife. Her intercession appeared to Louis XIII. only a pretext for censuring his conduct, and he coldly desired her to be silent. Some few days after the queen-mother, who had selected Compiègne as her residence, disappeared, and went into another country. All the courtiers assured Cardinal Richelieu, who repeated it to the king, that Marie de Medicis was hated by the public, who felt no interest in her fate, and that every one entirely approved of her exile, as a measure rendered necessary by her unbounded

ambition. Louis was not so foolish as to be entirely duped by these false representations; but flattery, even where it fails to convince, raises at least a kind of doubt in the mind, which is itself agreeable.

Some days after the disappearance of Marie de Medicis, the Princess Marie of Mantova proposed to the queen to confer the situation of Mademoiselle de Haute fort, which had remained vacant, to Mademoiselle de la Fayette, to whose family she was much attached. The queen, quite despairing of obtaining the recall of the former, promised to ask the king. Louis at once complied with her wish, delighted to see by this demand that the queen had renounced all idea of recalling Mademoiselle de Haute fort.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the daughter of an illustrious house, was the last representative in the male line of the famous Maréchal de la Fayette, who gained so much renown in 1421 at the battle of Baugé, in Anjou, and who afterwards contributed by his valor and activity in driving the English out of the kingdom. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, an orphan from her cradle, had been educated by her aunt, the Comtesse de Brégy, who placed her in a convent until she was fifteen, after which period her house became her future home, where Mademoiselle de la Fayette was gradually accustomed to do the honors before being introduced by her friend into the great world. The comtesse was a widow, rich, and very old; she had no children, and loved and adored her niece as her child, looking on her as the person whom she intended to make her future heiress. The young lady joined to the most enchanting beauty and great acquirements the utmost propriety of conduct. She had already passed her twenty-third year, and every one was surprised that, amongst her numerous admirers, no one had as yet succeeded in winning her regard. The Comtesse de Brégy had experienced all the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage formed in extreme youth; she, therefore, left entirely to her niece the decision of her future destiny, and far from pressing her marriage, she continually exhorted her not to decide on any one without most mature reflection.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette had all the principles that can be imparted by a careful education, and her religious views were sincere and well grounded. She

was, moreover, prudent, discreet and sensible; her imagination lively, her soul lofty, generous and full of sensibility; her spirits gay, yet equable. The purity of her mind appeared in a certain calm and peaceful expression that can only be imparted by internal goodness, and which was displayed in all she did. It was easy to see no passion had as yet ruffled the calm of that gentle soul; always happy in herself, she had experienced no internal conflicts, and the agitations of envy, pride, or vanity were utterly unknown to her. Every one was at ease in her company; her conversation possessed those peculiar charms of grace and tact that never fail to attract, added to an unaffected gentleness of bearing, free from all pretensions. She possessed that gift (so rare in a woman) of charming without effect or display, and when all around her were delighted, envy itself could not be irritated, so little had she tried even to attract attention. She excused the faults of others, and indeed avoided making herself acquainted with them; it was enough for her to suspect their existence, to turn away her mind from their consideration as one turns from an unpleasant picture. There are many qualities that are apparent in a first interview, and there are others which only become visible by degrees and after long acquaintance. All are sensible of the brilliancy of a magnificent day, but it is time only that can make manifest the happy influence of pure air and a fine climate; so was it with the admirable qualities of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. No shadow, no contrast made one particular qualification stand out in relief more than another. It was impossible not to think her clever and fascinating, but it required time and observation to discover the full extent of her superiority.

The day that Mademoiselle de la Fayette was presented at court by the Princess Marie of Mantova she was magnificently dressed; all admired the extreme beauty of the maid of honor, and were charmed with an indescribable attraction about her. The king, evidently struck by the *naïveté* and elegance of her whom he then saw for the first time, approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and complimented her warmly on her beauty and graceful manners. The maid of honor only blushed and made no reply.

The king was present on the morrow at

the queen's reception; he was more affable than even on the former occasion, and seemed entirely occupied with Mademoiselle de la Fayette.

The court was at this moment agitated by political events. The Spaniards were making the most alarming progress in France; they had made good a descent into Provence on one side, and on the other had taken Corbie, in Picardy. Louis had announced that very morning at the council that he intended at once to take the command in person against the Spaniards. Men and money were both wanting, and the situation of France was so alarming, that even the genius of Richelieu was perplexed, and for a time he contemplated resigning his post. The Cardinal of La Vallet, however, reanimated his hopes and his courage, and the glory of France served as a specious pretext for still retaining the sovereign authority intrusted to him. Louis, on the eve of departure, and in a situation so critical, excited general interest and attention. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who until this time had felt only a certain degree of esteem for him, now beheld in Louis a courageous soldier. She forgot his weakness and his faults; she could only remember his personal courage, his amiable qualities, and the dangers he was about to encounter. The melancholy though composed demeanor of the king added to the interest with which he secretly began to inspire her, especially when Louis XIII. publicly announced that he should depart as soon as the levy of twenty thousand men, making at Paris by his order, was completed.

The queen and all her ladies were playing at cards. The king was seated by the side of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and was speaking in general terms of the melancholy anticipations felt by all those about to leave for the war.

"Happy," said the king, "is the man who feels that he is personally regretted—he has a motive in desiring glory. Those who are beloved must indeed seek fame with ardor. But when no one cares for one—when the mind feels that it possesses no kindred sympathy—then even success is valueless, without merit, and without reward."

These words affected the pretty maid of honor. The king observed it. He looked at her fixedly, and after a moment's silence again addressed her:

"I hope," said he, in a low voice, "that this conversation will be resumed. I anxiously desire—"

At these words he rose, without waiting for a reply. Mademoiselle de la Fayette followed him with her eyes, and all the rest of the evening experienced an involuntary absence of mind.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse, whose taste for intrigue had been increased by considerable practical experience, had already remarked the king's budding attachment. She went to Mademoiselle de la Fayette and told her that all the world saw that the king was in love with her. "But in his fashion," added she; "he loves you timidly, modestly—even in his most secret thoughts there would not be an idea of any thing more profane. The Comte de la Meilleraie assures me that the king shows every sign of having conceived a violent passion for you—much more violent, in fact, than he ever felt for Mademoiselle de Hautefort, to whom, indeed, he never really was attached."

"I do not know the king well enough yet to give an opinion about him," replied Mademoiselle de la Fayette, "but I confess I have already lost many of my prepossessions against him. He certainly is capable of friendship, and only desires to open his heart to a real friend; but his confidence has been abused. He seeks, perhaps, to hear the truth, and he may be worthy of hearing it. If he asks counsel of me I shall not dissemble any of my opinions."

"I am sure if you could only inspire him with courage to reign himself, and to shake off the sway of the cardinal, you would render a vast service to France."

"Oh, that is quite chimerical. The king would never consult me. He will never ask me to tell him the truth; and, moreover, he is going away."

"Well, he will meet you again on his return."

"Dear duchess, we really must not talk such nonsense; yet I do pity this prince, naturally brave, good, and accomplished, who so ill fulfills his glorious destiny. It is evident he is aware of this. He suffers—he is wretched. If he had but one true friend he might, perhaps, have proved a worthy successor to Henry IV. This idea makes me quite miserable. I still have hope, for he is yet young. Did you hear that he spoke this morning with great firmness to the parliamentary depu-

ties who had refused to enregister the edicts necessary for raising the money indispensable for the maintenance of the army?"

"Yes. 'The money I demand,' said he, 'is neither to be wasted in gambling nor in idle expenses. I do not demand it for myself, but for the interest of the nation. Those who oppose my pleasure in this injure me more than the Spaniards; but I shall find means to be obeyed.'"

"What energy there is in that speech! Oh! I am certain that he is not appreciated."

The following days the king regularly visited the queen, and appeared much engrossed with Mademoiselle de la Fayette; but his timidity did not allow him to remain long at a time with her, for he could not but perceive that they were both observed with curiosity. The day before his departure for the army he went in the morning to see the queen, and on leaving her apartments he stopped in the ante-chamber, where the maids of honor were assembled. He approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who was standing with one of the other maids of honor in a large bay-window. This lady at once retired, and the king, taking her place, desired Mademoiselle de la Fayette to seat herself beside him. She, finding herself separated in a manner from her companions, and *tête-à-tête* with the king, recollected with extreme agitation and emotion that it was in this manner, during his *liaison* with Mademoiselle de Hautefort, that the king had conversed with her.

"I come," said the king to her, in a low and trembling voice—"I come to bid you adieu."

At these words Mademoiselle de la Fayette bowed, utterly unable to articulate; and Louis started at seeing tears roll down her cheeks.

"I have enjoyed during the course of my life," said he, "few moments of happiness, but this instant is one of the—"

At these words, pronounced in a low voice, trembling with emotion, Mademoiselle de la Fayette became sensibly affected, and replied, that "he would find every loyal heart experienced the same emotion she felt, if his majesty would only condescend to inform himself personally of the sentiments of his subjects."

"No, mademoiselle," said Louis, "I only wish to hear yours; and if in you I find that friendship I have sought so long

in vain, my entire confidence shall be the reward. I go to-morrow, but I shall cherish this tender recollection in my heart. Continue to think of me, I entreat, with the same touching sensibility. If it pleases Heaven to preserve me, it will be my greatest consolation."

This conversation was interrupted by the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who, on leaving the queen's apartment, passed through the ante-room. The king, who had risen, was opening the door. He advanced towards the duchess, and addressed her in some embarrassment. The duchess instantly seized on this moment, when she saw he was confused, to request a favor. Such a petition at that moment entirely removed all recollection of the scene that had just taken place, and at once relieved the king from embarrassment, who, in gratitude for the tact shown by the duchess, at once and most graciously granted her request. When he had left the room, the duchess seated herself by Mademoiselle de la Fayette, laughing at what had passed, who, somewhat recovered from her agitation, was stitching away with exemplary diligence at a small piece of embroidery she held in her hand. Smiling at the duchess, she asked her the reason of her mirth.

"I am laughing," replied she, "at the idea of the admirable presence of mind I have just shown; and as you are but a *débutante* at court, I will give you a little description of it for your especial instruction. The king does not exactly hate me, but at the same time no love is lost between us. He is afraid of my flightiness and my inclination to turn every thing into ridicule. Certainly of all the persons who might have interrupted your conversation, I am the very last he would have desired to behold. He advanced towards me full of confusion. I at once saw the advantage I might derive from this favorable opportunity. I know that when people are afraid they are always obliging, particularly at the first moment. Well, I at once requested a favor that is of great importance to me; and, as I foresaw he did not hesitate to grant it, I shall be grateful, and will tell no one of this little adventure. But do own now that it was capital."

"Mademoiselle de la Fayette would agree to nothing of the sort. She affected not even to understand what the duchess meant. She endeavored to represent the

marked preference shown for her by the king as simple politeness.

The duchess ridiculed both her reserve and her prudery.

"When the king returns," continued she, "we will resume this conversation. My good advice shall be at your service; and if you will only follow my directions, in six months you will upset the whole court, which, truth to say, will be all the better after a general regeneration. We live in a state of horrible apathy—nothing advances—every thing is paralyzed. We are terribly in want of life and animation, and nothing will be more easy than for you to accomplish all this, if you will only follow precisely the plan I will trace out for you."

Mademoiselle de la Fayette chose only to understand as a joke this, in fact, serious admonition of the Duchesse de Chevreuse.

As soon as Mademoiselle de la Fayette was left to herself she made a pretext for retiring, and, shutting herself up alone in her room, sat down to reflect calmly on the farewell of the king. At last he had spoken out. He wanted a friend—he had made choice of one, and had promised, moreover, his entire confidence. His religious principles were too well known to have given ground for the slightest suspicion during his *liaison* with Mademoiselle de Hautefort; it would, therefore, be absurd in her to reject his proffered friendship. The petty maid of honor greatly desired to see Louis XIII. displaying rather more firmness of character than was his wont; she fervently wished to emancipate him from the dominion of Richelieu, who, appropriating all the glory attached to the throne, only left to his pupil the responsibility of governing, and the reproach of being governed. This weakness was a fault which, to be frank, by no means annoyed her; on the contrary, she, as well as other women, liked a feeble character. To correct, to perfect, to suggest, is with them, to act, to domineer, to reign; it is the only legitimate province that nature has granted to the sex, of which no effort can ever deprive them. With what lofty frankness, with what energy Mademoiselle de la Fayette proposed to address the king, and to open her heart to him! She did not doubt that in reality he possessed much more firmness of character than was generally supposed. Had he not addressed the parliament with the utmost decision?

Did he not display much vigor in continuing the war, and placing himself in person at the head of his troops? With his mind and sensibility guided by good advice, why might he not equal the renown of his gallant father? Why, indeed, might he not surpass him? The influence of friendship would restore his activity; it would inspire him with a taste for business. He already possessed courage and acquirements, and he was superior to Henri IV. in his conduct and principles, both of unspotted purity. In a word, if it were desirable to possess the esteem and confidence of a hero, it was a still nobler task to form one, and to render him worthy of the admiration of the whole universe.

All these seductive yet vague ideas passed through the brain of La Fayette; they took root there, were gradually developed, and raised her hopes and her feelings to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. The king took his departure next morning at daybreak, and almost all the courtiers, both young and old, followed him. After they had left, many ladies affected an exaggerated display of anxiety, and many more betrayed, in spite of themselves, secret regrets that they would fain have concealed. This affectation on one side, and constraint on the other, diffused a cloud of dullness and *ennui* over the whole court. At last every one was of opinion that some amusement must be invented, and, without in words admitting that any one could possibly be entertained during such an anxious moment, all the usual amusements were recommenced with renewed ardor.

News soon arrived from the army, announcing brilliant successes, due to the valor of the king and the bravery of the French troops.

During this time of glory and of peril Louis XIII. was no longer that timid, feeble prince, often almost overlooked in his own court; he was metamorphosed, indeed, and became suddenly a brilliant monarch, every way worthy of the throne. He was described as ever foremost in danger, leading his troops into action in person. All parties agreed in applauding his conduct: he was loved and admired—he really reigned.

Every day that his absence lasted, and every fresh intelligence that arrived, added to the state of excitement in which Mademoiselle de la Fayette found herself. Her own perfect purity insured her safety. Such an attachment could not alarm

her, for in her mind it was unmixed with any idea of love.

The danger to which Louis was exposed made her tremble; but feeling certain that the time was now arrived when he would himself hold the reins of government, and display all the nobleness of character she attributed to him, her thoughts dwelt principally on the loss France would sustain by his death. She passionately desired his return, not for the sake of the frivolous pleasure of again seeing and conversing with him, but to speak to him of his duties, to elevate his soul, to inspire him with generous resolves, and to admonish him to persevere in his present line of conduct. Such at least was the conviction, however delusive, of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. At length the successful termination of the campaign was announced. The king had re-taken the places conquered by the Spaniards, and these latter, everywhere defeated, were obliged to re-pass the Somme. On the other side, the Imperialists, who had penetrated into Burgundy, were repulsed to the banks of the Rhine by the Cardinal La Valette and the Duke of Weimar.

The king returned to Paris, which, not having been considered out of danger from the attacks of the enemy, received him with transports of joy. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, witness of this universal enthusiasm, saw in Louis the worthy successor of Henri the Great, and the inheritor of all his glory. Intoxicated by these delusions, she imagined that even the advice dictated by her friendship would be in future needless, and that the king would of his own accord suppress the arrogance of Richelieu, lower his inordinate power, and from henceforth exercise himself the royal authority.

The next morning Louis visited the queen, remained, as usual, some minutes, and only stayed in the ante-chamber for a moment, during which time he approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and conducted her aside.

"I do not know," said he, "when I shall be able to resume those conversations that are so infinitely delightful, for after an absence of some months, I am overwhelmed with business."

"Ah, so much the better!" cried Mademoiselle de la Fayette. "May you, sire, ever be thus fully occupied."

The king smiled.

"You have doubtless heard me blamed

for my idleness," said he—"I am sure you have; but all I ask is, that you will suspend your judgment, and do not condemn me—at least before you have heard my defense."

"Sire, how can I wait, when my heart already has decided?"

"May it ever induce you to justify me, and you will not be mistaken. This will console me for a world of injustice."

After having uttered these words with an emotion that touched Mademoiselle de la Fayette to the very soul, the king left the room.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DEVONSHIRE WORTHIES.

In these busy, jostling, nineteenth-century days, when, through the agency of iron and steam, the ends of the earth have been brought together, it may well seem almost impossible to find a quiet primitive spot, out of sight and sound of rushing engine and screaming steam-whistle. Yet for those who diligently seek them, such nooks and corners do still exist, and in one of them we were lucky enough to spend the early part of our long vacation. The place is situated on the coast of the most beautiful of our south-western counties, and though for certain reasons we do not intend to disclose its name, the sagacious amongst our readers will be able to form a pretty good idea as to its whereabouts when we admit that it is not very distant from the birthplace of Pendennis, that "little old town of Clavering St. Mary," past which the rapid river Brawl holds on its shining course, and which boasts a "fine old church with great gray towers, of which the sun illuminates the delicate carving, deepening the shadows of the huge buttresses and gilding the glittering windows and flaming vanes." Things have, however, a little changed at Clavering since Mr. Thackeray spent many a pleasant summer holiday there in his boyhood. The old collegiate church has been swept and garnished, and bedizened with finery till it scarcely knows itself, and the Wapshot boys no longer make a "good cheerful noise scuffling with their feet as they march into

church and up the organ *loft* stairs," but walk demurely to their open seats in the side aisle. We do not happen to be aware whether the society of the little town still merits the stigma attached to it by the Pendennis family, namely, that it was "by no means amusing or pleasant," but we feel quite sure that the present rector's wife is far too intent upon studying rubrics and fashions ecclesiastical ever to be caught "looking out of the drawing-room window, wondering what Mrs. Pybus can want cheapening fowls again in the market, when she had poultry from Livermore's two days before." But although progress has shown itself in the church, there is none as yet in the Clavering and Chatteris branch of the Great Western Railway; even the preliminary works mentioned by Pendennis are among the things that shall be, and it is still by the coach which has succeeded the Alacrity, alias Celerity, of bygone days, that you must journey over "the sunshiny hills" which stretch from Clavering westward to the sea, in order to arrive at our *terra incognita*.

The farm in which we had taken lodgings was about a mile from the little town where the Clavering and Chatteris coach set us down one pleasant summer evening. The house was one of those quaint old buildings which are not uncommon in the West of England, built of gray stone in the form of the letter E; the centre projection containing the doorway being en-

tirely covered with a large vine, and the two wings with myrtle trees reaching almost to the spring of the gables. Our room, which served us as "bedroom, parlor, and all," was long and low; a broad casement window nearly filled up one end of it, the other was fashioned into a kind of alcove in which was placed a bed; on one side was the tall chimney-piece quaintly carved, and opposite it the oak door. On each side of the chimney-piece stood an antique oak chest, such as are often to be found in Devon farm-houses, and in a corner near the window were a couple of shelves for books; these were, amongst others, a Family Bible, a much-read history of *Bamfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Gipsies*, and a worm-eaten volume of pamphlets and sermons, with the following suggestive titles: *Meditations on the mirth of a christian life, and the vain mirth of a wicked life*, printed at Oxford in 1663. *A relation of the famed disturbance at the house of Mr. Mumpesson, by the beating of a drum invisibly every night from February, 1662, to the beginning of the year forthcoming. Philosophia Pia—a discourse of the Religious Temper and Tendencies of the Royal Society*, London, 1671. *A whip for the Droll Fiddler to the Atheist, being reflections on Drollery and Atheism. A sermon on Christian Charity, preached before the Lord Mayor of London, followed by A letter to Mr. Henry Stubb, Doctor of Warwick, wherein the Malignity, Hypocrisy, and Falshood of his Temper, Pretenses and Reports, in his animadversions on Plus Ultra are discovered*, by the author of the Sermon on Charity. On the upper shelf reposed in solitary state Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, a venerable-looking folio volume, bound in calf, and evidently a prized heirloom. To it we were indebted for many a pleasant hour, and with good reason, we trust you will say, when we introduce you, as we purpose doing, to its pages. But first we must make you acquainted with the scenery in our own neighborhood, and with this intent we invite you to accompany us on a walk which we took the day after our arrival, to the top of the hill immediately in front of the valley farm. Much as the view seen from thence has always struck us, often though we have seen it since, we can not remember when it appeared more beautiful than on the morning when we first made acquaintance

with it. At our feet, long silvery lines of light, with spaces of brightest blue between, stretched across the surface of the restful sea; the blue deepening into a royal purple, as it passed beneath the shadow of the red rocks, washed by tiny waves which cast their evanescent wreaths of silvery foam upon the sparkling sand. In the foreground a majestic cliff, the finest on the south coast, threw its protecting shadow far over the sea; its steep sides glowing with green and crimson and gold, that faded and flushed again as clouds and lights passed over it. Sunk in deep shadow the rock islands at the foot of the peak rose out of the water, whilst snow-white wings, glancing every now and then suddenly across the gloom, told where sea-gulls had built their rude nests on the bleak ledges, and in the crevices of the weatherworn crags. Towards Dawlish and Torquay the hills became more undulating in their outline and more pale in their coloring, save where a bright space of lovely pink showed where the marble quarries of Babbicombe lay; still further on, the islands at the entrance of Torbay seemed sleeping on a sea of palest gold, and beyond them Berry Head half hid itself behind a veil of mist that hung before the horizon, and hid the meeting of the land and sea.

Landwards, the prospect extended over the valley, which lay smiling in the sunlight, its boundary hills clothed with woods and pastures, and bright patches of cornfields, and beyond all, soft brown moorlands overlapping one another in long reaches, till they sank below the rugged tors of Dartmoor. The voices of laborers at work in the fields below rose cheerily upon the air, and mingling with the distant cawing of rooks, the tinkling of sheep-bells, and the plaintive scream of sea-gulls, gave animation to a landscape as varied as it was beautiful, and which was not wanting in associations either to give it added charms. Scarcely could we look in any direction without seeing the site of a Roman encampment, or the broad green road along which the legions marched from one station to another. And in the valley, just where the highroad loses itself in a clump of elms, on whose topmost branches we are now looking down, lived not long ago a descendant of that ancient family, of whom tradition tells, and there are those alive still who assert the truth of the story, that when the death hour of any of its

members arrives, a mysterious silent bird with pale wing outspread hovers over their bed, vanishing only when the spirit has taken flight.

One likes to think that a legend so romantic should be attached to the family of John Oxenham, that brave sea captain, the whole of whose checkered life was full of strange adventure and bold daring, and the exciting story of whose last and fatal voyage will not be lightly forgotten by any who have chanced to read it in the old book to which we have already alluded. There too, towards the north-west, beneath that knoll, crowned with a grove of oak and fir trees, is situated the earliest and best-loved home of Sir Walter Raleigh; and there the church where his parents sleep beneath the centre aisle. Here too, on a day as calm and bright as the one we have described, and in this self-same month of July, in the year 1588, a Devon wayfarer standing on this very hill might have beheld what would have made his heart beat high with pride, whilst gazing from morning until evening upon that glorious sea-fight in which his country once more proved her title good as mistress of the seas. Out there in the offing, where the Isle of Portland rides as it were at anchor, hugging the eastern horizon, the first great battle between the Armada and the English took place, that morris-dance upon the waters, as Sir Henry Wotton styles it, which must have strangely puzzled the Spanish admirals. If you, dear reader, had been a Devonshirer, looking upon that sight, how you would have exulted afterwards on learning that many of your own countrymen had been taking a leading part in it, and that none fought more bravely than they did against the proud Spanish corsairs when they bore down haughtily and slowly upon us in their huge galleons, girt about with such a terrible prestige, and with all the pomp and circumstance of war; that none faced them with more godlike calmness, more heroic courage, than the men of Devon, ever foremost in those dread engagements, as they were last to leave the gallant chase which drove their arrogant enemies for ever from our coasts, and secured to England her liberties and her religion. How great would have been your pride on finding that it was Drake and Hawkins who were the first to pour their broadsides on the enemy, and that two Devon captains were intrusted with the

perilous commission to guide eight vessels filled with combustibles towards the Spanish fleet, under cover of the darkness, and then to leave the burning ships to drift right upon the foe, carrying terror and ruin with them, themselves escaping afterwards as best they might. In what dear and honored remembrance too would you have held that Devon captain, William Cocke, of whom Camden thus writes: *Solus in sua inter medios hostes navicula cum laude perit*—he the only Englishman of any note who died “honorably fighting in his little ship,” during those fierce contests which cost every noble family in Spain the life-blood of a husband or a father, a brother or a son. Truly Devon is, and ever has been, a favored county, blessed not only in the varied loveliness which adorns its hills, its valleys, and its coasts, and which has given so much inspiration to poets and painters, but in the heroes and worthies to whom it has given birth, and of whom it would seem our England is no longer worthy, since she has never been permitted to look upon their like again. Generals and admirals, such as the Duke of Marlborough and Sir Francis Drake, the Grenvilles, Hawkins, Gilberts, and Carys; statesmen such as Lord Chancellor King, ecclesiastics such as Stephen Langton, Jewel, and Hooker; and, greatest of all, Sir Walter Raleigh, statesman, philosopher and poet, famous alike on sea and land. Ay, and in the old book to which we have already alluded, you will find the histories of men of Devon, many of them less widely known indeed, but not less deserving of record and remembrance. Here, for instance, is the story of one of them which well merits a place in these old chronicles.

The man's name was William Adams; he was a sailor, born at Paignton, “an ancient village, lying in the bosom of Torbay, about the year of our Lord 1612, of mean and obscure parentage, but inasmuch,” continues our author, “as he was one of those five men who enterprised and compassed an exploit of as high resolution and difficult performance as can be paralleled in history, I hope it will be looked upon as no disparagement to our famous worthies to insert him here.”

Now it appears that in the year 1639, William Adams, being then twenty-seven years old, took ship with several others at Gravesend, for the West Indies. They had not been at sea many days before

their vessel was taken by a Turkish man-of-war, and Adams, with six of his shipmates, was carried off to Algiers, where he and his companions endured for five years all the hardships of slavery. By the end of that time their bold English natures could bear captivity no longer, so they determined to make their escape. It was a difficult matter, watched and warded as they were, but faint hearts never won fair ladies, and, nothing daunted by the obstacles which they knew they should have to overcome, they set about their preparations.

Their plan was to construct a boat in separate parts, to be put together when they reached the coast. A wild-goose scheme it seemed, and who was the originator of it or whence he derived his idea we are not told. Perhaps he had heard of something of the same kind, only on a far larger scale, which had been planned and executed some hundred years before when Vasco Nunez made his men cut down trees on the northern coast of the isthmus of Darien, and, after carrying them over lofty sierras and along almost impassable roads to the river Valsa, had the wood fashioned into ships wherein to navigate the great Pacific. But whether William Adams and his shipmates had heard this story and its disastrous ending or not, certain it is that they in their small way proceeded on the same plan. Fortunately for the success of their scheme, the master of one of them had allowed him the convenience of a cellar in which to place the goods that he was accustomed to trade with for his master's advantage, and here it was that the captives in their few and often stolen moments of leisure carried on their operations. The first thing they did was to make a keel in two portions; then they fashioned the ribs, and next, to render their boat water-tight and the use of boards unnecessary (for they feared the noise they would be obliged to make in hammering them would betray their secret), they provided as much stout canvas as would make a double covering for the little skiff, and this they saturated well with tallow, pitch, and tar, so as to convert it into a kind of tarpauling. Lastly, they procured enough sailcloth to make a sail. These things they carried out of town at different times and in small parcels to a valley about half a mile from the sea, where they fitted the several portions together, and then, unobserved, car-

ried their boat down to the shore. But, alas! they had no sooner launched their frail vessel than they found it would only hold five out of the seven captives; two were therefore obliged to stay behind, whilst the others, bidding them a sorrowful farewell, set sail, the only provisions they were able to take with them being a little bread and two leathern bottles of freshwater. It was upon the 30th of June that these five brave, trustful-hearted men launched their little boat upon the great waters, where they were destined to see many fearful wonders which made their "souls melt within them because of the trouble." In a short time the fresh water which they had hoarded with so much care began to smell, and on the third day their small stock of bread, already spoiled by the salt water, was finished. Added to this, the labor they had to undergo in order to keep the boat free from water was incessant, the fierce sun all the while scorching them, and the salt water, which the man who was employed in emptying the boat cast upon the others to cool them, horribly blistering their backs. Then indeed "their hearts began to fail them, and they were at their wits' end." Hungry-eyed famine stared them in the face, and on the fifth day they lost all hope of reaching Minorca, the haven to which, by help of a pocket compass during the day and of the stars by night, they had been endeavoring to steer their course. So they ceased plying their oars, and sat crouching down in the boat, looking listlessly over its rocking sides on the bright, dancing, pitiless waters, so soon, as they deemed, to be their fathomless grave. But suddenly they saw in the far distance a tortoise floating upon the shining surface of the sea; then hope once more tremblingly passed the threshold of their hearts; they silently clutched their oars again, and rowed stealthily towards the animal, their eyes greedily fixed upon it, their minds conscious of nothing else at that moment, around, beneath, or above them; at last they neared it, and ere it was aware of them they seized upon it, cut off its head, fed upon its flesh, and drank its blood for lack of water. Refreshed and strengthened, they plied their oars with renewed courage, and about noon that very day—oh, sight of joy!—their long-ling eyes described a thin gray line stretching along the far-away horizon. Misty it might be; low down and distant, but

still it wavered not nor melted into air. So, rejoicingly they steered towards it, and ere the night closed in upon them the mountains of Minorca—cloud-like still—loomed upon their gaze. Morning light revealed still more clearly to their watching eyes the friendly coast, and by ten o'clock that night they had landed. Then, indeed, were they "glad, and gave thanks unto Him who had brought them unto the haven where they would be." Immediately they had run their boat ashore, some of the party went in search of food, nor had they wandered far before they came upon a Spanish watch-tower, and no sooner had they told their wondrous story than their astonished hearers hasted to load them with food, which they joyfully took to their companions, who, meantime, had found a stream near at hand, by the side of which they all sat down, and having eaten and drank with thankful hearts they laid them down to sleep.

Next morning they made diligent haste to the town, where they were kindly welcomed by the viceroy, and hospitably entertained by the citizens, who were so struck with the recital of their adventures that they caused the canvas boat to be brought up from the shore, and placed as a votive offering in their great church, where a traveller saw the ribs and skeleton still hanging in the year 1771. As soon as William Adams and his shipmates had recovered from the hardships they had undergone, they took their passage on one of the King of Spain's ships bound for Alicante, whence they sailed for England, where they arrived in safety in the month of September of the same year.

William Adams lived many years after this adventure, made numerous voyages, became a prosperous man, and spent his green and peaceful old age in the village which had been his birthplace, and where, to use the words of his biographer, "he died in the year of our Lord 1687, and his body, so like to feed fishes, lies buried in Paignton Churchyard, about four miles east of Totness, where it feedeth worms."

A little while after reading this story of Adams, we made an excursion in the neighborhood of Paignton, and tried to discover his grave in the churchyard there. But we sought in vain; none of the moss-grown tombstones bore his name: the place that had known him knew him no more. On our return the evening of that day to Totness, we halted at the little

village of Berry Pomeroy, so named after the noble family of Pomarai. It is impossible to guess what the castle which they once inhabited, and now lies in ruins, must have been in its palmy days, so little now remains to show the ancient magnificence of a place respecting which it is said that it was no light day's labor for a servant to open and shut the casements of the windows, at present draped only with ivy and ferns. No traces are there now of the former splendor of its chambers, once adorned with statues of alabaster, chimney-pieces of marble, and ceilings of the most delicate fretwork; in vain, also, we looked for any remains of the noble terrace walk that formerly extended before the great entrance, and was all arched over with freestone, elaborately carved and ornamented with various devices, and supported in front by stately pillars; whilst in the opposing wall were placed stone seats cut in the form of scallop-shells, wherein delicate ladies and weary pilgrims might rest and feast their eyes the while on the lovely views before them, the undulating wooded heights and verdant glades, wherein were standing stately trees, beneath whose shade herds of dappled deer rested amongst the bracken, and there found shelter from the noontide heat.

Here the Pomerai had their dwelling for upwards of five hundred years, holding their state amongst the greatest in the land; not only marrying their daughters to some of the principal peers of the realm, but allying themselves with the blood-royal itself. Famed too they were for pious deeds, one of them giving this very lordship of Biry, afterwards redeemed by his brother, to the monks of Gloucester; another employing large sums of money in restoring the magnificent Abbey of Buckfast. Time would fail us to enumerate the largesses bestowed by these noble barons upon the church; but before we take leave of them altogether, let us glance over the romantic story of Henry de la Pomerai as given in these chronicles. It appears that he took arms against his liege lord King Richard, then in the Holy Land; and, in behalf of John, expelled the monks from their home on St. Michael's Mount, turning their convent into a fortress. But "hearing soon after of his sovereign's enlargement," so writes old Hollinshed, "he died with thought," or, as another says, "the very fear of ensuing harm wrought

in him a present effort of the utmost that any harm could bring, and that was death."

Evening had closed in when we drove back from the castle to Totness, and beautiful were the changing lights that glowed in the sky, and steeped the nearer hills in a golden mist, whilst the heights of Dartmoor stood up calm and dark against the deep purple heaven, the steep crags of Haytor lifting higher still their sharp crests into the living light of the sunset. Now that Totness has been mentioned, we may as well see whether Prince mentions it as the birthplace of any of his Devon worthies. Yes, curiously enough, he says it was celebrated in the good old time for its lawyers, as indeed were many other towns in Devonshire, according to quaint Dr. Fuller, who asserts that "the natives of this county seem innated with a genius to study law, there being no other in England, Norfolk only excepted, who by the practice thereof have raised such great estates." But it is not of lawyers alone that Totness can make her boast, for though George Carew, Baron of Clopton, and son of Dr. Carew, Archdeacon of Totness, was born at Exeter, the town can claim him as being the first of her earls to whom she gave a title. And well the gallant soldier deserved his dignities, if we may judge from the following letter which Queen Elizabeth wrote to him with her own hand after he had quelled the rebellion in Ireland:

MY FAITHFUL GEORGE,—If ever more services of worth were performed in shorter space than you have done, we are deceived among many eyewitnesses; we have received the fruit thereof, and bid you faithfully credit that whatso wit, courage, or care may do, we truly find they have been thorowly acted in all your charge. And for the same believe that it shall neither be unremembered nor unrewarded. And in the mean time believe my help nor prayers shall never fail you.—Your Sovereign that best regards you. E. R.

Certes, those were times worth living in, and this without any disparagement to the present. Brave, high-hearted, noble, and generous old times, when a queen could so write, and a subject so deserve such praise. "Not unremembered—not unrewarded;" sweet, touching, inspiring words, well fit to nerve the arm and invigorate the heart amidst the din of battle, or of wordy conflicts waged in the Council-chamber. Not unrewarded in life—not unremembered after death! Who would

not gladly have sacrificed himself in the service of such a mistress, if so be that he might add one more jewel to her already lustrous crown?

It was, however, by Charles I. that Sir George was created Earl of Totness, after having been constituted Lord President of Munster, and Master of the Ordnance in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and Governor of the Isle of Guernsey and Castle Barnet by King James, who also advanced him to the dignity of a Baron of the realm. It was not only as a gallant soldier, a skillful commander, or an able statesman, that George Carew was famed; in his early days he had studied at Oxford, and though the profession of arms had been dearer to him in his youth than that of arts, he afterwards became imbued with a love of letters, and distinguished himself as an elegant scholar as well as a great patron of learning. We can not have a better proof that it is possible for the professions of literature and arms to be combined and cultivated at the same time with equal success, than is to be found in the fact that during the three years in which he was Lord President of Munster, and incessantly engaged in conflicts with the rebellious Irish, and with the Spanish army which was overrunning the province, he contrived to find, or rather make, time for writing an account of all the events of the war. Thus, like the great Marquis of Montrose, Sir George Carew had that in him which would have enabled him to make the lady of his love not only "glorious through his sword, but famous by his pen." To his commanding talents he also added qualities which shed such a beautiful and peculiar lustre over greatness—simplicity of mind, grace and dignity of manner, and modesty unfeigned.

There were other Carews in Devon not less illustrious than the Earl of Totness; amongst them Mr. Thomas Carew, whose history is too romantic to be entirely passed over in our talk about Devon worthies. When a quite young man he fell in love with his brother's ward, the daughter of Sir Philip Courtenay, she being a great fortune, and, carrying her away secretly, he married her, to the great displeasure of his brother and the young lady's grandfather. So, to appease them, the bridegroom determined to absent himself for a time, and went to the wars, in which he soon found an opportunity of distinguishing himself, at the Battle of Floddenfield,

after the following wise. Before the battle began a brave Scottish knight sent a challenge to an English gentleman to come out and fight with him for the honor of his country—last sparks these of the dying flame of chivalry, so soon to be utterly extinguished. Thereupon, Mr. Carew begged permission of the Lord Admiral Howard, then commanding the king's army (in those days men often filled double offices with honor to themselves and their country), to answer the challenge. His request being granted, Mr. Carew met his adversary in open field, and overcame him, "to his high commendation and great endearment with the Lord Admiral ever after," which affection was greatly increased, as well it might be, by a service which Mr. Carew was enabled to render his general soon after. But we will read the account of it in the words of his biographer:

My Lord, taking Mr. Carew in company with him as he rode forth upon service, descried a band of Scots coming towards them; the admiral at a very strait narrow passage of a bridge was in danger to be entrapped and taken. To prevent which Mr. Carew instantly entreated him to exchange his armor and martial attire with him, that by such means, if need were, he might make an easier escape, to which the admiral, well considering of, soon consented to.

The enemy coming on to this narrow passage, Mr. Carew, in his rich habit, well mounted, crossed the bridge with his horse, and for a time so valiantly defended the same that no man could pass; that way gaining time, the numbers between them being very unequal, for the Lord Admiral's escape. However, Mr. Carew was at last taken prisoner, to the no little joy of the enemy, who thought they had taken the general himself, as indeed by the richness of his armor they had reason to imagine. But in fine, finding themselves deceived, they courteously carried him to the Castle of Dunbar, lying twenty Scotch miles to the east of Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he was courteously entertained by the lady thereof, who, having a brother then a prisoner in England, hoped by the advantage of an exchange to have him delivered to her again.

The lady there was always affable and courteous to her prisoner, but the keeper of the castle was of a malicious and churlish nature and dealt most cruelly with him. As an instance of which, as Mr. Carew was sitting by the fireside in his chamber, he came suddenly upon him with his sword drawn, and an intention to murder him, which he, timely perceiving, took up the chair whereupon he sat to defend himself, which, using his best skill to defend his life, he managed so well that he gave his keeper a deadly wound; whereupon, more help called in, he was presently cast into a deep dungeon, and kept there in such a

cruel manner that he fell dangerously sick. However at last he was redeemed and so returned to his manor at Bicklegh, after which the Lord Admiral never forgot the noble services Mr. Carew did him, but ever entertained him with all courtesy and friendship, made him his vice-admiral (!!), and assisted him in all his affairs.

Truly romantic passages were these in the eventful life of Mr. Carew; beautiful are these traits of generous, prompt, and brave self-sacrifice! Greater love can no man show for his friends than to lay down his life for them, and this Mr. Carew was ready and eager to do for his gallant chief—he who had so lately left his girl-bride that he might prove to her relatives and his own how worthy he had been to win her whom in that passage of the bridge he could have scarcely dared to hope he should ever see again, yet for whose sake, and for the sake of that which was dearer to him still, he was ready to give up all, if so be that he might leave an honored name behind him. She too, in the lonely moated house where she passed the early days of her widowed wifehood, how sadly must the time have passed with her during the dreary months of her husband's captivity; yet doubtless her heart would at times exult, and her eyes fill with proud tears, remembering the cause for which he was suffering. And when from the highest turret of Bicklegh she looked forth and beheld him returning to his nobly won wife and his long-left home, how would all her cares and anxieties—the weary watching days and sleepless nights, now gone by for ever, be forgotten in the bliss of that moment—bliss so great that at first it would seem well-nigh akin to anguish.

We have wandered far from home, but ere we return we will once more visit the neighborhood of Totness, for the purpose of taking a look at Dartington, and lingering awhile in the great Hall—the only part still remaining of the ancient mansion which has seen so many generations pass in and out of its portals. A right stately Hall it is, with its lofty roof and its long row of noble Gothic windows, overlooking a wide extent of hill and valley, and the tortuous windings of the silver Dart, one of the loveliest of Devonshire rivers. Within these old walls, all mantled now with ivy, their only tapestry, the christening feast in honor of the infant Lord John Holland was celebrated some 450 years ago. A princely christening

feast in truth it must have been, aptly shadowing forth the splendid life of the child who was the subject of it. In our old book we read that on that memorable occasion the infant noble was presented with a cup of gold, curiously wrought in the form of a lily, and filled to the brim with gold coins, by his sponsor, the Abbot of Tavistock, that the Prior of Plymton also gave him a purse of gold, and that he was carried from the Hall to the church in the arms of his godmother, the Lady Pomerai, whose husband walked on one side of her, and Sir John Dinham on the other, "conducting her by the arms," whilst twenty-four men marched before them each with a torch in his hand, which was kindled so soon as the baptismal rite was concluded, and the young lord's sponsors had promised for him that he should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, a promise that his after-life would seem to show he had scarcely cared to keep. Both the kings of England in whose reigns he lived appear never to have been weary of showering dignities upon him. Henry V. constituted him his general by land and sea; made him Governor of Melun, and Constable of the Tower of London, whilst on Henry's death he went to the siege of Compiegne, whence he returned to attend the coronation of Henry VI., solemnized at Paris; and not long afterwards he was made Lord High Marshal of England. Being sent as ambassador to the city of Arras, he obtained permission from the king to carry with him certain treasures in gold and silver, rich gems, splendid vestments, and woollen cloth, for the manufacture of which England was famed. Seven years afterwards he was created Duke of Exeter, with the special privilege of having place and seat in all parliaments and councils next to the Duke of York. Lastly, he was constituted Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine. Numerous grants of money and lands were also made to him, and he was blessed with three wives, all of them of noble family, and of whom the third survived him many years. But "at last this great person, after he had seen all the grandeur of this world, and was himself a good part thereof, yielded to fate in the year 1447, not being fully arrived at the fiftieth year of his age." And what more fitting epitaph could be inscribed upon his tomb than those striking words in which Sir Walter

Raleigh thus apostrophizes the Destroyer? "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise thou hast persuaded, what none has dared thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered thou hast only cast out and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness—all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hic jacet.*'"

The Duke's tastes, like every thing else connected with him, seem to have been splendid; of this we have one instance in the chalice made of beryl, and adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, which he presented to the high altar of the church of St Catharine, in which he was buried. A pompous funeral it must have been, judging from the large sums of money he bequeathed to the priests and clerks of the House of St. Catharine, for their "great labor and observance on the day of his burying." Perhaps it was the conviction, from personal observation, of the worthlessness of such labors and observances, which caused his wife Anne, with a wisdom beyond her husband's, to forbid her executors from making "any great feast" at her funeral, "or having a solemn hearse, or any costly lights, or largess of liveries, according to the vain pomp of the world," but only what might be sufficient to the "worship of God;" for which purpose she left particular legacies, further directing her executors to find an "*honest* priest to say mass and pray for her soul, her lord's soul, and all Christian souls, in the chapel where she should be buried, for the space of seven years: her lord having already ordained that four *honest* and *cunning* should pray yearly and perpetually," not for all Christian souls, but only "for his soul, and those of his wives, and his sister Constance, and for the souls of all his progenitors." The Duke left two children behind him: a daughter Anne, to whom he bequeathed his "white bed, with popinjays;" and a son Henry, to whom he left "all the stuff of his wardrobe." Little did he then guess what would be the fate of that gallant and luckless son of his, whose sad story we must let his biographer relate in his own words:

"He was a very brave soldier, but unfortunately engaging on the weakest side (by the support of the tottering house of Lancaster), he perished un-

der the ruins thereof. Fighting manfully at Barnet-field with the Lancastrians, he was sore wounded and left for dead from seven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. Recovering of his wounds, he fled beyond sea, but was reduced to very great extremity, for though he descended from the royal family, and had married the sister of King Edward the Fourth, yet it is reported by Comines, "that he saw him in such distress that he ran on foot, barelegged, after the Duke of Burgundy's train (who had married his wife's sister), begging his bread, for God's sake. He was at length found dead in the sea betwixt Dover and Calais, though not known how he came thither."

We will not spoil the force of the moral which this story is so well fitted to impress upon the minds of our readers by any comments of our own. But seldom has it chanced us to meet with such a striking picture of the deep irony that lies in the strange contrasts with which life abounds, and which are so full of meaning to those who read them aright.

A hundred years and more have passed since the christening feast of the infant lord was celebrated in the Hall of Dartington; and the estate has passed out of the hands of the Holland family into that of the Champignons, in whose possession it has remained to this day. At the date of which we are speaking, somewhere about 1564, the Champignons were residing there; and with their permission we will take another look at the grand old Hall, or rather at the sunny bank outside, where in fancy we may see seated in the shadow of the walls a party of boys, engaged in listening to the youngest amongst them, who is reading aloud from a large quarto which he has brought there out of the library. The boys are Henry Champignon and his cousins, each one of whom is destined to leave an honored name behind him. Look at them a moment, and see how different is their style and expression, yet what an air of nobleness is visible about them all. The eldest is tall and dark; his brow is wide and commanding beyond his years; his smile grave, and coming seldom, but when it does, inexpressibly sweet; his large melancholy eyes light up when he is speaking or listening to any thing that excites his scorn of baseness or his love of what is great and noble; his countenance when at rest wears an expression of pensive thoughtfulness. His younger brother is as fair as he is dark; there is a family likeness in the expression of their countenances, but there is something more

dreamy and abstracted about the younger brother, and he looks more fitted to lean upon another than to be a leader or a guide; his dove eyes are full of sweetness, and the paleness of his complexion and fragility of his form give an air of spirituality to his beauty beyond what his brother possesses. But how shall we paint the youngest of the group—the youngest and the best loved amongst them? how portray his gracious aspect, and describe the perfect oval of that striking face, with its lofty forehead, bright, expressive eyes, and mouth eloquent even in silence? How shall we give an idea of the fascination of his manners even in those early days, the winning sweetness which made him beloved by old and young, notwithstanding his sometimes wayward and regally imperious ways? No one indeed could resist young Walter Raleigh; least of all those half-brothers of his whom we have been attempting to describe, Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, who ever loved him with a constant and deep affection.

We may suppose that the boys have been spending their summer holidays with their cousin at Dartington, and that on this the last day of their stay, Walter has reached the concluding pages of the book which he has been reading aloud to his brothers and his cousin every evening during the last week or fortnight. See how his breast heaves with emotion as he goes on; listen how his utterance becomes more rapid and his tones more passionate whilst he reads of the cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish conquerors on their West-Indian slaves, and is silently registering in his heart of hearts a solemn vow that when he reaches manhood he will seek those far-off lands, and as far as in him lies will avenge the wrongs of the long dead and the still suffering. The tragic story is finished at last, and now from his silvery tongue come eloquent boy-comments on what he has read, and fiery appeals to his young hearers. They listen to him in silence, and when he has finished speaking they are silent still, each one occupied with his own thoughts. If we could look into Humphrey's heart, we should perchance see that he is not thinking then of El Dorado or the islands of the West; his spirit, more akin to that which animated the noble old Pilgrim Fathers, sympathizes rather with the "dark and true and tender North," than with the bright, fickle and passionate South. He would be a pioneer

and a discoverer, not a redresser or an avenger, and leave to ardent souls such as Walter's the task of revenging the wrongs of the innocent and punishing the guilty. And what may we imagine to have been Adrian's thoughts? May we not suppose that his timid, sensitive spirit would shrink from dangers and perils which would be welcome to Walter and Humphrey if the path to greatness lay through them? His gentle nature has been excited, it is true, by the stories he has heard of tropical climes, and of the treasures with which they overflow; he would fain discover such for himself, but "may they not be found nearer at home?" he asks himself, and instantly his fertile imagination sees them hidden in the rocks and crags of Dartmoor. He had most likely been wandering that morning by the side of the Dart, and as he looked into its clear depths, and saw the pebbles in its bed shining with all the colors of the rainbow, he might well have fancied they must surely be made of gold and precious stones. He remembers the beauty of that spot now, and how every time the sun shone from the clouds new colors had flashed into being as the water flowed over the boulders; and who knows but that one day he himself may be able to convert those seemings into glorious realities? As for the young Walter's day-dreams, they are of honor and glory, and fame and greatness; everything on which his imagination is employed is invested with a halo of poetry, and even the very hardships and perils he well knows he shall have to encounter on that ocean, of which he was one day to be called by the sweet singer of England "The Shepherd," rather stimulate than daunt his ardent, enthusiastic spirit. So we may fancy that the reading of that book was indeed a crisis in the lives of those young boys; and when in after days they look back upon their summer holiday, they will perhaps deem it to have been at once the happiest and the gravest of their existence.

The next morning they return to their home at Hayes, the farm we have already mentioned as being within a few miles only of the place where we spent part of our vacation. It is a picturesque old house, facing the south; a few hundred yards in front of it rises a hill completely covered with wood and crowned with a clump of fir trees. The house consists of a centre and two projecting wings, which are al-

most covered with ivy; two great ilex trees keep guard on either side of the rustic porch; before the house is a large garden, well stocked with flowers and fruit trees, and the high surrounding walls are bright with valerian and wall-flowers. The house has not as many traces of antiquity about it as we might expect, excepting the outer doors and the wooden barge boards running below the eaves. At the time of our visit we were not permitted to see the interior; the only answer we received to our politely-worded and oft-repeated request being contained in the words "certainly not," uttered in a very peremptory tone by the Amazonian-looking damsel who stood guarding the door as though we had approached it with burglarious intentions. "Which is Sir Walter's room?" we asked. "Up there," she replied, pointing to a broad casement upper window on the left-hand side. "Will you not allow the ladies to see it?" "Certainly not." "But it will be such a disappointment to them." "There be'n't nothing in it that'll do mun any good to see." "Will you allow us to light a cigar?" But no! even that device did not procure us admittance. The churlish damsel brought us a light, and we were obliged to be satisfied with a transient glimpse, which we got whilst she was absent, of a square, low room, in the centre of which stood an old table with some rude carving on its sides and legs. But perhaps it was on the whole as well that we did not get a sight of the inside of the house, as our poetical fancies might, in consequence, have been cruelly put to flight. Much of change must have passed over the interior, whilst the outside of the dwelling doubtless remains the same as it was in days of Sir Walter's youth. The walks that he loved so well are unchanged also; there is still the little narrow lane leading down to the sea-side, where he and Humphrey used to sit the live-long day and speculate on the glorious future which they believed was in store for them; Walter launching forth into all sorts of beautiful and poetical fancies; and Humphrey, as enthusiastic as he, giving a graver, severer, and purer tone to day-dreams, which were to the full as exalted as his younger brother's, and with even less of worldliness in them. Cold and still are those noble hearts now, but they being dead yet speak in the memories they have left behind; and never more eloquently than in those last words which

Humphrey Gilbert uttered when, in his little ship, the waves rising high and raging horribly around him, with his book in his hand he cried out to his company: "We are as near to heaven here at sea as at land."

But to return to Hayes farm. There is no more touching trait in Sir Walter's character than the attachment he entertained towards this his birthplace and much-loved home of his childhood. No cares of state—no adventures in foreign lands—no court favor or prosperity—ever made him cease to yearn towards it; and just when he had obtained a patent from the queen for colonizing America, a time when one might have supposed his head would have been too full of cares of business to think of other things, he thus wrote respecting Hayes to Mr. Duke, the proprietor of it:

"MR. DUKE,—I wrote to Mr. Prideaux to move you for the purchase of Hayes, a farm sometime in my father's possession. I will most willingly give whatever in your conscience you deem it worthe, and if at any time you shall have occasion to use me, you shall find me a thankful friend to you and yours. I am resolved, if I cannot entreat you, to build at Collaton, but for the natural disposition I have to that place, being born in that house, I had rather seat myself there than anywhere else. I take my leave, ready to countervail all your courtesies to the utter of my power."

"Court, y^e 20 July, 1584."

But Sir Walter was destined to be an unsuccessful suitor for Hayes, and probably his disappointment in a thing on which he had evidently set his heart, made him give up the idea of building at Collaton, as he had intended. It is interesting to know that on his estates at Youghal, in Ireland, there is a house the fac-simile of Hayes, doubtless built by him in loving remembrance of his old home.

Not very far from Hayes is East-Budleigh Church, in which is shown the carved oak pew once occupied by the Raleigh family. The exterior is embellished with carved work, among which are the arms of Wymond Raleigh, quartering those of his wife; and in the middle aisle, not far from the Raleigh pew, are the graves where his ancestors lie buried. On that of his grandmother is a floriated cross, and an inscription which runs thus:

Orate pro aia
Johanna Raleigh uxoris Wal^{te}
Raleigh que obiit x die mens.
Augusti anno dⁿⁱ MCC...

There is a curious peculiarity about the way in which this inscription is carved, the letters being made to appear as ordinary printing would do if seen in a mirror, so that there is no small difficulty in deciphering them. It is still a doubtful point whether Sir Walter's head was deposited in the family vault in East-Budleigh Church, but the probabilities are against it; however, there is enough about the church and the locality to make it well worth visiting by those who feel an interest in every thing connected with the memory of one of England's greatest men.

But it is time our wanderings should cease. Ere they do so, however, let us linger for a moment near the cottage where, as we have already mentioned, the descendants of John Oxenham's family lived not long ago, and there recall to remembrance some of the incidents connected with his fateful life.

John Oxenham, according to the author of the book to which we are indebted for the materials of our history, was born at either Plymouth or South-Tawton, and the first thing that we hear of him is his being one of the volunteers who accompanied Sir Francis Drake to the Western Indies in the year 1572, and there taking part in the action at Nombre de Dios, a place where he was afterwards to meet with as much disaster as the wretched Spaniard who had so named it in his extremity. No mean part did John Oxenham play in that memorable action, for it appears that on Drake entering the town he ordered his brother John and Mr. Oxenham to take sixteen of their company, and directing their course towards the King of Spain's Treasury, to enter the town by the market-place, while he with the remainder of his men—there were but fifty-three in all—would march up the principal street, and under cover of the night, yet not stealthily, but with the blast of trumpets and the roll of drums, make his way into the town. This he did, starting the townspeople out of their peaceful sleep with the sudden sound of martial music, and so scaring them with the lurid blaze of torches carried by his men, that after a timid and hurried conflict they began to retreat before the General, when, seeing Mr. Oxenham and his party approaching from the other side, seized with a sudden panic, they laid down their arms and fled. Whereupon Mr. Oxenham and

his men hastened to the Governor's dwelling, where much treasure belonging to the King of Spain was deposited, and having broken into the house, they feasted their eyes on a great pile of silver, which was, however, small in comparison to what they soon after discovered in the King's Treasury hard by the water-side. There they found as much gold, silver, and precious stones as would have sunk their four pinnaces had they attempted to carry it all away, so to their no small annoyance they were obliged to leave some of it behind. Sailing thence, Oxenham accompanied Drake to a place not far from Cartagena, where they went ashore, and resolved to undertake a journey to Panama, a project which none but men of iron wills would have ventured to entertain. Sixty years before, Vasco Nunez had set out on the same expedition, but he had been accompanied by 190 men, besides Indian slaves, whereas the English who followed in his footsteps numbered but eighteen, and thirty friendly Symerons, who, being well acquainted with the road, went before them, and breaking down branches of trees in the seemingly trackless forest through which their path lay, cast them on the ground as road-marks for those who followed. At last John Oxenham and his leader saw rising before them a solitary peak crowned with a single palm tree. To the top of that hill Vasco Nunez had ascended on St. Martin's Day, 1513, and standing on its summit, with none beside him, had fallen down on his knees, and thanked God for the sight then and there revealed to him; a sight that filled his heart perchance with joy as great as the returning Greeks experienced when with one voice they exclaimed: "The sea, the sea!" And now that little English company had ascended the same mountain, and "one of the chief Symerons, taking Captain Drake's hand, desired him to walk up the palm tree, in which they had cut divers steps to ascend almost to the top, on which they had made a convenient arbor for twelve men to sit. Captain Drake having ascended the tree, and (the weather being fair) taken a full view of that sea which he had heard such golden reports of, besought God to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship on those seas. Then calling up all his men, he speaking, acquainted Mr. Oxenham with his petition, on which he and the others promised to give him their assistance."

With joyful hearts they then proceeded on their way, until they had arrived within half a league of Panama, when, hiding themselves in the long grass growing on either side of the road, they waited to waylay the treasure that was conveyed by that route to Vera Cruz. But their scheme was frustrated by one of their party, who had taken a little too much brandy, starting up on hearing the tramp of a horse; so being thus disappointed they went on their way to Vera Cruz, and made themselves masters of the town, after which exploit they travelled back to their ships greatly changed in appearance by the hardships and vexation they had undergone.

They had scarcely returned, however, before they determined on a new expedition against Nombre de Dios, and having slept soundly all night, were roused in the early morning by the sweet and melodious tinkle of the bells attached to a herd of treasure-laden mules passing by that way. On they came, 290 in number, each mule carrying 300 pounds weight of silver. Instantly Drake, Oxenham, and their men fall upon the escort, and having put it to flight, unload the mules, taking with them as much silver and gold as they could carry, though that was not more than half of it, and the remainder they buried in the sand or under fallen trees, intending to remove it at some future time. Then they returned to their pinnaces and loaded them with the treasure. Having done this, Mr. Oxenham, with twelve Englishmen and sixteen Symerons, went back to fetch the stores they had hid in the sand, but, alack! when they reached the place the earth was disturbed for a mile round, and of all that they buried they only recovered thirteen bars of silver and some wedges of gold. For it seems that a Frenchman of their company had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, who had forced him by torture to show them where the treasure had been deposited.

It was on the 9th of August, 1573, that Drake returned to England from this eventful voyage, and Oxenham went home, there to wait until his leader should call for the fulfillment of his promise of accompanying him to the South Sea. But two years passing away without his receiving any summons, and not knowing how much longer he might have to wait, he in an evil hour, listening to the tempter, determined to seek the Pacific himself. His gallant,

daring, generous nature, and free, off-hand bearing having made him a great favorite with the sailors, who had dubbed him "Captain John" on his former expedition, he found no difficulty in getting together a crew of some seventy men with whom he put to sea in the year 1575.

On his arrival in the Indies he heard that convoys of soldiers were now appointed to escort treasure; so what did Captain John do, but hove up his one ship on land into a little cove well sheltered by trees, and there hid it under a covering of boughs, burying his pieces of ordnance and stores of provisions under ground, so that he might be able to have recourse to them in time of need. This done, he set off with his seventy men and six negro guides on his perilous journey. As they went onwards the guides cut a road for them through the forest, which occasionally rose like a great impervious wall on either side, no pause, no break in the ever verdant foliage. In vain their eyes strove to pierce through the thick underwood: nothing could they see above or around them but dark dense mahogany trees, with here and there towering proudly above all the beauteous ceta palm, sunning its graceful crown in the light of an unclouded sky. Every now and then as they slowly and painfully wound along their path, they came upon huge plantain leaves, torn and split by the wind, now lying withered and crackling on the ground, and anon they discovered a bunch of gigantic white lilies, filling the air with their perfume, and clustered round the foot of some great mangrove; whilst near at hand flamed the dazzling sun tree, its blossoms one sheet of fire, filling the shade with light. But what perhaps most struck those who had never traversed these forests before in the dimly-lighted solitudes, was the constant hum of numberless insects, accompanied at intervals by the creaking metallic rustle and fall of palm leaves and the chattering of the monkeys. Sometimes, too, far above their heads, they heard the rush of wings, and presently a flock of screaming parrots settled and fluttered their brilliant feathers on the branches of surrounding trees. In the evening they heard no sweet singing of birds—only the startling hooting of owls would come from the forest depths.

At last, after winding their way through the forest and down the river Chagres, Captain John and his men arrived at Pan-

ama, and he, instead of Drake, is destined to be the first Englishman permitted to sail a ship on the great Pacific. Embarking in his galliot, he crosses to an island, and there, seated on the pearl-strewn shore, we may imagine him gazing on that rosy western sky which had been ever luring him onwards from the darker East, where never sunset skies show such wealth of crimson and violet and amber as he is now beholding. He is listening, half with pride and half in melancholy, to the grand, solemn thunder of the surf as it rolls along the shore, not with the ever restless, energetic rise and fall and plunge of the feverish Atlantic pulse, but with a grand, slow, measured swell, the wave gradually increasing in volume and height until it rises to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and then, arching over, falls with a deep hollow crash in one unbroken line upon the coast, the solemn sound being succeeded by a pause of still more awful silence, as soon as the wave, which has received fresh impetus from the shock of its fall, has run far up the shore, and then retreated with a deep grating noise, as it drags the pebbles on the beach down into the ocean depths. A spirit restless and ambitious as was Captain John's could not surely have long listened to that calm, ever-recurring shock and silence; and yet for a while he would find a strange, mysterious pleasure in gazing upon that lovely sky and grander ocean, whilst perhaps at intervals his eye would idly stray to the pelicans feeding their young by the shore, beneath the shade of the bananas and tamarinds which grow so plentifully on the Island of Pearls.

And now we are drawing near the miserable close of this adventurous life. During his tarrying a while on that fatal Isle of Pearls waiting for the Peruvian treasure, he had chanced to fall in with two trading vessels, in one of which, besides a great quantity of gold, he had laid hands upon a table all of massive gold, set round about with great emeralds; and in the other vessel he had found a lovely lady, married, and the mother of children, his mad and sinful love for whom brought about his perdition after the following wise. Being greatly moved by her entreaties, he gave the men he had found on board the ships their liberty, when they, making all haste to Panama, sent out forces to intercept him on his return journey across the isthmus. After long search he was tracked to

his camping-place on the banks of a river by the feathers of the fowls which the English had plucked for their noonday meal, and had permitted to float down the stream. Overpowered by numbers, Captain John and his party were taken prisoners, and carried to Lima, where he suffered death as a pirate.

"So brave a spirit," concludes his biographer, "certainly deserved a better

fate; and what by some was adjudged piracy, had it been attended with success, had been esteemed a genius's exploit."

We are not particularly fond of the practice of tacking on a moral to a story; better let it make its own impression on the reader; yet we can not refrain from asking to how many enterprises may not Captain John's biographer's comment be applied at the present day?

From Chambers's Journal.

CURIOSITIES OF GEMS.

THAT many things glitter which are not gold, is well known; but do the wearers of jewelry know that the bright and beautiful colors exhibited by most of their much-prized gems are purely artificial? Nature supplies the raw material, and art steps in to embellish it. The brilliant necklace or bracelet, which, with the native hue of the stone, would by no means be considered ornamental, becomes matchless in tint and lustre after passing through the hands of the artificer. Your chemist, always discovering something, and always ready with marvellous transformations, is truly a remarkable personage. He is jealous of his secrets, but not always able to keep them. If he could set a seal on his doings, our readers would not have been entertained with the present article, in which we shall take leave to reveal some of his processes.

Let us begin with the agate—rather a common stone, found almost everywhere, and in numerous varieties, among which are the chalcedony, cornelian, onyx, sardonyx, and heliotrope. They all consist principally of quartz, and are more or less pellucid. In some places they are surprisingly abundant. One of these places is Oberstein, some thirty or forty miles up the valley of the Nahe, a region not often visited by summer tourists, yet interesting enough to repay him who shall explore its devious by-ways and paths along the

river. At the village just mentioned, and at Idal, four miles distant, formations of coarse, red conglomerate are met with, interposed with trap and greenstone; and in a soft stratum in these rocks, agates are found in considerable quantities. The workings may indeed be called agate quarries, for they are carried on in the precipitous side of a hill; and to him who sees them for the first time, there is something remarkable in the species of industry created by the presence of the stones.

The nodules of agate, as they come from their long-undisturbed bed, are generally of an ashen-gray color. The first operation in the process of transformation is to wash them perfectly clean; then to put them into a vessel containing a mixture of honey and water, which, being closely covered, is plunged into hot ashes for two or three weeks. The essential thing is to keep the liquid from boiling, but at a high temperature. After a sufficient interval, the stones are taken out, cleansed, passed through a bath of sulphuric acid, and then they undergo a second course of roasting in the hot ashes.

To produce a color in the stones, it is necessary that they should be penetrated by some carbonizable substance. This is effected by the honey, which, under the influence of long-continued heat, finds its way into the interior of the crystal, where its carbonization, if not complete in the

first instance, is finished by the sulphuric acid. Some lapidaries use olive-oil instead of honey. The shade of color depends on the porosity of the layers of the stone; the most porous become at times perfectly black. Some are colored in two or three hours, others in as many days, others in a week or two, and some resist all attempts to change their natural hue. Some, when taken out of the pan, are found to be a rich dark-brown or chocolate; others, again, having been penetrated by the coloring matter between the layers, are striped alternately white, gray, and brown, like the onyx and sardonix. By soaking the stones in a solution of sulphate of iron, and then placing them for a few hours in the oven, a fine cornelian red is produced in the porous layers, while those not porous remain unaltered. Thus it not unfrequently happens that very coarse and common stones—muddy-yellow or cloudy-gray—which in their natural condition would be valueless, are passed off as stones of the first quality. It is only within the last forty years that this process has been known in Germany; but the Italian lapidaries were acquainted with it centuries ago. Hence we can account for the exquisite color of antique cameos and other ornaments once numerous in the cabinets of Italy, and now to be seen in museums and private collections in all parts of the world. The dealers, when making their purchases of what we may call the raw material, select what appears to be a desirable piece; and chipping off a minute portion, they moisten the exposed surface with the tongue, and watch the absorption of the moisture. If regular and equal, the stone is good for an onyx; if not, it is added to the heap of inferior varieties. This, however, is but a rough-and-ready test, and not always decisive. The pores of the stones by which the color is conveyed and retained, are visible with the microscope, and the effect of various tints is produced according as the light falls upon them at different angles. The rainbow-agate is full of minute cells, which, when exposed to the sun, produce prismatic colors, as is observed of the stræ of mother-of-pearl. To detect cavities in the stones, they are soaked in water, which, slowly penetrating, reveals the hollows. Some already contain water when first found: and it is a remarkable fact, that if kept in a dry place, the water disappears, but without leaving the slightest

trace of moisture on the surface; and the stones can only be re-filled by boiling them.

Balls of striped red chalcedony are much prized: a large one, weighing a hundred pounds, was found in 1844 near Weisselberg, and was sold in the rough for 700 guilders. Some kinds of chalcedony are made to appear of a citron yellow, by a two days' roasting in an oven, and a subsequent immersion in a close hot-bath of spirit of salt for two or three weeks. A blue color, which has all the effect of a turquoise, is also produced; but the particular coloring process has hitherto been kept a secret. Those stones which are naturally colored are at times roasted, to heighten the tint, and add to its permanency. The Brazilian cornelian becomes singularly lustrous under the process; the explanation being, that the long-continued action of heat removes the oxyhydrate of iron contained in the stone, leaving it with a clear brightness diffused through the whole mass. The smallest stones are roasted before polishing; but the large ones, of which saucers, vases, cups, plates, &c., are made, are first cut into the required shape and thinness—otherwise they fly to pieces when exposed to heat. After all the coloring operations have been gone through, the stones are ground on a wheel; soaked in oil for a day, to conceal the fine scratches, and give a good polish; and then cleaned off with bran.

Those who examined the collection of gems and works of art from rare stones in the Great Exhibition of 1851, will remember the elegant onyx vases of different colors—some streaked with white natural veins; the cups of red chalcedony; a chain of the same substance in large square links of different colors, and without visible joints; besides other objects so beautifully finished, that a prize-medal was awarded to the manufacturers.

So far, we have been treating of methods by which art assists nature; we come now to the gems that are not found in the side of a quarry, but formed in the chemist's laboratory. Before the days of Berlin wool and crochet-work, young ladies used to amuse themselves by making crystalline baskets and trays, as ornaments for the mantel-piece; but they had first to dissolve their alum. The chemist works by other means; and especially since the application of electro-galvanism to his processes, there is something really wonderful

in the results. He produces crystals at pleasure, and in lumps that would astonish those who once labored so hard in search of the philosopher's stone. A few years ago, M. Ebelman laid before the French Academy of Sciences specimens of artificial quartz—some white, others blue, red, and violet; and by mixing chloruret of gold with the silicic acid used in the composition, he produced a mass traversed throughout with delicate veins of gold, similar to the lumps brought from Australia or California. By a modification of his process, he produced hydrophane—that species of opal which is transparent only when immersed in water; and specimens also of the allied crystal, hyalite. In this operation, silicic ether and moist air are principally employed; and a variety of colors could be imparted by the admixture of different colored alcoholic solutions. Chloride of gold produces a beautiful topaz yellow; and by exposing the crystal for a time to light, the gold is dispersed through it in flakes, as in aventurine; and kept in sunlight, the flakes change to a violet or rose color, and become transparent. In this fact, we have an extraordinary instance of molecular action—the distribution of metallic scales through a solid mass; one which, as some geologists suppose, helps to throw light on the mode of formation of rocks and minerals. That pieces of wood, plants, and animal substances will become silicified, or, as is commonly said, petrified, is well known; and though often wondered at, the diffusion of the gold flakes through the crystal is yet more marvellous.

Besides Ebelman, two other savans—Senarmont and Becquerel—have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl were hard enough to cut glass. And many curious effects have been noted in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley-sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture. Another discovery was, that pounded loaf-sugar, mixed with sulphuric acid, forms a glutinous substance which, when dry, detonates like gun-cotton.

We might go on with these interesting

results, which open novel views of the capabilities of chemical science; but for the present we content ourselves with a few words on ultramarine—a substance much used by artists and by a certain class of artificers. Some years ago, it was prepared exclusively from *lapis lazuli*, a mineral found in Siberia, and was sold at prices varying from seven to twenty guineas the ounce, according to quality. But the chemists set to work upon it, prying, weighing, testing, and eventually discovered its constituents, but were long at a loss for the coloring principle. At last, Guimet, of Lyon, hit on the idea of trying to combine the constituents in their natural proportions, as in the native mineral; and the result was, that the color was produced, and ultramarine could be sold at two guineas a pound. The constituents are—silicate of alumina, soda, and sulphuret of sodium; and the color is supposed to be due to the action of the last on the two first. Guimet's success set other experimenters on the scent; the secret was re-discovered, and now ultramarine may be bought at 1s. 3d. a pound, and is largely used in many industrial processes.

But there is still another way of manufacturing artificial gems; and to make our article complete, we must finish with a short notice of it. Our clever allies across the Channel have the credit of discovering and practising it with no small advantage to themselves. Just outside the *Barrière du Trône* at Paris, stands a large factory, where a species of sand, brought from the Forest of Fontainebleau, is converted into emerald, topaz, sapphire, and ruby. Artificial pearls are also produced in great numbers; and as these are lined with fish-scales, an active fishery of roach and dace is kept up in the Seine during the spring months, when the fish are in their prime. But it is for the manufacture of diamonds that the factory is most celebrated—diamonds that deceive the eye of every body but the maker. Thomas Carlyle has given us, among his *Essays*, a story concerning *The Diamond Necklace*, which lets us into the secret of a stupendous fraud, successfully accomplished before the very eyes of royalty; and if we could get at the history of the transactions of this diamond-factory, we should find the fraudulent business still lively. Many have been deceived who never found out the cheat put upon them; others have discovered it to their sorrow. We give one instance

from among many, borrowed from a contemporary :

"A few years ago, an English lady entered the shop belonging to the proprietor of the factory, situate on the Boulevard, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco-cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them on the counter.

"I wish," she said, 'to inquire the price of a *parure*, to be made in exact imitation of this; that is, if you can imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed.'

M. B—— examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, &c.?

"Soyez tranquille, madame," replied M. B——; 'the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely on having an exact counterpart of his former work.'

"The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and alarm; and M. B—— added, by way of reassuring her: 'I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last

February;' and with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen had made it, and the date of its delivery. Meanwhile the lady had sunk down in a swoon. The milor named by the tradesman was no other than her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's goodly work against M. B——'s deceptive counterfeit, no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. The vexation of the lady on recovering from her fainting-fit may be imagined; she reproached the diamond-maker with having assisted her husband in deceiving her, and retired mortified at the idea that she herself had never detected the difference between the false and the real. Many times had she worn the glittering gems, believing them to be the same that she had brought in her casket from England."

We have heard it said, that many of the snuff-boxes given away as marks of royal or imperial favor are adorned with diamonds made in M. B——'s factory; and that Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, was the first to give away the costly-looking shams. If this be true, it would only be fair to expose the mighty personages, as well as cheating grocers. Let the recipients of snuff-boxes and diamond rings see to it. A mock tiara, that may be bought for 600 francs, will look as well as a real one worth £1000. What, then, shall be said of minor articles?

From the Journal of Insanity.

THE INSANITY OF GEORGE III.

To the mere pathologist, the insanity of a prince is not more interesting than that of a peasant; but to the historian, to the medical jurist, to all who are engaged in the care of the insane, the attacks of George III. are invested with peculiar interest. He was a prominent figure in a period that teemed with great men and

great events, whose memorials are yet around us; and twice the recurrence of his disorder gave rise to a degree of political feeling that has seldom been equalled, and to political discussions that settled for ever a vital principle in the British constitution.

George III. had a moderate intellectual

capacity, but an obstinate will. Of abstract speculation he was totally incapable, and philosophical views of any kind were beyond his reach. His theory of government began and ended in a firm maintenance of the royal prerogative, and the whole duty and privilege of the subject were comprised in the simple precept, *Fear God and honor the King*. As a result, partly of defective training and partly of original inaptitude, he disrelished intellectual pursuits, but was fond of mixing himself up with the administration of affairs, even in the smallest particulars. Here he showed no lack of industry, nor of energy. He was a stranger to sensual passion, and in the common observances of life was a model of propriety. He never forgot what he deemed an injury, and they who thwarted his wishes or opposed his measures were regarded as factions or dishonest. Always looking upon his eldest son as a kind of rival near the throne, "he hated him," says Brougham, "with a hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind." He was fond of music, and occasionally went to the theatre; but with these exceptions, he sought for recreation solely in riding and walking, in looking after his farm, and in an easy intercourse with his family and dependants. Few men would have seemed less likely to be visited by insanity. His general health had been always good; his powers were impaired by none of those indulgences almost inseparable from the kingly station; he was remarkably abstemious at the table, and took much exercise in the open air. Insanity had never appeared in his family, and he was quite free from those eccentricities and peculiarities which indicate an ill-balanced mind.

Five times was George III. struck down by mental disease. The first was in the spring of 1765, when he was twenty-seven years old; the second in 1788; the third in 1801; the fourth in 1804; and the fifth in 1810. Excepting the last, from which he never recovered, the attacks were of comparatively short duration, none of them continuing very obviously beyond six months.

The particulars of the first attack were studiously concealed by his family, and its true character was not generally known at the time. There seems to be no doubt, however, that its symptoms were similar to those of the subsequent attacks. Shortly before, an eruption on the face, which

had troubled him for some years, had so entirely disappeared that it was supposed he had applied external remedies to repel it. This was followed by considerable cough and fever, and then by mental disturbance. In the course of a few weeks he completely recovered.

During the latter part of October, 1788, the king seemed to be not in his usual health. He had considerable pain in his limbs—felt weak—slept but little—was hurried and vehement in his manner. On the 22d he "manifested an agitation of spirits bordering on delirium," said his physician. A few days afterwards, on returning from a long ride, he burst into tears and said, "he wished to God he might die, for he was going to be mad." He kept about until the 4th of November, when he had an outbreak at dinner, and was consigned to the charge of attendants. During the first few days there was considerable constitutional disturbance, and it was feared he might not survive. One of Sheridan's correspondents says: "The doctors say it is impossible to survive it long, if his situation does not take some extraordinary change in a few hours."

Since this letter was begun, all articulation even seems to be at an end with the poor king; but, for the two hours preceding, he was in the most determined frenzy." In the course of the succeeding night he had a profuse stool, then perspired freely and fell into a profound sleep. He awoke with but little fever, "but with all the gestures and ravings of the most confirmed maniac, and a new noise in imitation of the howling of a dog." He soon got calmer, and talked on religion, and of being inspired. A day or two after, the same person writes: "This morning he made an attempt to jump out of the window, and is now very turbulent and incoherent." He also states that the king revealed some state secrets, much to the astonishment of Pitt.*

Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arbly, was then in the personal service of the queen, and in her "Diary," recently published, the progress of the attack may be traced with some degree of minuteness. The first night after the outbreak at dinner, she states, he was very restless, getting up and wandering into the queen's room to see if she was there, and talking incessantly until he became

* Moore's Life of Sheridan, p. 260. Amer. edition

hoarse, exclaiming: "I am not ill, I am only nervous." "He was never so despotic; no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word." Next night he got up and insisted on going into the neighboring room, where his equerries were. There he saw his physician, Sir George Baker, whom he called an old woman, and wondered that he ever took his advice, for he knew nothing of his complaint. From this time he rapidly grew worse. On the 12th and 13th of November he appeared considerably better, and continued so until the 20th, when he became as bad as ever. From this period his condition was variable—always more or less excited—rather petulant, if not irascible—scolding his gentlemen for slighting him. On the 29th of November he was removed to Kew, where were better opportunities for exercise. Through the month of December there was little, if any, change in his condition. During the first two or three weeks in January he became less irritable, was quite calm at times, and then would read and make sensible remarks on what he had read. From the latter part of the month he steadily improved. February 2d, Miss Burney accidentally saw him walking in the garden, and to avoid meeting him, in compliance with the rules, ran off at full speed, and he after her, the physicians and attendants in full chase after him. She finally stopped until he came up, when he put his arms round her neck and kissed her. He talked incessantly, blurring out whatever came uppermost. "He seemed to have just such remains of flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control of his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions. . . . He opened his whole heart to me, expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions." He declared he was as well as he ever was in his life—talked of the official situation of her father, of music (when he undertook to sing) and then of her friends. He said he was dissatisfied with his ministers, and showed a list of new ones he had prepared. On the 17th he received the Chancellor, on the 18th drank tea with the queen, and on the 7th of March received the address of the Lords and Commons, in person.*

One of his first excursions was to a

poor-house in the course of erection, of which he inspected every part, especially the rooms for lunatics, and expressed much satisfaction that such excellent accommodations were provided for persons laboring under the misfortune of insanity. During his convalescence, it is said, he passed much of his time in reading the debates on the Regency Bill.*

The king was attended, at first, by his own physicians, Sir George Baker and Dr. Warren, and they were, shortly after, joined by Sir Lucas Pepys, Drs. Reynolds, Gisborne, and Addington, of whom the latter alone had given any special attention to the treatment of insanity, and he discontinued his attendance after a few days. They had all achieved professional distinction, but Warren enjoyed an undisputed preëminence. He was not only at the head of his profession in London, and deservedly so, but such were his talents and manners that he associated intimately with the leading men of the day, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, &c., and was appointed physician to the Prince of Wales. The attack not readily yielding, it was thought proper by the queen and the ministers who had the direction of these matters, to have the constant attendance of some one particularly skilled in the diseases of the mind. Their choice fell on the Rev. Dr. Francis Willis. This gentleman was educated for the established church, and took charge of a parish in Lincolnshire. Having some knowledge of medicine, he was fond of prescribing for the medical as well as the spiritual wants of his people, and especially for mental diseases. He was soon regarded as very successful in this department of the healing art, and was so much resorted to that he provided an establishment designed expressly for the treatment of the insane. He was much patronized by the higher classes, and for fifty-eight years he had never less than thirty patients under his care. He was at this time seventy years old, but "seemed to be exempt from all the infirmities of old age, and his countenance, which was very interesting, blended intelligence with an expression of placid self-possession."† Miss Burney describes him as "a man of ten thousand, open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent and

* Wraaxall's Posthumous Memoirs of his own time, p. 520. Phil.

† Wraaxall, *ibid.*, p. 447.

* Diary and Letters, II. Phil., 1842.

high-minded." He joined the corps of physicians on the 6th of December, and took up his quarters in the palace.* In the consultation which settled their respective functions, Willis was to have charge of all the domestic and strictly moral management—in accordance, however, with such general views as had been agreed upon. The medical treatment was arranged in the morning consultation, and it was understood that Willis was to take no decisive measure, either medical or moral, not previously discussed and permitted. Peppys, Gisborne, and Reynolds attended in rotation, from four o'clock in the afternoon until eleven the next morning. Warren or Baker visited in the morning, saw the king, consulted with Willis and the physician who had remained over night, and agreed with them upon the bulletin for the day. Willis was soon joined by his son John, whose particular function seems not to have been very definitely settled. Willis professed to regard him as equal to himself in point of dignity and responsibility, but his colleagues considered him as merely an assistant to his father. Two surgeons and two apothecaries were also retained, each one, in turn, staying twenty-four hours in the palace. The personal service was rendered by three attendants, whom Willis had procured from his own establishment, and the king's pages—one attendant and one page being constantly in his room.†

* Among the gossip of the court it was related that the king asked Willis, when he entered the room, if he, who was a clergyman, was not ashamed of himself for exercising such a profession. 'Sir,' said Willis, 'our Saviour himself went about healing the sick.' 'Yes,' answered the king, 'but he had not £700 a year for it.' Lord Malmesbury's *Diaries*, etc., iv. 317.

† The kind of supervision and attendance that was practised during this illness, and which was the same, probably, in the subsequent attacks, would seem sufficient to have prevented the slightest abuse of trust; and yet the king told Lord Eldon that, in one of his attacks, but which it does not appear, he was knocked down by a man in the employ of some of his physicians. "When I got up again," he added, "I said my foot had slipped and ascribed my fall to that; for it would not do for me to admit that the king had been knocked down by any one." [Twiss, i.—"Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon."] We learn nothing further respecting this fact, and are left in doubt whether it actually occurred or originated in that intellectual or moral obliquity (almost universal among the insane, but the exact nature of which has never been very well understood) which leads them to exaggerate, distort, and pervert much that falls under their observation, and to fabricate much that never occurred at all. This

The medical treatment seems to have consisted chiefly of "bark and saline medicines." An alterative pill, containing a little calomel, was given him once. Once, and once only, blisters were applied—to the legs—but they occasioned considerable irritation and restlessness.

It was determined that the moral management of the king required strict seclusion from his family and ministers, and, as far as possible, from all other company. But nothing can more strikingly indicate the change that has occurred since that time, in respect to one means of managing the insane than the fact that for two or three months, the king was frequently subjected to mechanical restraint. There was nothing, however, in his condition which would be considered at the present time a sufficient reason for its application. He was not disposed to injure his person or his clothing, his attendants or his furniture. In the king's case—and this, no doubt, was an example of the ordinary practice—it was evidently used by way of discipline, as a means of subduing turbulence and increasing self-control. Willis said, in his second examination by the committee of the House of Commons, that when he took charge of the king, he was dissatisfied with the restraint which had been previously used, and for five days "endeavored to persuade and explain," that some more efficient method would be resorted to, unless there was a "ready compliance" with his wishes. The king seems to have been insensible to this kind of intimidation, and the new mode of restraint was applied, with the effect, as Willis states, of accomplishing the desired purpose more perfectly than before, being "more firm but not so teasing to the patient." It does not appear what means of restraint was used by Willis, or by the other physicians, but an incident related by Wraxall renders it probable that one of them was that time-honored implement which is still associated with the popular idea of insanity. While walking through the palace, during his convalescence, accompanied by an equerry, they observed a strait-jacket lying in a chair. The equerry averting his look, as if to conceal

curious trait of mental pathology deserves to be closely studied, not only because it is curious but because it will be found, I think, to have some important bearing on human veracity and human testimony in the normal state.

some embarrassment, the king said: "You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life."^{*} This incident does not strengthen a favorite position of the advocates of non-restraint, that it leaves disagreeable impressions upon the patient's mind.

Of another fact respecting the king's treatment I can not find a sufficient explanation. Between the 6th of December and the 13th of January he went out of doors but twice, and for a month previous not at all. Considering the form of the disorder and the facilities for exercise which the grounds afforded, this is certainly surprising. On one occasion, when the king had been promised a walk, Dr. Warren revoked the promise, because, as the day was cold, and the king had perspired freely in the night, there would be some risk of his taking cold.[†]

The political consequences of the king's illness proved to be of the deepest interest, whether we regard the magnitude of the questions at issue, or the men by whom they were discussed. The array of talent which distinguished the parliament of that period has never been equalled before or since. The interests of the administration were supported by Pitt, Thurlow, and Wilberforce, while the forces of the opposition were led by Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Grey, Loughborough, and North. During the two or three months that the struggle lasted, every weapon of argument, wit, ridicule, and invective was used by the contending parties with a dexterity and vigor which such men only could display.

When the king's incapacity was announced, parliament immediately set about to provide a regency. All parties agreed that the Prince of Wales should be the regent, but differed very widely as to the exact amount of authority and privilege he should receive. The Whigs contended that he should exercise all the functions of the sovereign precisely as if there were a demise of the crown. The ministers, on the other hand, were determined to hamper the regent with limitations and restrictions which would have shorn the regal office of much of its dignity and power. The real question at issue,

therefore, was, which of the two parties that divided the country should possess the administration, and hence the violent party spirit which characterized all the political proceedings of the time. The first step was to ascertain officially the exact condition of the king, and, accordingly, each House appointed a committee to examine his physicians. These committees performed the duty assigned them on the 10th of December, and their reports were laid upon the table a few days afterward.

To each physician were put the following questions: "Is his Majesty incapable, by reason of the present state of his health, of coming to parliament, or of attending to public business? What hopes have you of his recovery? Is your answer to this question founded upon the particular symptoms of his Majesty's case, or your experience of the disorder in general? Can you form any judgment or probable conjecture of the time his Majesty's illness is to last? Can you assign any cause for his illness? Do you see any signs of convalescence?" The replies to these questions evince a knowledge of insanity quite creditable to men not expressly devoted to this branch of science—one that would hardly be expected by us who witness so frequently the remarkable discrepancies of opinion that characterize the reports of medical commissions, albeit they may include men whose names are not entirely unknown to fame. The replies also evince a certain kind of discretion and reserve worthy of all imitation on the part of those who are called upon for professional opinions. Few medical witnesses succeeded, as most of these gentlemen did, in hitting that happy medium between saying too much and saying too little. They all expressed strong hopes of the king's recovery, because the majority of patients actually do recover, and they saw nothing particularly unfavorable in his case. None of them saw any signs of convalescence, and, with one exception, none of them pretended to assign causes or limits to his disorder. Willis said he would recover within a few months, and thought the attack was produced by "weighty business, severe exercise, too great abstemiousness, and little rest." The other physicians were as well aware as Willis, no doubt, of these facts in the history and habits of the king, and possessed better opportunities than he had of knowing how far they had affected his mind, but refrained

^{*} Posthumous Memoirs, etc., p. 520.

[†] It appears that on that night the restraint had not been removed at all.

from assigning them as causes of the disorder. Willis's opinion, though confidently uttered, was merely a speculation, resting on no very substantial grounds. The king's business had not been weightier than usual, and though fond of exercise, there is no evidence that he carried it to a degree incompatible with its proper object, the promotion of health. His abstemiousness consisted merely in avoiding that excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table which was common among the higher classes of that period, and was practised by him for the purpose of warding off disease. The want of sleep was probably one of the effects rather than a cause of his mental affection. Whether the committee were satisfied with Willis's theory does not appear; but most of them probably were, like the rest of the world, curious to learn the cause of the attack, but readily satisfied with elaborate phrases and dogmatic assertions.* Sheridan, however, saw in it a fair mark for his wit, and he was not the man to neglect an opportunity of that kind. Willis had stated, in proof of the correctness of his opinion, that the medicine which had been given to his Majesty ever since Sunday morning, in order to meet and counteract those causes, had had as much effect as he could wish, and "his Majesty had certainly been gradually better from the first six hours of his taking it. The orator said that, when he heard Dr. Willis assert that his physic could, in one day, "overcome the effects of seven and twenty years' hard exercise, seven and twenty years' study, and seven and twenty years' abstinence, it was impossible for him to keep the gravity fit for the subject. Such assertions put him in mind of those nostrums that cure this and that, and also disappointments in love and long sea-voyages."††

* Just previous to the attack an eruption on the legs, of some duration, had suddenly disappeared. This incident, considered in connection with a similar one in the first attack, may be fairly regarded as a more efficient exciting cause than any one of those mentioned by Willis, and yet he overlooked it altogether. Adolphus's Hist. of England, i. 75.

† The Par. Debates on the Regency are contained in the 27th vol. of Hansard.

‡ The fact that the medicine referred to—which was simply Peruvian bark—was determined upon in the consultation of the whole corps of the king's physicians, and that no other observed any improvement in his condition, gives additional pungeny to the ridicule, while the whole incident throws much light on Willis's character.

The policy of the cabinet was to make it appear that the king's illness would be of short duration, and let it be implied, as an obvious consequence, that the measure of appointing a regent should not be precipitated. On the other hand, the policy of the Whigs was to represent the disorder as incurable, or, at least, of very uncertain duration, and therefore that the sooner the regency was established the better for the country. In this view they received but feeble support, certainly, from the examination of the physicians; but Warren, who was high in the councils of the Whig party, had privately encouraged the idea that the king would never recover. True, in his examination just referred to, and also in the examination on the 7th of January, he expressed as much confidence as the others in his ultimate recovery. The fact furnishes a striking illustration of the distorting influence of party spirit, even upon the views of scientific men on scientific subjects. Willis, who always professed to be quite sure of the king's recovery, and was equally high in the estimation of the other party, inspired the administration with confidence in the policy they had adopted. Every occurrence at Kew was whispered about in political circles, before it was many hours old, colored and exaggerated, of course, by the prevalent hopes and fears. The names of Warren and Willis became as familiar as household words, and even served as rallying points for the two great parties that divided the country. In less than a month from the first examination, both parties were equally ready for another, and equally confident of deriving political capital from the result. For this purpose the Commons appointed a select committee, which commenced its sittings on the 7th of January, and made their report, 400 folio pages long, on the 14th.*† The same questions as before were put to the physicians, and were followed by the same replies, except that Willis, when asked if he had observed any signs of convalescence, replied affirmatively. The greater part of the examination was directed to

* The report of the first examination may be found in the parliamentary debates and annual registers of the time, but not so this, which long eluded my search, until found in a collection of pamphlets, entitled, "History of the Regency," published by Stockdale, and brought to my notice by the librarian of Brown University, Mr. Guld. From this report chiefly, I have obtained all that seemed worth preserving respecting the management of the king.

matters having only an incidental connection with the king's condition—the communications sent from Kew to the ministers and other leading characters, the domestic arrangements of the palace, the dissensions of the physicians, the merits and proceedings of the Willises—to any thing, indeed, calculated to strengthen one side or weaken the other. Upon the signs of recovery or convalescence the examination was particularly searching, because, more than any thing else, they determined the political movements of the day. Willis, when asked if he saw any present signs of convalescence, replied: "About a fortnight ago, his Majesty would take up books and could not read a line of them; he will now read several pages together, and make, in my opinion, very good remarks upon the subject. I think, in the main, his Majesty does every thing in a more rational way than he did, and some things extremely rational." (This trait had been observed for the last five or six days, the books having been selected by the king, and read aloud.) To the same purpose, he also stated that his patient was less frequently and less intensely excited, and less frequently required restraint. Beyond the simple acknowledgment that he was more quiet, the other physicians were not disposed to go, in regard to the signs of convalescence. They denied that he had appeared rational, even for a moment, but none of them had happened to see the king reading, and they were not disposed to take any fact of Willis's observing as a ground for their opinions. His constant attendance gave him an advantage over his colleagues, for it enabled him to see for himself much that they would never know at all, or only at second hand; and such observations, we are all very well aware, sometimes leave a stronger impression on the mind than the most definite and tangible facts communicated by others.

Willis's character, conduct and practices were subjected to a very searching scrutiny, not more for the purpose of obtaining information than of torturing every incident into matter of censure against himself or his employers. It can not be denied that he gave his adversaries abundant opportunities of this kind; for, with all his experience, and the frost of seventy years on his head, he had not a philosophical turn of mind, nor the power of concealing his deficiency by a prudent reserve. He

had stated that nine out of ten of his patients recovered under his hands, but he was unable to tell how many he had received or how many he had cured. When further pressed, he said that the ground of his calculation was the fact that his first fifteen patients were cured, and that, subsequently, several instances occurred of ten going away together radically cured! The declaration of his colleagues respecting this alleged success—that it required other evidence than his bare assertion—was not calculated to restore the harmony which had been so thoroughly disturbed. He was obviously very restive under the unusual restrictions imposed upon him. To be associated on equal terms with some half-dozen other physicians, equal to himself in professional eminence, and more than his equals in general culture, he found a very different position from that of controlling an establishment where his simple word was law. He felt—very correctly, no doubt—that a great obstacle to the King's recovery consisted in his being obliged to see so many different persons, under circumstances calculated to excite strong emotion. He was actually disturbed, and sometimes even prevented from sleeping, by the visits of so many medical men—never less than half a dozen every day—and, accordingly, Willis, "thinking it his duty," as he says, "to do for his Majesty what he should do for any private gentleman," put up a written notice that no person should be admitted into his Majesty's rooms without permission of himself or son. For this order, which was more easily given than enforced, for none of his colleagues seem to have regarded it, he was severely handled by the committee, who endeavored to make it appear like an attempt on his part, and that of the Lord Chancellor, whose sanction he pleaded, to conceal, in some degree, the King's real condition.

Another obstacle to the King's recovery, apprehended by Willis, seems rather fanciful than real. "When his Majesty," he says, "reflects upon an illness of this kind, it may depress his spirits and retard his cure more than a common person;" but, subsequently, he states, that "this apprehension is somewhat relieved by his knowledge of the King's sense of religion, which may lead him, with a proper resignation, to reflect on what it had pleased God to afflict him with."

The want of good faith was broadly

charged upon Willis by his colleagues, and in the examination there came out one instance of it which has obtained a popular celebrity. Warren stated, that, on the day Willis arrived, it was agreed, in general consultation, "that quiet of body and mind were to be endeavored to be obtained by every means possible; and that every thing should be kept from his Majesty that was likely to excite any emotion; that though his Majesty had not shown any sign of an intention to injure himself, yet that it was absolutely necessary, considering the sudden impulses to which his distemper subjects people, to put every thing out of the way that could do any mischief." The very next day, however, he put into the King's hand a razor and a penknife. "I asked him," says Warren, "how he could venture to do such a thing. He said he shuddered at what he had done." Willis said, in explanation, that the King "had not been shaved for a long while, perhaps a fortnight or three weeks; and the person that had been used to shave him could not complete the parts of his upper and under lips; and being confident, from the professions and humor of his Majesty at that moment, I suffered his Majesty to shave his lips himself; and then he desired he might have his whole face lathered, that he might just run over it with a razor; and he did so in a very calm manner. His nails also wanted cutting very much; and, upon his assurance, and upon my confidence in his looks, I suffered him to cut his own nails with a penknife, while I stood by him. It is necessary for a physician, especially in such cases, to be able to judge, at the moment, whether he can confide in the professions of his patient; and I never was disappointed in my opinion whether the professions of the patient were to be relied on or no." He denied that he said to Warren, he shuddered at what he had done, and also denied that, in regard to such matters, he ever agreed not to be governed solely by his own discretion. After professing such views, he found it a little inconvenient to answer the question, why he never afterwards repeated this indulgence. He replied, however, that it had a bad moral effect, his Majesty taking it ill that he was not allowed other privileges, such as going up stairs to see his family, and doing other imprudent things. "Do you think," asked the committee, "that the expectation of the liberties

which the King might call for would be of more danger to him than the use of razors and penknives?" "To be sure," was the reply, "because the refusal would irritate him much, and increase his disorder." "Whether," continues the committee, "you refuse to the King all indulgences which may be safely given, lest he should demand those that ought to be refused?" "I do a great many," said Willis. Those, certainly, were very embarrassing questions.

This incident furnished Burke with the materials of a violent diatribe against the ministers, who, he said, had committed his Majesty to the care of a man in whose hands he was not safe for a moment.*

It also came out that, within five days after he took charge of the King, Willis allowed him to have an interview with his daughters, and another with the Queen, without the consent or knowledge of his colleagues, and contrary, as they alleged, to the terms of their agreement. In defense of his course, he said: "I am sure that such occurrences can scarce be too frequent, as it comforts the patient to think that he is with his family, and that they are affectionate to him; and upon inquiries of patients who have been cured

* There is a traditionary anecdote connected with this razor scene, strongly illustrative, if true, of Willis's character. Burke asked him, it is said, what he would have done, if the King had suddenly become violent while these instruments were in his hand. Having placed the candles between them, he replied, "There, sir, by the *ETC!* I should have looked at him *thus*—sir, *thus!*" whereupon Burke instantaneously averted his head, and made no reply. This must have occurred, if at all, in the committee-room, but no mention of it is made in the printed report. It may have been expunged, however, by the committee. What the common practice is, I am unable to say; but that such a thing is sometimes done, we have the authority of Sir Samuel Romilly for believing. He states that some of the testimony of the physicians, in 1810, to the effect that the cause of the King's illness in 1801 was the resignation of Pitt, and the cause of the attack in 1804 was the publication of the correspondence between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, was suppressed. [*Memoirs*, etc. ii. 165.] The authority for this anecdote is Reynolds, the playwright, who says he had it from Willis himself. [*Life*, etc. ii. 15.] Among the gossip of the day was a similar story respecting the effect of Willis's tone on Sheridan when about to examine him. "Pray, sir, before you begin," said Willis; "be so good as to snuff the candles, that we may see clear, for I always like to see the face of the man I am speaking to." Sheridan was so confounded at this speech of the basiliak Doctor, that he could not get on in his examination, and for once in his life he was posed.—*Swinburne's Court of Europe* ii. 75.

of the same indisposition, they have always mentioned those occurrences having given them the greatest comfort, and, as they thought, helped very much towards their recovery. . . . The irritation occasioned by a patient's seeing his friends or relations, is entirely overbalanced by the softening him into tears, which ever leads to amendment." In this statement of Willis, we may recognize the views of one of our early associates, the first President of this Society, between whom and Willis this was not the only point of resemblance.

Another incident in Willis's management, which had greatly scandalized his colleagues, was deemed worthy of the notice of the committee. It was the allowing his Majesty to read the tragedy of *Lear*. It seems he refused the King's request to have it, though too crazy, he thought, to be affected by it one way or the other; but allowed him to have a volume of plays, which happened, without his knowledge, to contain *Lear*.*

In the practical knowledge of insanity, and the management of the insane, Willis was unquestionably in advance of his associates; but following the bent of his dictatorial habits, he often spoke without measuring his words, and often overstepped the limits of professional etiquette. Hence he suffered under the severe handling of the committee, to whom he presented a good many vulnerable points of attack. It is obvious, in fact, that Willis was a bit of a charlatan, and not always above the arts of that character. Sheridan remarked, in one of his speeches, that Willis professed to have the gift of seeing the heart by looking at the countenance; and added, looking at Pitt, that the declaration seemed to alarm the Right Hon. Gentleman.†

But with all these imperfections, it cannot be denied that Willis evinced much practical sagacity in his views of the nature and management of mental disease, and a sturdy independence and self-reliance, which, while they are always elements in a great character, were in him, under the circumstances, little less than wonderful.

* Willis's statement that he had never read this play, is not calculated to raise our estimate of his general culture.

† There is nothing of this kind in the report of the committee, but it may have been suppressed. Sheridan would hardly have invented the fact, and then alluded on Pitt to witness its truth.

Let those who are emulous of his success, strive to imitate him in these qualities, rather than in his dogmatism and disregard of professional observances.

The report of the committee was a fruitful topic in the subsequent debates in parliament, furnishing fresh materials for declamation and intrigue. On no other occasion, probably, were the prominent qualities of the celebrated men who figured at that period, more strikingly exhibited. Night after night, for weeks together, witnessed the unrivalled self-possession of Pitt, the clear, close, vehement argumentation of Fox, the irresistible wit of Sheridan, the multifarious knowledge and riotous fancy of Burke. But the prize, which seemed to be almost within the grasp of the whigs, rapidly receded from their view. Towards the last of January the King had unquestionably improved, and on the 25th of February Warren signed a report declaring him "free from complaint."

The question of recovery was also embarrassing; for, although it might be obvious enough to the family and friends, yet it was not so easy to establish it satisfactorily to the country. An apparent recovery is not always a real one. Often, after a person seems to have regained his natural feelings and views, and has recognized his mental disorder, and is preparing, perhaps, to resume his customary pursuits, he again passes under the cloud, and, to all appearance, is as far from sanity as ever. Burke was as ready for this as for any other occasion; and his remarks upon it exhibited his wonderful faculty of acquiring and appropriating every description of knowledge. "The disorder," said he, "with which his Majesty was afflicted, was like a vast sea which rolled in, and at low-tide rolled back and left a bold and barren shore. He had taken pains," he continued, "to make himself master of the subject, he had turned over every book upon it, and had visited the dreadful mansions where those unfortunate beings were confined. . . . An author of great authority having mentioned the uncertainty of the symptoms of insanity, had declared, that after having been kept a month, (and the rule was, at all the houses he had visited, though anxious to discharge the patients speedily, as they all were, to keep them a month after their recovery before they turned them out of the house,) they would sometimes dread the day of their departure, and relapse on the very last

day. . . . He drew a picture of the King's supposed return, which he described as most happy, if really cured; but as horrible in the extreme, in its consequences, if a sudden relapse took place."

The only effect of the King's alleged convalescence was, to suspend all parliamentary proceedings relative to a regency, while, quietly and without opposition, he resumed, one after another, his regal functions.*

* It may be a matter of surprise, at first sight, that, considering the disagreement between Willis and his colleagues respecting the signs of convalescence, some other physician of eminence in this branch of the art was not called in. "Why," said Burke, "is not the keeper of one mad-house confronted with the keeper of another?" referring to Munroe, who then visited Bethlehem. It is probable, however, that the government suspected—very justly too—that the measure, while it would certainly introduce a new element of discord into the medical councils, might not so surely strengthen their position.

Willis was rewarded by parliament with a pension of £1500 for twenty-one years. He was shortly after employed to treat the Queen of Portugal, but she proved to be incurable. For this service he received £20,000. These fees are without a parallel in the records of the medical profession. Dr. John Willis received for his services £650 per year during his life.

It is somewhat calculated to abate our confidence in history, to find that so recent and public a fact as the result of Willis's treatment of this case should be related in such a contradictory manner. By many, if not the most of those who refer to it, including even such respectable authorities as the *Biographie Universelle* and *Penny Cyclopædia*, it is represented to have been a complete cure. But the truth is—and obvious enough, too, it might seem—the poor Queen, who had been for some time hovering on the verge of insanity, became unequivocally deranged in 1792, and so continued without any improvement. In the early stage of her disease she conceived the idea that she was doomed to eternal perdition. Her son, the Prince of Brazil, assumed the regency in 1792. In 1807, when the kingdom was invaded by the French, she followed the fortunes of her house across the ocean, though much against her will, and finally died in 1816, aged 81.

In Frederick Reynolds's "Life and Times" I find a notice of Willis's establishment, which seems to be worth copying: "Gretford and its vicinity at that time exhibited one of the most peculiar and singular sights ever witnessed. As the unprepared traveller approached the town, he was astonished to find almost all the surrounding ploughmen, gardeners, threshers, thatchers and other laborers, attired in black coats, white waistcoats, black silk breeches and stockings and the head of each '*bien poudré, frisé et arrangé*.' These were the Doctor's patients; and dress, neatness of person, and exercise being the principal features of his admirable system, health and cheerfulness conjoined to aid the recovery of every person attached to that most valuable asylum. The Doctor kept an excellent table, and the day I dined with him I found a numerous company.

His Majesty's third attack began about the 22d of February, 1801, and though supposed by the public to have recovered within three or four weeks, it is certain that he was not fully restored until the last of June. He was attended by Drs. Gisborne, Reynolds, Pepys, Robert Darling Willis, John Willis and Thomas Willis.* The early stage of the disease was much like that of 1788, except in being of shorter duration. After the first week or two he could, for the most part, control his morbid manifestations to such a degree, that, to them who saw him only occasionally, he seemed to be less under the influence of disease than he really was. Indeed, as early as the 7th of March, it was commonly reported, and commonly believed, that he had completely recovered, though on the 4th Reynolds had stated that "much time would be necessary to complete the cure."† The bulletins ceased on the 12th of March, when Reynolds ceased his attendance, but on the 14th or 15th of the same month he had a "severe paroxysm," as it was called, which however, must have soon abated, as he transacted business on the 17th. He continued under medical care until the end of June, appearing very well whenever circumstances required the exercise of self-control, but constantly exciting the apprehensions of his family and physicians by some manifestation of mental disturbance. John Willis, writing to Lord Eldon, May 16th, intimates that "artificial prudence" is still absolutely necessary, and informs him that his conversations with the King have not been of much service. "He seems," he continues, "rather to select and turn any part to his purpose than to his good."‡ Five days after, Addington writes to Lord Eldon that, "during a quiet conversation of an

Amongst others of his patients, in a state of convalescence, present on this occasion, were a Mrs. B., a lady of large fortune, who had lately recovered under the Doctor's care, but declined returning into the world, from the dread of a relapse; and a young clergyman, who occasionally read service and preached for the Doctor. Nothing occurred out of the common way till soon after the cloth was removed, when I saw the Doctor frown at a patient, who immediately hastened from the room, taking with him my *tail*, which he had slyly cut off."

* Robert and John Willis were sons of Francis, and probably Thomas also, but of this I am not quite certain.

† "Diaries of Lord Malmesbury," iv. 28.

‡ Twice—"Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," i. 204.

hour and a half there was not a sentiment, a word, a look, or a gesture, that I could have wished different from what it was; and yet my apprehensions, I must own to you, predominate. The wheel is likely to turn with increasing velocity, (as I can not help fearing,) and if so, it will very soon become unmanageable.* Four days after, one of the Willisess writes, that the King "is in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night — 'but one sleep from eleven to half-past four;' when, alas! he had but three hours' sleep in the night, which, upon the whole, was passed in restlessness, in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying at times violently. . . . He frequently called, 'I am now perfectly well, and my queen, my queen has saved me.' . . . The King has sworn he will never forgive her if she relates anything that passes in the night."† June 9th, one of the royal family writes to Thomas Willis: "He has been very quiet, very heavy, and very sleepy. . . . God grant that his eyes may soon open, and that he may see his real and true friends in their true colors." Three days after, she again writes, that "the sleepiness continues to a great degree. I am told the night has been tolerable, but he has got up in his usual way, which is very vexatious."‡ Four days after, one of the Willisess writes: "His Majesty rode out this morning at ten o'clock, and did not return till four. He paid a visit in the course of the day to Mr. Dundas. His attendants thought him much hurried, and so did his pages. He has a greater thirst upon him, and his family are in great fear. His Majesty still talks much of his prudence, but he shows none. His body, mind and tongue are all upon the stretch every minute; and the manner in which he is now expending money in various ways, which is so unlike him when well, all evince that he is not so right as he should be."§

A considerable change seems to have occurred within a few days of the date of this letter, since his physicians were discharged, and we hear no more of his disorder. He was strongly averse to having the Willisess any longer about him, though, as he says, "he respected the

character and conduct of Robert Willis." "No one," he says, "who has had a nervous fever can bear to continue the physicians employed on the occasion."*

During the first three weeks of the attack there was actually a suspension of the royal functions, and with it a suspension of some political arrangements of the highest importance. Pitt had resigned, but there was no one to receive his resignation, or sign the commission of his successor; so that it would have been difficult to answer the question, who is now prime minister? Pitt and his friends continued to perform the necessary routine duties of their offices, and Mr. Addington held constant communication with the palace.† This change of ministry, which was exceedingly distasteful to the King, was regarded by some as the exciting cause of this attack; but it is probable that the differences between the Prince of Wales and his wife had also much to do with it. It was ushered in by a violent cold, which he contracted by remaining long in church on the 13th—a chilly, snowy day.

Again, on the 12th of February, 1804, the King manifested unequivocal signs of mental disease, occasioned, it was thought, by the publication of certain correspondence between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and immediately preceded by a cold and a consequent fit of the gout. This attack continued longer than the last, but, like that, was much less severe than that of '88. He was attended by Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Heberden, and Dr. Simmons, physician of St. Luke's,‡ and was in the particular charge of the latter, who resided in the palace. The few scanty notices I

* The only thing respecting the medical treatment in this attack which has rewarded my inquiries is, that the prime minister, Mr. Addington, one day, recommended a hop pillow for procuring sleep, which proved perfectly successful. "In this attack sleep always calmed and quieted the King, while in that of 1788 he would awake from a long sleep more turbulent than ever." Malmesbury "Diaries," iv. 46.

† "Life, etc., of Lord Sidmouth," by Pellew, i. 309.

‡ Why none of the Willisess were employed on this occasion, does not appear. It was probably, however, for the same reason that was alleged for their not being employed in the next attack—namely, the Queen's apprehension that their presence would excite unpleasant associations in the King's mind. In fact, the King conceived a strong dislike for the Willisess; but it seems to have been a common impression at court, [Malmesbury, iv. 316.] that they managed him much better than Simmons.

* Twiss, i. 205.

† Ibid., i. 206.

‡ Ibid., i. 205.

§ Ibid., i. 208.

have been able to find convey but little information respecting the character or progress of this attack. About the 25th of February it was generally understood that the King was improving; but in the bulletin of the 26th it was stated that his speedy recovery could not be expected.* We learn that, on the 9th of March, Lord Eldon walked with him around the garden, when he observed, as he says, "at first, a momentary hurry and incoherence in his Majesty's talk, but this did not endure two minutes; during the rest of the walk there was not the slightest aberration in his Majesty's conversation, and he gave me the history of every administration in his reign."† On the 23d of April, he presided at a council. On the 2d of May, Addington walked with him in the garden, and thought him perfectly well.‡ Five days after, Pitt conversed with him three hours, and was "amazed at his cool and collected manner."§ May 25th, the Duke of York writes that the King seems to dwell much upon the illegality of his confinement, and the next day, Pitt, in a note to Eldon, expresses some alarm in reference to a conversation in one of the audiences two days before. "The topics treated of were such as did not at all arise out of any view (right or wrong) of the actual state of things, but referred to plans of foreign politics, that could only be creatures of an imagination heated and disordered."||

His conduct at this period, as described by one of his court, indicates a phasis of insanity which, though common enough, is apt to be greatly misunderstood by people not professionally acquainted with the subject. "Mrs. Harcourt confirms all that Lady Uxbridge had told me—that the King was apparently quite well when speaking to his ministers, or to those who kept him in a little awe; but that towards his family and dependents his language was incoherent and harsh, quite unlike

his usual character. She said Simmons did not possess, in any degree, the talents required to lead the mind from wandering to steadiness; that, in the King's two former illnesses, this had been most ably managed by the Willisess, who had this faculty in a wonderful degree, and were men of the world, who saw ministers, and knew what the King ought to do; that the not suffering them to be called in was an unpardonable proof of folly (not to say worse) in Addington; and now it was impossible, since the King's aversion for them was rooted; that Pitt judged ill in leaving the sole disposal of the household to the King; that this sort of power, in his present weak, and of course suspicious state of mind, had been exercised by him most improperly: he had dismissed and turned away, and made capricious changes every where, from the Lord Chamberlain to the grooms and footmen; he had turned away the Queen's favorite coachman, made footmen grooms, and *vice versa*; and what was still worse, because more notorious, had removed lords of the bedchamber without a shadow of reason; that all this afflicted the royal family beyond measure; the Queen was ill and *cross*, the Princesses low, depressed, and quite sinking under it; and that, unless means could be found to place some very strong-minded and temperate person about the King, he would either commit some extravagance, or would, by violent exercise and carelessness, injure his health, and bring on a deadly illness. . . . She said that Smart, when alive, had some authority over him; that John Willis also had acquired it, but in a different way; the first obtained it from regard and high opinion, the other from fear; that, as was always the case, cunning and art kept pace, in the King's character, with his suspicion and misgivings, and that he was become so very acute that nothing escaped him."*

The general impression at the time was that, in both these attacks, the King was deprived of his reason for a short period only; and parliament was readily satisfied by the declarations of ministers, that there was no necessary suspension of the royal functions. Before the question of a regency could be fairly started, the bulletins ceased, and he was supposed to have recovered. Of course there was no examination of the physicians, and the public

* Bulletins must necessarily be brief, and very general in their terms, and therefore not calculated to convey very accurate information; but those which were issued by the physicians during this illness often indicate much confusion of ideas and an uncertain, vacillating prognosis, which did not escape the notice nor the censure of parliament. For instance, the very next day after the bulletin above mentioned, the bulletin said: "He is still better than he was yesterday, and gradually approaching recovery."

† *Twiss*, i. 229. ‡ *Life of Sidmouth*, i. 313.

§ *Malmesbury*, iv. 306. || *Twiss*, i. 24.

* *Malmesbury*, iv. 326.

had no means of learning the subsequent progress of the disorder, because they alone to whom the facts were known were most interested in keeping them to themselves. It was not until the examination of the physicians, relative to the next attack, (1810,) some of whom had also attended him in 1801 and 1804, that the true state of the case was revealed.* It then came out for the first time, that both these attacks were of much longer duration and greater severity than the public had been led to suppose—that, about the middle of March, 1801, and after the bulletins ceased, a relapse took place—that, in 1804, Dr. Simmons continued in the palace as late as June—and that either Heberden or Sir Francis Millman attended the King up to October.† And yet it had become a matter of history, that during those very periods when his Majesty was in charge of medical men on account of mental disorder, he was exercising the highest functions of sovereignty. On the 17th of March, 1801—which, as we have just seen, was only two or three days subsequent to the date of a "severe paroxysm"—measures of vital interest and importance to the country received his assent and concurrence. On the 14th of April, Pitt's resignation was accepted and the new ministers received their commission. On the 9th of March, 1804, a commission under the King's sign-manual was passed, by virtue of which fifteen bills received the royal assent, and, on the 23d, his assent was given to many other bills.

It is not surprising that the discovery of his real mental condition, half a dozen years afterwards, excited both astonishment and indignation. In parliament, the conduct of Lord Eldon, who, in consequence of his office as Lord Chancellor, and of his intimate personal relations to the King, was held responsible for these transactions, was condemned in the strong-

est terms. Earl Grey charged him with having done what was equivalent to treason. "What," said he, "would be the character, what the appropriate punishment of his offence, who, knowing his Sovereign to be actually at the time incompetent—who, in the full conviction of his notorious and avowed incapacity, and while he was under medical care and personal restraint, should come here, and in the name and under the pretext of his Majesty's commands, put the royal seal to acts which could not be legal without his Majesty's full and complete acquiescence?" . . . "I will ask the noble Lord," he continued, in another part of his speech, "what he would have done, had a case of a similar nature come before him in Chancery? I will suppose such a case; and that, in the interval, when it appeared from the testimony of physicians that the unfortunate individual was incapable of exercising his mental faculties, a person had prevailed on an attorney to make a will for him; would the noble lord have given his sanction to such a proceeding? Would he have taken the opinion of the interested individuals, in preference to that of the physician? Let the noble lord apply this case to himself. I say that his Majesty's name has been abused. The noble lord has said, on his own authority, that his Majesty was not then incapacitated from acting; but will your lordships allow yourselves to believe that his Majesty's health was then such as to admit him to act in his royal capacity, upon an authority which contradicts that of his physicians?"

In his defense, Lord Eldon declared that, on the 27th of February, and again on the 9th of March, 1804, the King's physicians had pronounced him competent to perform a certain act; or, as the matter was described more particularly in his Memoirs, he inquired of the physicians if, in their opinion, the King was competent to sign an instrument, provided he, Lord Eldon, had satisfied himself that the King understood its effect. To this query Sir Lucas Pepys and Dr. Simmons replied affirmatively, the other physicians being supposed to concur. Chiefly, however, he grounded his defense on the right to judge for himself respecting the King's mental condition, irrespective of medical opinions. "I have been significantly asked," said he, "if I would supersede a commission of lunacy against the opinion

* It must be borne in mind that the memoranda showing the progress of the disease, which we have given, were mostly published only a few years ago, so that, in fact, the whole state of the case was not generally known even after the examination of the physicians in 1811.

† Indeed, as late as December, the King had not entirely regained the confidence of his family. Lord Malmesbury says (iv. 344.) on the authority of one of the court, "The Queen will never receive the King without one of the Princesses being present—never says, in reply, a word—piques herself on this discreet silence—and, when in London, locks the door of her *white room* (her *boudoir*) against him."

of physicians. I have often done so. The opinions of physicians, though entitled to great attention, were not to bind him absolutely. . . . It was most important to the Sovereign that the Chancellor should not depend wholly on the evidence of the physicians, if he himself thought the King perfectly competent to discharge the functions of the royal authority.* In a letter to Percival, he declares that if the King had been found to understand the nature of the act he was asked to perform, he should have been bound by his sense of right and duty to have sanctioned such act, though he might have believed, with his physicians, that some delusions might occur an hour afterwards.†

Eldon declared, in the debate, that, on the 9th of March, 1804, the King understood the duty he had to perform better than he did himself, and among his papers was found what he regarded as a conclusive proof of his opinion. "On applying to the King," he says, "to obtain his sign-manual to several bills, he, Eldon, began to read an abstract of the bills with more of detail than usual, when the King said, 'My Lord, you are cautious.' He, Eldon, begged it might be so, under existing circumstances. 'Oh!' said the King 'you are certainly right in that; but you should be correct as well as cautious.' Eldon replied, he was not conscious that he was incorrect. 'No,' said he, 'you are not; for if you will look into the commission you have brought me to sign, you will see that I there state that I have fully considered the bills proposed to receive my sign-manual. To be correct, therefore, I should have the *bills* to peruse and consider.' I stated to him that he had never had the bills whilst I had been Chancellor, and that I did not know that he had ever had the bills. He said, during a part of his reign he had always had them, until Lord Thurlow had ceased to bring them; and the expression his Majesty used was, Lord Thurlow said it was nonsense his giving himself the trouble to read them."‡

Lord Eldon, as well as the physicians, made the common mistake of confounding the power to understand the exact terms of a transaction, with that of perceiving all its relations and consequences. Such

a mistake, natural enough as it might have been to him, could hardly have been expected from the physicians, especially under circumstances so peculiar and important. It would be considered a bold assertion that a person, regarded by his family and physicians as insane, was perfectly competent to make a contract or execute a will; but to declare that the king, who, by their own admission, was more or less insane, was, nevertheless, competent to exercise the most important functions of his office, was, to say the least of it, to assume a tremendous responsibility. But they knew very well the wishes of the court on the subject; and it could hardly have been expected of court physicians that they would be over-scrupulous on such an occasion, especially as they were aware, no doubt, that the measures in question were proper enough in themselves, and the royal assent was merely a matter of form. This, unquestionably, was the real ground on which Eldon acted, though it did not furnish the kind of defense exactly which he was disposed to set up. The nation was at war; a change of ministry was in progress, both in 1801 and 1804; a project of a regency would have distracted the national councils and impaired the national vigor; and the disease, scarcely severe at any time, seemed likely to be of very short duration. A man much less devoted to political ends than Eldon might, under such circumstances, have considered it perfectly justifiable to avoid the real evils of a regency question by committing one more theoretical than practical, and followed by salutary consequences. In fact the same thing was done by Lord Loughborough, who went to his majesty on the 24th of February, 1801—Addington having declined the service—and obtained his signature to a commission for giving the royal assent to the Brown Bread Bill.*

There was another charge against Lord Eldon, which cannot be so easily parried. It was insinuated by Earl Grey, in the debate already alluded to, that he used the facilities of his position to prevent a junction between Fox and Pitt in 1804; and it appears from his own papers that he used similar means to accomplish the removal of Addington, his own colleague, and bring in Pitt. These might have

* Stockdale's Parliamentary Register, 1811, i.

† Twiss, i. 356.

‡ Ibid., i. 226.

* Life of Lord Sidmouth, i. 302.

been precisely the arrangements which the king would have favored, had his mind been perfectly sound; but no man could have promoted them as Eldon did, without forfeiting every claim to upright and honorable conduct.*

About the 25th of October, 1810, the king was again, and for the last time, smitten by mental disease, consequent, it was generally supposed, upon the fatal illness of a favorite daughter. It began, like the former attacks, with unusual hurry and restlessness of manner, which, within a few days, passed into a paroxysm of high excitement, accompanied by much fever. During the first few months the disorder was characterized by paroxysms of this kind—in one of which he is said to have been “unconscious of surrounding objects”—alternating with intervals when the king was free from fever, calm, composed, and quite rational in his conversation. He was attended by Reynolds, Heberden, Baillie, Halford, and Robert Willis, the latter residing in the palace and having the immediate custody of the king, as his father had in 1788. The physicians were examined by a committee of the Commons on the 14th of December, and by a committee of the Lords about the same time. The questions propounded were precisely the same as those of 1788, and the replies were of a very similar character. They all concurred in the opinion that the disease would ultimately yield; but no one undertook to set limits to its duration. The same reasons, too, were also given for this favorable prognosis—the patient’s previous good habits and firm health, the suddenness of the attack, and the general curability of the disease. To the question whether his majesty’s age, then seventy-two years, was not an unfavorable circumstance, the unanimous answer was, that, as a general rule, extreme age was an unfavorable circumstance, in mental as well as other disease; but, in the present case, it would probably have little influence upon the re-

sult, because the king had borne his age remarkably well, and the attack had originated in circumstances independent of any bodily indisposition. To the question whether the king’s very defective sight—for he had become almost, and soon after entirely, blind—might not operate unfavorably, the reply was, substantially, that, in the early stages of the disorder, it would be more likely to have a beneficial effect than otherwise, by keeping from him many sources of irritation; while, in the later stages, it might, by diminishing his means and opportunities of occupation, retard his recovery. To the question whether the fact of his having had so many previous attacks was not an unfavorable circumstance, Reynolds and Baillie replied—to them only was the question put—that his having recovered from so many previous attacks furnished strong ground for expecting recovery again. Baillie, however, qualified his opinion by the suggestion, that the susceptibility to disease might be increased by its frequent recurrence, and thus prove an obstacle to recovery.

In regard to the form of disease, Willis said it was more allied to delirium than insanity—meaning that it was characterized by mental excitement rather than by fixed, definite delusions. “It has never borne the character of insanity,” he said; “it never gets beyond derangement.” This description, he added, was strictly applicable to the attack of 1801. Heberden said: “It is not merely the delirium of fever, nor is it any common case of insanity; it is derangement attended with more or less fever, and liable to accessions and remissions.” The form of disease which they had in view is common enough; and though the progress of science may have contributed nothing to our knowledge of its nature or of its treatment it has certainly improved our nomenclature.*

The Report conveys no information respecting the medical or moral treatment, and we are left in doubt whether mechanical restraint was used. In fact the examination was chiefly directed, not so much to the present condition of the king as to the attacks of 1801 and 1804, several of the physicians having attended him at one or both those periods, and to some interviews between the king and his ministers. It showed the usual amount

* True, Eldon pronounced the charge that he had taken advantage of the king’s weakness to prejudice him against Mr. Fox, to be a direct falsehood. His biographer candidly remarks, that “this denial must not be extended beyond the charge it was meant to meet, of having taken advantage of the king’s weak state to excite a prejudice against Fox in the royal mind”—meaning, probably, that as he did not believe the king to be incompetent, he might safely deny that he took any advantage of his weakness.—Twiss, i. 356.

* The Report may be found in Stockdale’s Parliamentary Register, 1810, and Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates, 1st ser. xix.

of intrigue and cabal on the part of the king's friends, with subserviency to the predominant party and disregard of each other, on the part of the physicians. As in the illness of 1788, the policy of the tories was to stave off the regency by representing the attack as speedily curable, while the whigs were equally strenuous in precipitating this measure. But the result appeared so doubtful, and the exigencies of the country were so pressing, that it could not long be evaded; and, accordingly, the Prince of Wales was made regent in February, 1811—an event which enabled the Whig party, as is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of that period, to verify the scriptural declarations respecting the faithlessness of princes.*

The progress of the disease may be gathered from casual notices in the memoirs, correspondence, diaries, etc., of the time, but not so exactly as it might be on some interesting points. On the 26th of January, Eldon spent an hour with him. "He is not well," says the Chancellor, "and I fear he requires time. In the midst of this state it is impossible to conceive how right, how pious, how religious, how every thing that he should be he is, with the distressing aberrations I allude to."† In his clearer intervals he became somewhat impatient of restraint, and was rather importunate to be restored to his regal state. The physicians, in their report to the chancellor, which must have been about the first of February, say that "he appears to be going on in the most favorable manner. It is right to mention, and we do not think it an unfavorable circumstance, that he has occasionally adverted to the subject of his former delusion, but in so slight a manner as to increase our confidence in its gradual subsidence from his majesty's mind."‡ The queen, in a note to Lord Eldon, soliciting the attendance of the council at Windsor, at least once a week, says: "The king is constantly asking if not one of the council is coming to do so, [to receive the report of the physicians,] and seems to feel that putting it off procrastinates his recovery, as his majesty (*she is sorry to say*) thinks

himself too near that period."* Spring brought no improvement of the King's disorder. In a note of Lord Ellenborough, April 3d, he speaks of the king's "delusions and irregularities and extravagances of plans and projects of which we hear daily."† May 25th, the Duke of York had an interview with him, in which his mental condition was pretty fairly exhibited. "He appeared," he says, "at first, very much affected at seeing me, and expressed himself in the kindest and most affectionate manner upon my re-appointment to the chief command of the army; but soon flew off from that subject, and then ran on, in perfect good humor, but with the greatest rapidity, and with little or no connection, upon the most trifling topics, at times hinting at some of the subjects of his delusion, in spite of all our endeavors to change the conversation."‡ Robert Willis expressed to the duke his alarm at the king's "frivolity, or rather imbecility, of mind."

Until July, the cloud which enveloped the mind of the King occasionally lifted up, and thus were strengthened the hopes of his complete restoration. It was one of the curious traits in his case, that, at those times, he became conscious of his infirmity, though he sometimes manifested this consciousness in rather an uncommon manner. An instance is related by Francis Horner, in a letter to his father, in the spring of 1811. "There was a very affecting proof of the King's melancholy state, given last week at the concert of ancient music; it was the Duke of Cambridge's night, who announced to the directors that the King himself had made the selection. This consisted of all the finest passages to be found in Handel descriptive of madness and blindness; particularly those in the opera of Samson; there was one also upon madness from love, and the lamentation of Jephtha upon the loss of his daughter, and it closed with "God save the King," to make sure the application of all that went before."§

Dr. Simmons and Dr. John Willis, who had attended the King in former attacks, had not been employed in this, the Queen fearing that it might awaken disagreeable emotions. A year having passed without any improvement, these two physicians

* Romilly (Memoirs, ii. 177) says that the prince was determined to make no change in the cabinet in consequence of the strong representations of one of the king's physicians of the probability of his recovery.

† Twiss, i. 359.

‡ Ibid. i. 359.

* Twiss, i. 359.

† Ibid., i. 363.

‡ Ibid., i. 363.

§ Memoirs and Correspondence, ii. 70.

were joined to the medical corps on the 9th of October, together with Dr. Munro, then visiting physician at Bethlehem. They were all examined touching the King's condition, both by a committee of the Lords and a committee of the Commons, towards the middle of January, 1812.

From this examination we gather that, during the months of April, May, and June, the King was apparently improving, "very little disorder being exhibited," says Heberden. It was characterized by exaltation, extravagance, and frivolity—false reasoning upon real facts. About the middle of July the disorder assumed a new character, gross delusions being exhibited in connection with the last-mentioned traits. His sight and hearing were quite gone, but the other senses were as acute as ever. He retained a consciousness of his regal state, and during the latter part of the year, when there seemed to be a little improvement, he bore his part in conversation very correctly, for a few minutes, and related anecdotes of the past. The physicians were all as confident in the opinion that his recovery, though not hopeless, was highly improbable, as they were, the year before, in the opinion that he would recover. This change in their prognosis they attributed chiefly to the change in the phasis of the disorder, which occurred in July.*

This report leaves us entirely in the dark respecting the nature of the delusions which possessed the King's mind; but the following passage from Lord Eldon's papers indicates one of them: "It was agreed that, if any strong feature of the King's malady appeared during the presence of the council, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavor to recall him from his aberrations; and, accordingly, when his Majesty appeared to be addressing himself to two of the persons whom he most favored in his early life, long dead, Sir Henry observed: 'Your Majesty has, I believe, forgotten that — and — both died many years ago.' 'True,' was the reply, 'died to you and to the world in general, but not to me. You, Sir Henry, are forgetting that I have the power of holding intercourse with those whom you call dead. Yes, Sir Henry Halford,' continued he, assuming a lighter manner, 'it is in vain,

so far as I am concerned, that you kill your patients. Yes, Dr. Baillie — but, Baillie, Baillie,' pursued he with resumed gravity, 'I do n't know. He is an anatomist; he dissects his patients; and then it would not be a resuscitation merely, but a recreation; and that, I think, is beyond my power.'"

The following memoranda of his condition from 1812 till his death, are given by an anonymous writer, but are well authenticated, I believe, and comprise all that I have been able to find respecting this period. "At intervals he still took a lively interest in politics. His perception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas; his memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled; and the loss of royal authority seemed constantly to prey upon his mind. His malady seemed rather to increase than abate up to the year 1814; when, at the time the allied sovereigns arrived in England, he evinced indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the astonishing events which had recently occurred. The Queen, one day, found the afflicted monarch engaged in singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and the nation, and earnestly supplicated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him. But he afterwards had, occasionally, lucid moments. One morning, hearing a bell toll, he asked who was dead. 'Please your Majesty,' said an attendant, 'Mrs. S.' 'Mrs. S.' rejoined the King, 'she was a linen-draper, at the corner of — street, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She has gone to heaven; I hope I shall soon follow her.' He now became deaf, imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said: "I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III., for whom I know there is a general mourning." In 1817, he appeared to have a faint glimmering of reason again; his sense of hearing returned more acute than ever, and he could distinguish persons by their footsteps. He likewise recollected that he had made a memorandum many years before, and it was found exactly where he indicated. After 1818, he occupied a long suite of

* Hansard, xxi. 73.

* Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," art. "Eldon," vii. 222.

rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichords; at these he would frequently stop during his walk, play a few notes from Handel, and stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some nobleman; but his discourse bore reference only to past events, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Towards the end of 1819, his appetite began to fail. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm; his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On the 27th, he was confined wholly to his bed; and on the 29th of January, 1820, he died, aged eighty-two years.*

NOTE.—It is a curious coincidence, that this monarch, who suffered so much from mental disease, should have been pursued, as if by a kind of fatality, by insane people. In 1786, an old woman (Margaret Nicholson) attempted to stab him, as he was alighting from his carriage; in 1790, a lieutenant of the army (John Frith) threw a stone at him through the window of the carriage in which he was riding; and, in 1800, a soldier (James Hadfield) shot at him with a pistol in the theatre. Miss Burney says that, during his illness in 1788, they were often annoyed by insane persons, who contrived to elude the restrictions of the palace and to roam over the grounds. The persons who committed the first two assaults were so obviously insane that, without any further action, the Privy Council sent them to Bethlehem Hospital.

Hadfield was brought to trial, and it being on an action of treason, his counsel was allowed to speak in his defense; for, until quite recently, this privilege was never permitted in criminal cases, except those of treason. It was on this occasion that Erskine made his greatest forensic effort; and it is a fact that may abate our pride of progress, that it has never been equalled in the clear apprehension it displays of the phenomena of insanity, in its plain and cogent views of responsibility, and its triumphant demolition of those principles which had been regarded, from the earliest times till that moment, as the settled law of England respecting insanity.

Like every thing connected with State affairs, the incidents of King George's attacks have been enveloped in secrecy and mystification, and hence the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false. Some of them are obviously fabulous, and, together with others less improbable, had their origin, undoubtedly, in that sort of gossip which would naturally spring from such an interesting event as the insanity of the Sovereign. Considering that the purposes of this narrative could be answered only by the strictest historical accuracy, I have been careful, in every instance, to indicate the source of my materials, and to make use of none that could not be well authenticated. The necessity of this kind of caution can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never learned, from their own inquiries into past events, how the false, the fabulous, the exaggerated and the true become blended together beyond the power of the most patient research to separate. To relate a striking incident or a pointed anecdote is an easy and agreeable duty, but to search out the authority on which they rest—in other words, to perform a great deal of fruitless labor—is a task often difficult and disagreeable.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE DESCENDANTS OF MARY STUART.

BY A MODERN JACOBITE.

ONE of my first enthusiasms was, one of my most lasting is likely to be, the love, the worship, the devotedness, the chivalry which the mere name of Mary Stuart never fails to excite in my heart. One of my first hatreds was, one of my most

lasting is likely to be, that which I feel for Queen Elizabeth, whom certain small and would-be pictorial writers are at present extravagantly puffing, thereby setting truth and decency alike at defiance. In spite of these chimpanzee Carlyles, Elizabeth will always be a very loathsome figure in history, while Mary will shine immortally before souls abounding with passion, phantasy, and affection,

* "Georgian Era," i. No authority is given for the statements in this work, and I am unable to verify them.

as the most beautiful of earth's divine array of martyrs. Mary finds in these days many an able, eloquent, earnest vindicator. She needs not me as a champion, even if I possessed that minute historical knowledge of England and Scotland in the sixteenth century which my pursuits and tastes have alike prevented me from acquiring. But as the expression of my reverence for a calumniated memory, I intend to gather in miscellaneous fashion a few particulars together regarding Mary's descendants. I throw forth without order hints which others may elaborate if they think it worth the trouble.

The most notable of Mary's descendants was *Frederick the Great*. Born on the 24th January, 1712, coming to the throne in 1740, and dying on the 17th August, 1786, Frederick, during his long reign of forty-six years might have done still mightier things if he had had more effective instruments than stolid, heavy Germans to work with. Frederick's mother was the Hanoverian princess Sophia Dorothea. But his grandfather Frederick the First had also married a Hanoverian princess, the accomplished Sophia Charlotte, the friend of Leibnitz, and the sister of our George the First. The unfortunate Prince of the Palatinate, who lost almost before he could be said to possess the kingdom of Bohemia, became through his marriage with James the First's daughter Elizabeth, the ancestor of many kings, and among others of King Frederick the Great. In Frederick's prosaic and passionless character we trace nothing of Mary's rich, voluptuous, poetic nature. How romantic her career—how unromantic his! We are not drawn toward Frederick as toward Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon. He was a Franklin on a throne. His philosophy was that which was common in his time, and he never rose in any of his actions above it. Whatever the clearest and most vigorous of intellects could do Frederick did: but that is far from either heroism or genius.

That Marshal Duke of Berwick, who had James the Second for father, and Arabella Churchill, Marlborough's sister, for mother, was next to Frederick the Great, the most warlike of Mary's descendants. He was unquestionably foremost among the generals of his time. Born on the 21st August, 1670, he manifested early his military tastes and talents.

He passed his early youth and received his education in France. His career as a soldier began under Charles Duke of Lorraine, the Emperor Leopold the First's general, who was carrying on war against the Turks in Hungary. About a year before that revolution which proved so fatal to his father, the Duke of Berwick returned to England. He fought valiantly on his father's side, especially in Ireland, where in 1689 he was wounded for the first and only time. In 1692 he entered into the service of France. Under the Marshal de Luxembourg he was at the battles of Steinkerque and of Neerwinde. Subsequently, after having had for commander the Duke of Burgundy, he followed the banner of Marshal de Villeroi. In 1703 he received naturalization as a French subject. In 1704 he was placed at the head of the French troops in Spain. Thence he was summoned to crush those Protestant risings in the South of France, of which Louis the Fourteenth's obstinate bigotry had been the cause. Here he is accused of having given to cruel orders a still more cruel execution. In 1706, having been created Marshal of France, he returned to Spain, where in the following year he gained the famous and decisive battle of Almanza. Grateful for so signal a victory, Philip the Fifth made him Duke of Liria and Xeria. In 1708 Marshal de Berwick successively commanded in Spain, in Flanders, on the Rhine, and on the Moselle. He was then entrusted with the defence of Dauphiny, where he achieved much distinction. In 1713 a campaign in Catalonia was marked by the capture of Barcelona. In 1716 he was made military governor of the province of Guyenne. In 1718 and 1719 he had to combat in the Netherlands against that same Philip the Fifth whose fortunes he had done so much to restore and from whose throne he had driven all assailants and rivals. His son was at the time in the Spanish service, and he strenuously urged him to do his duty to his master. In 1733 the Duke de Berwick passed the Rhine at Strasburg as generalissimo of the French forces. On the 12th June, 1734 he was killed by a cannon ball at the siege of Philippsburg. On hearing this news Villars is said to have exclaimed, "I always said that that man was more fortunate than I." The Marshal de Berwick seems to have inherited in a large degree his father's impassibility, and to have marched to his

triumphs by prudence rather than by daring. He left memoirs, which were published about forty years after his death. Montesquieu honored him with a historical eulogy.

In our days the great-grandson of the Duke of Berwick, Edward Duke de Fitzjames, was a man of note, with that fidelity to convictions and that disposition to make sacrifices for them which cannot be denied to the Stuart race, and of which Mary herself, Charles I., and James II. offered most memorable proofs. The Duke de Fitzjames was born in 1776, and educated in those religious and political principles which were traditional in his family. He left France 1787, and joined the emigrants in the armed resistance which they vainly offered to the French Revolution. Fixing his abode for a time in England, he there married a lady called Latouche. During the consular government he returned to France, where, though stripped of his property, and in the most needy circumstances, he yet strenuously refused all Napoleon's offers. His passionate love of absolutism, and his zealous devotedness to the interests of the Bourbons, impelled him to conduct which cannot be excused even in the most violent partisan. Thus, towards the end of the imperial reign, he entered as officer the National Guard of Paris, for no other purpose, apparently, than to enfeeble its allegiance to Napoleon. By an address to his legion, in March, 1814, he induced it to remain totally inactive when the allies were advancing. During the first restoration various civil and military dignities were conferred on him by Louis XVIII. During the second, as if, like the Bourbons, he had learnt nothing from misfortune and exile, he demanded, with a fierceness that looked like personal hatred, the condemnation of Marshal Ney, whose death was as detestable a cruelty and as monstrous a blunder on the part of the Legitimists as the Duke d'Enghien's execution had been on the part of Napoleon. That General Bertrand, who was one of Bonaparte's most intimate friends, who accompanied him to Saint Helena, and who remained with him till his death, was the brother-in-law of Fitzjames. When, early in 1816, Bertrand was menaced with proscription, he protested against the validity and justice of the act, as he had never taken the oath of fidelity

to the king. To this assertion Fitzjames repeatedly gave the fiercest contradiction, regardless alike of family feelings and relations, of mercy to the vanquished, and of the scantiest and commonest decency. During the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Fitzjames was the warmest supporter or the bitterest foe of Government, according as it manifested a bigoted and despotic character, or the contrary. Rather to resentment at the moderate attitude and tone which the Legitimist reaction sometimes assumed than to any other cause must we ascribe his support of a free press. To the astonishment both of friends and enemies he enrolled himself, after the July revolution, among Louis Philippe's lieges. But he did not seem to regard the oath very binding, for he speedily involved himself in the active and unscrupulous intrigues of which the Duchess de Berri was the centre and the soul, and he was subjected in consequence to a short imprisonment in 1832. His hostility to the Government now became as fierce as hottest words and the most untiring energies could make it. To give the more determined and comprehensive emphasis to his proceedings, he deserted the House of Peers to be elected into the Chamber of Deputies. Next to Berryer, he was considered the most eloquent orator and most vigorous leader among the Legitimists, and his death in 1838 was felt as a great loss to his party. With him the last real Jacobite faith and utterance might be said to expire. What a hundred years before the Scotch had clothed with wild, bold, stirring poetry, went out as French rhetoric.

But, if not a mightier, a much better known orator than the Duke de Fitzjames had Mary Stuart's blood in his veins. Charles James Fox had, through his mother, the profligate Charles II. as progenitor. I know not whether Fox will ultimately be placed among England's foremost and noblest sons; probably not; for fictitious fighting has grown hateful, and Whiggery is falling into discredit; and must it not be admitted that Fox was a chief Whig and a party battler rather than a true statesman? Thrust, however, as you may Fox from the rank of England's demi-gods, he will still always remain one of England's favorites. His generous character, amiable disposition, and jovial manners will be remembered,

perhaps, when men no longer read his speeches, a feat which I honestly confess I never attempted.

Alike as the nephew of Fox, and for his own good and pleasant qualities, Lord Holland deserves a kind, admiring word. Holland House was, for many years, more than the centre of a Whig clique; it was also a social power. It might owe some of its attractions to the wits, poets, and politicians, by possessing whom the Whig party consoled itself for its long exclusion from office. But it was evidently the bounteousness of Lord Holland's nature which, in the main, made Holland House what it was. The Whigs have generally been most destitute of popular sympathies when they were loudest in the advocacy of popular principles; while the Tories have often overflowed with popular sympathies at the very moment when they were contending for the most unpopular principles. But Lord Holland's sympathies were always as popular as his principles; and he was, as far as a pure aristocratic Whig could be so, a hearty, honest patriot.

The three of Mary's descendants whose fate was saddest, and likeliest her own, were Charles the First, the Duke of Monmouth, and Charles Edward, called the Pretender.

Charles the First suffered for the faults of others, more than for his own. He lived and died no wise or great man, but a true king; yet, much as I have tried to love him, there is something cold, cruel, and false about this monarch's eyes, which always repels me. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that he would have been perfidious, even if he had been taught no Machiavellian doctrines; had inherited from his father, and from Elizabeth, no exaggerated notions about prerogative, and had not been exposed through his frivolous, treacherous wife to the worst influences of Jesuitism. Nevertheless, he had the selfishness which is the grand characteristic of the martyr—and as the martyr let him be honored.

The Duke of Monmouth was gallant and graceful; and, as the gallant and the graceful, the people of England would perhaps have been willing to accept him as king. But it was an unpardonable blunder to attempt the dethronement of James II., before the latter had had time to fill up the measure of his unpopularity. Monmouth mounted the scaffold bravely,

like his grandfather; but he had not, like him, been disciplined to sorrow, by long and terrible misfortune. The executioner's axe could strike no dread into the soul of Charles; as it rose in the air, it was rather like the first flash of a new, nobler, serener life. But to glitter the foremost, happiest figure to-day in a brilliant court, and to see on the morrow that sharp, un pitying steel flashing on high, and about to tear us forever from the sons of men, and from the genial, bounteous earth, demands a courage, which pray God may give us all in the trying hour.

Thirty or forty years ago, the rebellion of 1745 was in Scotland almost as fresh in the memory and the thoughts as the battle of Waterloo is now. The scars were not yet healed, the reverberation had not died away, the sufferers were not all dead, and of the wild adventures there were still living witnesses. The charm of this history, therefore, was as irresistible to the ear of my childhood as if I myself had been an actor in the memorable scenes; as if I had been victorious at Preston Pans, and defeated by the bloody Duke of Cumberland at Culloden. I suppose it would be as well to forget or not to inquire into all that Charles Edward was, after his astonishing Scottish career. And the old man, the sot, the brutal husband of an accomplished wife, the ill-tempered squabbling for an etiquette which had become ridiculous and useless in his fallen fortunes I think not of; and dwell only on the dashing, daring, comely, generous youth, such as I find him in the Jacobite songs, and in Scott's *Waverley*. Let what is fact remain fact, and what is romance remain romance. I do not know that the world is much better for Niebuhr's discoveries, which, perhaps, merely substitute prosaic for poetical fables. Every illusion should be allowed to live that cannot be proved to be positively pernicious. There is a great deal about which I would rather not read, unless I am to read according to my phantasy, and not according to the record. A certain latitude of instinctive mythology should be allowed to the heart, if for no other reason, that realities may be more easily recognized, more profoundly revered, more willingly obeyed.

Two of the Stuarts that will always wear a dismal aspect among earth's memories, are James the Second, and he who assumed the name of James the Third.

Both these princes were born to be

priests. The first would have made an excellent inquisitor, the other an excellent village curate, James the Second was a common-place reproduction of Spain's Philip the Second. There have been tyrants quite as sanguinary as Philip, but no tyrant at once so selfish and so sombre. Yet following him everywhere over his gory path, we uniformly find that he had a will, a character, ideas, plans of his own. Blindly superstitious, fiercely fanatical, he still was not a mere puppet in the hands of wily Jesuits. But James the Second was the most abject slave, the most passive tool of the priesthood. A sluggish mass of dull, cold passions, he never stirred but under the guidance of his confessor. But Philip's devouring egotism placed the haughty man before the despotic king, and the despotic king before the cruel instrument of the Inquisition. James the Second, however, was brave, and not quite without royal traits gleaming through his stolidity. James the Third, so called, draws us near to him by nothing either manly or kingly. He is a pure insignificance, an absolute coward, yearning for a crown, and yet afraid to venture his skin for it. We refuse him our respect, and we can not even give him our pity. A hero, a true hero could have dashed the coarse and unpopular George the First from his throne in the first years of his reign. This paltry, pusillanimous creature madly, wantonly inflamed strong, valiant bosoms to rebellion, and then, without effort, without emotion, left the rebels to their fate.

William the Third, as warrior, as statesman, as patriot, receives my most willing homage, even if he had not been a descendant of Mary Stuart; but for the present royal family, descended though it be from Mary Stuart, my sentiments, I must confess, are not those of loyalty and devotedness. The source of this dislike, is the absence of the qualities which we delight in ascribing to kings. It is not an effeminate, a degenerate race; it is vigorous, courageous, active; in habits unostentatious—in manner simple. But it is narrow and poor in intellect, limited in view, with prejudices, perversity, pedantry, obstinacy, heaviness, so peculiarly German as to render it after an hundred and thirty years still alien in England. The present occupant of the throne is a lady much loved, much esteemed. Yet, notwithstanding my wish to echo the praise which is given,

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I am forced to witness the German elements bursting through some of her best deeds. Herein I am not disposed to question excellence of intention—far from it. Higher motive it is not difficult to discern than selfish calculation or morbid hankering for notoriety. But in all public affairs the German inspiration is mischievous. It would meet the grandest exigences with the most frigid, most formal dogmatism. It would substitute the paltriness of the pedagogue for the comprehensive energy of the ruler. It has been the curse of all political doings in Europe ever since the downfall of Napoleon. The Emperor Alexander, yielding to it, gave birth to the Holy Alliance, that blasphemy against God, that mockery of the nations. And if the Queen is to be still dearer to her subjects than she is, she must seek to banish, entirely, political Germanism from England.

The Queen's most formidable foe, at this troubled hour is, like herself, a descendant of Mary Stuart. The Emperor Nicholas married the late King of Prussia's daughter, and for nearly two hundred years, as I have shown, Prussia's rulers have been able to place among their glories their right to rank among Mary's numerous and illustrious progeny. Alexander the Second seems destined largely to share that heritage of woe which Mary has left to so many of her children: for we English cannot doubt the result of the present contest; and Russia is like Persia of old, not a power to be diminished, but a power to be destroyed. A power which does not civilize in proportion as it conquers, as the Roman power did, cannot be an abiding power, and ought not to be so. It is probable, then, that the first of Mary's descendants to sit on the Russian throne, will be the last occupant of that throne. At present these two monarchs, the English and the Russian branches of the vast Stuart tree, but rivals to the death, hold sway, the colonial possessions included, over the fourth of the human family, and in every quarter of the globe. How affinity and antagonism walk side by side in the universe, and how each begets each! How out of the cradle where infants played together come hatreds which hurl forth millions to battle! Perhaps also we may see something else here, that the innocent blood shed at Fotheringay demands bloody atonement. God the Avenger seems to us almost God the Cruel, till we

learn how grand a thing is divine justice, and how grand a thing also is human mercy. Let God be just, let us adore him for being just, but let us be merciful.

The royal house of Hanover, though holding the same relation to Mary as the royal houses of England, Russia, and Prussia, would scarcely, on account of Hanover's political insignificance, call for notice, if the present Hanoverian ruler were not endeared to men alike by his amiable qualities and his misfortunes. Condemned to total blindness, yet bearing himself with the most saintly meekness, and from the night which is evermore round him, bringing evermore light and warmth for others, how beautiful he is both in his resignation and his benevolence! Admire him, revere him, love him, but do not pity him, for behind those orbs eclipsed there are worlds eloquent with rainbows and glowing with perennial sunshine. And if there is darkness for a moment in his soul, hath he not ever music near to unlock the oracles of God, and to summon whole hosts of angels from Paradise?

It would be joy unspeakable for me to believe that Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of prose writers, was as is sometimes reported, the son of Charles the First, and thus the great grandson of Mary Stuart. He was remarkable not only for his noble character and sublime genius, but for his physical beauty; and I have sometimes fancied that there was a resemblance between his features and those of Mary. Jeremy Taylor is one of England's most exalted, most endearing glories; perhaps the author next to Shakespeare of whom England has most reason to be proud. But what higher charm would not his gorgeous pages have if we knew that he himself was one of the Stuarts!

Bossuet has written much which the French call sublimest eloquence, but which I consider the supremest bombast. Nevertheless, he was a man of rare and transcendent gifts, and his pages are rich with passages of stupendous power. Who can forget his grand utterances on the death of Charles the First's daughter, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans? Henrietta, born during the troubles of the Civil War, at Exeter, on the 16th June, 1644, died at St. Cloud, on the 30th June, 1670, after a single day's illness. There were strange rumors as to the cause of her death, and

whispers about poison stole from ear to ear, that received a ready faith. She was young and beautiful, and that was enough to excite pity for her fate, even if her grave had not been dug by crime. She was a favourite of her brother-in-law, Louis the Fourteenth, whom she served in his political intrigues, while he looked with a lenient eye on her reckless conduct and her gallantries. To some of her brother Charles the Second's most infamous political deeds she had been the active adviser, and her death occurred immediately after her return from a visit to England, in which she had added to the King's harem Mademoiselle de Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, and had prepared him for conferring on his country a few more imperishable disgraces. Henrietta left two daughters, one of them, Maria Louisa, married Charles the Second of Spain, and died young; the other, Anna Maria, became the wife of Victor Amadeus the Second, Duke of Savoy, subsequently the first King of Sardinia. Than the present King of Sardinia there be few of Mary's descendants more interesting to us, for he may be ultimately called to rule over a United and Protestant Italy. And how much else besides political revolutions all through Europe does that imply! The great work which the Reformation left incomplete would then be carried to its highest results, while heralding a greater; and by changes, too, so natural, so gradual, and so safe, that even the most timid conservative might hail their advent. Italy has twice already been queen of the world; first, by military conquest, and then by religious ideas. She must a third time play a foremost part—to be for the Mediterranean in the coming centuries that which England is for every shore and for every sea.

Philip the First, Duke of Orleans, Louis the Fourteenth's brother, did not mourn long for the woman whose tomb Bossuet had hallowed by an immortal pathos. He took for second wife in 1671, Elizabeth Charlotte, who was born at Heidelberg on the 27th of May, 1652, and who died at Saint Cloud on the 8th December, 1722. She was the daughter of the Elector Charles Louis of the Palatinate, and great-granddaughter, as Henrietta was granddaughter, of James the First. She is described as having been of character so proud and of manners so rough, that a duke of Courland, who was to have mar-

ried her, ran in secret and in terror from Heidelberg away. He must have been somewhat of a coward, for Elizabeth Charlotte was remarkable for the smallness of her size, so that she could not have menaced or assailed him with any more formidable weapon than her tongue. She had been educated a Protestant, but on her marriage with the Duke of Orleans she entered into external communion with the Catholic Church. That her heart had any share in this compliance with a supposed political necessity does not seem probable. Her enlightened views and the liberality of her sentiments no doubt helped to plant and nourish the tolerance to which her celebrated son, the Regent Orleans, was always inclined from something better than indifference. Her husband was fond of childish amusements, and his frivolity formed a marked contrast with her stronger and sterner nature. Surrounded by a corrupt court she maintained an unspotted reputation. She scourged with her bitter wit the hypocrites no less than the debauchees with whom the court abounded. Louis the Fourteenth liked her for her liveliness and her crushing sarcasm, though perhaps she was too cautious ever to make *him*, the proudest of men, the subject of her satire. On dogs, on horses, on hunting, she bestowed the passionate attachment which she was not in a region to find many human objects to deserve. At the chase she usually appeared in male attire. Her hatred for Madame de Maintenon was deep, implacable, ferocious, and that Pharisee of the Pharisees richly returned it. The duchess clung so warmly to every thing German that she seldom spoke any other than her native language during her long residence in France. That Louis XIV. persisted in marrying one of his natural daughters to her son filled her with indignation and disgust; but she did not take the wisest or noblest way of showing her resentment. She sought every means and embraced every opportunity of injuring and giving pain to her daughter-in-law. She went so far in this as even to overlook and rather to encourage that licentious and disorderly conduct in her son to which he was by nature only too prone. The learned men of Germany, including Leibnitz, were among her correspondents. Though her affection for her native land was so ardent, yet by urging the claims on the palatinate which came to her through the death of her brother, she afforded

Louis XIV. a pretext for changing as far as he could that part of Germany into a desert. When her husband died, her friend, Madame de Maintenon, anxious for the condition and fate of her soul, wished her to be shut up in a convent. She was not, however, sufficiently grateful for her dear friend's attentions and intentions, and preferred the free air of heaven to the gloom of the cloister. The latter years of her life were devoted to the writing of her *Memoirs*, which were afterwards published and have gone through several editions. Louis XIV. was not merely a despot in public but a despot in private, and from this cause, as well as from others, the duchess had little control over the education of her children. It was unfortunate for France and for the Regent Orleans that in this great matter she was allowed such limited interference. Her son's love and esteem, however, she always and to the utmost enjoyed.

Her daughter Elizabeth Charlotte, *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, inherited her energy and talent. She was born on the 13th September, 1676, married in 1698 Leopold Joseph Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and died on the 24th December, 1744. After her husband's death, in 1729, she took a share in the affairs of government. Of her thirteen children, one was Francis Stephen, known under the name of Francis the First. By his marriage with Maria Theresa in 1736 Bourbon and Stuart blended with Hapsburg. This Francis Stephen was so fond of making money, that Frederick the Great called him the Court Banker, and states that in the Seven Years' War he often supplied the provisions and forage, without regard to the injury he was thereby doing to the Austrian cause. It was a curious case of royal huckstering.

His son Joseph the Second, his daughter Marie Antoinette, his grandson, the Archduke Charles, and his great grandson Napoleon the Second, all demand a glance.

Joseph was an accomplished and benevolent man, and a sincere patriot; but he tried to govern his country by dogmas and formulas, and he failed, as he could not help failing. The Germans are a nation of pedants, and they can stand a good deal of pedantry in their government, but they could not stand quite so large a dose as Joseph gave them. Much as there was of the pedagogue in his char-

acter, he was yet so thoroughly in earnest, and had so many noble qualities, that we are driven to deplore the melancholy and the disappointment which marked his career. United at nineteen to a woman to whom he was most tenderly attached, he lost after a few years her and a daughter she brought him, and thus vanished his last gleam of earthly happiness. From the throne he shot forth crotchets only to have them stormed by contrarities, while a strong and bold Frederick the Great stood mocking by. Through his mania for meddling in every thing, he left his States in some essential respects in a worse condition than he found them. Whether he conferred on them any abiding benefit at all may be doubted. But in a land peopled in the main by mummies, what could even a mightier than he do! As king of living men he would himself have grown a more living man, and his beautiful aspirations would have resulted in something better than wasted efforts and a broken heart. He was our James I., with gifts that made him far more estimable than James, but only unhappy in the same degree.

Marie Antoinette was, like her ancestress Mary Stuart, lovely; like her she was assailed by calumnies that darkened and blasted the career without crushing the spirit; and like her she had to surrender to the blow of the executioner a fair head fashioned by nature to gleam in perpetual sunshine, yet fated to flash defiance at the fiendish howlings of the mob. Burke's wild declamations have done this woman irreparable injury. He has surrounded her with the atmosphere of his own bad passions and party hatreds, and it is through that atmosphere that the English are content to view her. But truly we must take her to our heart without regard to the right or the wrong of the French Revolution, even as we would take Madame Roland or Charlotte Corday. Noble women, true saints on this side and on that, what do we care for their politics?

The Archduke Charles conducted war like a master, and wrote on it like a master. In combating Napoleon he almost rose to Napoleonic daring, Napoleonic promptitude, Napoleonic fertility of resources. The Austrian armies, however, were composed of such heterogeneous elements that it was impossible to inspire them with that unity of purpose which, next to Napoleon's own genius, hurled

the French on so grandly to victory. It is doubtful whether the Germans will ever be a match for the French in war; but if ever a match it will only be when the Germans are what the French are—a nation. The marvel is not that the archduke achieved so little, but that he achieved so much in a wrestle with a demigod.

Napoleon's marriage with a princess of the house of Austria was perhaps the most monstrous blunder he ever committed. It gained him no political advantage, and it lost him the affection of those who had continued to admire his genius in his most varying fortunes, notwithstanding his sins against freedom. Yet through that blunder his history received one of its few touches of tenderness in the birth and in the early death of Napoleon II. The mother of this interesting youth was one of those poor, vulgar, common-place creatures from whom we shrink the more the nearer to the throne they are born. But perhaps that by contrast only draws her son the nearer to our sympathies. Who had ever a more remarkable ancestry—Bourbon and Stuart, and Hapsburg and Bonaparte, all blending in his veins? If he had succeeded his father, even a Duke de Fitzjames might have bowed the knee in homage to him, as to one who was at once a Stuart like himself and a Bourbon like those for whom he had gone into exile. But it was well that an early grave should be his, and that his fragile, delicate nature should not be summoned to grapple with French revolutionary passions. Thus was the most tremendous tragedy the world had ever witnessed the more complete, and infinitely the more touching. We mourn for him as David mourned for Jonathan, yet we would not trouble his last slumbers. The universe would have been less beautiful if he had not died.

About the time that Napoleon II. vanished in his sweetness away, another descendant of Mary Stuart grasped the sceptre to which the babe Bonaparte had been born amid the thunder of his father's victories. Louis Philippe was the third memorable Duke of Orleans. He was by no means the worst king that ever ruled France, but he attempted more than any other of its kings to drive France in a direction contrary to its national and natural character. This folly not even the most stupid and bigoted of the elder Bourbons had been guilty of. To force France to mould itself to a meagre and narrow util-

itarianism was the long error of Louis Philippe's reign. He fell therefore more unregretted than if he had committed the most flagrant crimes. Perhaps as his father *Egalité* had been ostentatiously reckless, and had paid the price of his recklessness to the guillotine, Louis Philippe thought that he could not cultivate too exclusively the prudential virtues; but if he had considered his father's path as a path to be shunned, he might have learned something of adaptation to French peculiarities from his ancestor the regent, who, however corrupt, was not more corrupt than his times, and who had exalted qualities flashing through his vices, to which neither Louis XIV., the unrivalled egotist, nor Louis XV., the unrivalled sensualist, could pretend.

If Belgium is destined to remain an independent kingdom, and not to be, as is more probable, absorbed by France, its

rulers, by the marriage of Leopold with Louis Philippe's daughter, will be descendants of Mary Stuart; and if they follow the example of sagacious statesmanship which Leopold has offered them, they may raise Belgium to a political importance equal to its manufacturing and commercial energy.

The Duke d'Enghien's mother was sister to the Duke of Orleans, citizen *Egalité*. That poor murdered prince thus swells our long and illustrious list. With him let it for the present close.

These memoranda have been drawn up from most imperfect materials, and those more learned than I in royal and other genealogies may be able to detect both omissions and inaccuracies. But where I, from no skill in workmanship, but merely from the fullness of my heart, have raised a *cairn* of rude stones, may others build a temple.

From the Athenæum.

JANE AUSTEN.*

MORE than thirty years ago, The Quarterly Review and Sir Walter Scott excited a new interest in these works, by their strong recommendations. At that time they were reprinted in the United States, and we had our first copies, which were worn out, borrowed, vanished. Then another copy in octavo, containing *all* in one volume, came into our possession. This was too heavy, and from long use is now in tatters. Then a set, in pretty little volumes, came from England—but this has nearly disappeared. We have often thought of publishing a good edition, each volume to contain one of the novels, and are very glad that Messrs. Bunce & Brother, of New-York, (as appears by

their advertisement in No. 568), have begun to do so, by issuing *Pride and Prejudice*.

To the delightful society created by this author, we shall be glad to introduce all our readers. How many hours of weariness, sickness and anxiety have been soothed for us by these people. Elizabeth Bennet is a dear friend—and for her sake as well as his own we respect Mr. Darcy, after she has corrected and improved him. His aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, and the Rev. Mr. Collins have other kinds of interest. We have read the whole series twenty times, and should like to read it again now. But we must wait for some half sickness which needs recreation; and then, unable to read the new novels, we turn to these or to the Waverlys. And perhaps we like these better than even Sir Walter's. We copy a Biographical notice,

* *Pride and Prejudice; Sense and Sensibility; Emma; Northanger Abbey; Persuasion; Mansfield Park.*

which originally appeared in a posthumous work, probably *Northanger Abbey*.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MISS JANE AUSTEN,

Originally issued, we think, with Northanger Abbey, after her death.

THE following pages are the production of a pen which has already contributed in no small degree to the entertainment of the public. And when the public, which has not been insensible to the merits of "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," shall be informed that the hand which guided that pen is now mouldering in the grave, perhaps a brief account of Jane Austen will be read with a kindlier sentiment than simple curiosity.

Short and easy will be the task of the mere biographer. A life of usefulness, literature, and religion, was not by any means a life of events. To those who lament their irreparable loss, it is consolatory to think that, as she never deserved disapprobation, so, in the circle of her family and friends, she never met reproof; that her wishes were not only reasonable, but gratified; and that to the little disappointments incidental to human life was never added, even for a moment, an abatement of good will from any who knew her.

Jane Austen was born on the 16th of December, 1775, at Steventon, in the county of Hants. Her father was rector of that parish upwards of forty years. There he resided in the conscientious and unassisted discharge of his ministerial duties, until he was turned of seventy years. Then, he retired with his wife, our authoress, and her sister, to Bath for the remainder of his life, a period of about four years. Being not only a profound scholar, but possessing a most exquisite taste in every species of literature, it is not wonderful that his daughter Jane should, at a very early age, have become sensible to the charms of style, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of her own language. On the death of her father, she removed, with her mother and sister, for a short time, to Southampton, and finally, in 1809, to the pleasant village of Chawton, in the same county. From this place, she sent into the world those novels, which, by many, have been placed on the same shelf as the works of a D'Arblay and an Edgeworth. Some of these novels had been the gradual

performances of her previous life. For though in composition she was equally rapid and correct, yet an invincible distrust of her own judgment induced her to withhold her works from the public, till time and many perusals had satisfied her that the charm of recent composition was dissolved. The natural constitution, the regular habits, the quiet and happy occupations, of our authoress, seemed to promise a long succession of amusement to the public, and a gradual increase of reputation to herself. But the symptoms of a decay, deep and incurable, began to show themselves in the commencement of 1816. Her decline was at first deceitfully slow; and until the spring of this present year, those who knew their happiness to be involved in her existence could not endure to despair. But in the month of May, 1817, it was found advisable that she should be removed to Winchester for the benefit of constant medical aid, which none even then dared to hope would be permanently beneficial. She supported, during two months, all the varying pain, irksomeness, and tedium, attendant on decaying nature, with more than resignation, with a truly elastic cheerfulness. She retained her faculties, her memory, her fancy, her temper, and her affections, warm, clear, and unimpaired, to the last. Neither her love of God nor of her fellow-creatures flagged for a moment. She made a point of receiving the sacrament before excessive bodily weakness might have rendered her perception unequal to her wishes. She wrote whilst she could hold a pen, and with a pencil when a pen had become too laborious. The day preceding her death she composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigor. Her last voluntary speech conveyed thanks to her medical attendant; and to the final question asked of her, purporting to know her wants, she replied: "I want nothing but death."

She expired shortly after, on Friday, the 18th of July, 1817, in the arms of her sister, who, as well as the relater of these events, feels too surely that they shall never look upon her like again.

Jane Austen was buried on the 24th of July, 1817, in the cathedral church of Winchester, which, in the whole catalogue of its mighty dead, does not contain the ashes of a brighter genius or a sincerer Christian.

Of personal attractions she possessed a considerable share. Her stature was that

of true elegance. It could not have been increased without exceeding the middle height. Her carriage and deportment were quiet, yet graceful. Her features were separately good. Their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence, which were her real characteristics. Her complexion was of the finest texture. It might with truth be said, that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek. Her voice was extremely sweet. She delivered herself with fluency and precision. Indeed, she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition. In the present age, it is hazardous to mention accomplishments. Our authoress would probably have been inferior to few in such acquirements, had she not been so superior to most in higher things. She had not only an excellent taste for drawing, but, in her earlier days, evinced great power of hand in the management of the pencil. Her own musical attainments she held very cheap. Twenty years ago, they would have been thought more of, and twenty years hence, many a parent will expect her daughter to be applauded for meaner performances. She was fond of dancing, and excelled in it. It remains now to add a few observations on that which her friends deemed more important; on those endowments which sweetened every hour of their lives.

If there be an opinion current in the world, that perfect placidity of temper is not reconcilable to the most lively imagination and the keenest relish for wit, such an opinion will be rejected for ever by those who have had the happiness of knowing the authoress of the following work. Though the frailties, foibles, and follies of others could not escape her immediate detection, yet even on their vices did she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. The affectation of candor is not uncommon: but she had no affectation. Faultless herself, as nearly as human nature can be, she always sought in the faults of others, something to excuse, to forgive or forget. Where extenuation was impossible she had a sure refuge in silence. She never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. In short, her temper was as polished as her wit. Nor were her manners inferior to temper. They were of the happiest kind. No one could be often in her company

without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it. She was tranquil without reserve or stiffness; and communicative without intrusion or self-sufficiency. She became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination. Neither the hope of fame nor profit mixed with her early motives. Most of her works, as before observed, were composed many years previous to their publication. It was with extreme difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she suspected, whilst she honored their judgment, could prevail on her to publish her first work. Nay, so persuaded was she that its sale would not repay the expense of publication, that she actually made a reserve from her very moderate income to meet the expected loss. She could scarcely believe what she termed her great good fortune, when "Sense and Sensibility" produced a clear profit of about £150. Few so gifted were so truly unpretending. She regarded the above sum as a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing. Her readers, perhaps, will wonder that such a work produced so little at a time when some other authors have received more guineas than they have written lines. The works of our authoress, however, may live as long as those which have burst on the world with more eclat. But the public has not been unjust; and our authoress was far from thinking it so. Most gratifying to her was the applause which, from time to time, reached her ears from those who were competent to discriminate. Still, in spite of such applause, so much did she shrink from notoriety, that no accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen. In the bosom of her own family she talked of them freely, thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism. But in public she turned away from any allusion to the character of an authoress. She read aloud with very great taste and effect. Her own works, probably, were never heard to so much advantage as from her own mouth; for she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic muse. She was a warm and judicious admirer of landscape, both in nature and on canvas. At a very early age, she was enamored of Gilpin on the Picturesque; and she seldom changed her opinions either on books or men.

Her reading was very extensive in his-

tory and belles-lettres; and her memory extremely tenacious. Her favorite moral writers were Johnson in prose, and Cowper in verse. It is difficult to say at what age she was not intimately acquainted with the merits and defects of the best essays and novels in the English language. Richardson's power of creating and preserving the consistency of his characters, as particularly exemplified in "Sir Charles Grandison," gratified the natural discrimination of her mind, whilst her taste secured her from the errors of his prolix style and tedious narrative. She did not rank any work of Fielding quite so high. Without the slightest affectation she recoiled from every thing gross. Neither nature, wit, nor humor, could make her amends for so very low a scale of morals.

Her power of inventing characters

seems to have been intuitive, and almost unlimited. She drew from nature; but, whatever may have been surmised to the contrary, never from individuals.

The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Every thing came finished from her pen; for on all subjects she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not hazarding too much to say that she never dispatched a note or letter unworthy of publication.

One trait only remains to be touched on. It makes all others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious and devout; fearful of giving offense to God, and incapable of feeling it towards any fellow-creature. On serious subjects she was well instructed, both by reading and meditation, and her opinions accorded strictly with those of our Established Church.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE.*

Mr. G. H. Lewes has written a very good and very interesting *Life of Goethe*. He has brought eminent qualifications to this task; for though he is an intense admirer of his hero, and indeed may be ranked among the Goethe-idolators, he has acuteness, discrimination, and good sense. Hence, though he places Goethe at the head of modern poets, he freely allows that he is destitute of dramatic power. Though he has unbounded admiration for *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, he condemns the *Wanderjahre* of the same personage as incoherent, ill-written, and even dull. Though he admires *Faust* as the summit of poetry, wisdom, and wit, he can not give himself up to find in the wild dreams and fantastical assemblage of characters

which form the *Second Part of Faust*, the profound symbolism which throws some of his countrymen into raptures. Though he considers Goethe as a great man of science, as well as a great poet, he founds his claim on his views in osteology and botany, and frankly condemns those optical fancies which the author regarded as utterly subversive of Newton's optical discoveries; and which Hegel, after his oracular fashion, has pronounced to be infallibly true. With all these admissions, however, it will be found that Mr. Lewes goes no small lengths in advocating the rightness and fitness of almost all that Goethe did and said. That a biographer should have this zealous feeling in favor of his subject, is of great use in making his work lively and significant, and is not otherwise than commendable—if the feeling be kept within moderate bounds. We are not at all desirous of maintaining that Mr. Lewes has transgressed those bounds;

* *The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources.* By G. H. Lewes, Author of the *Biographical History of Philosophy*. Two vols. 8vo. London: David Nutt. 1855.

but it may be allowed us, in the way of caution to those of our readers who may peruse this work, (which we by all means recommend them to do,) to point out some of those passages where an impartial judge would perhaps doubt the justice of Mr. Lewes's conclusions. We take them at random, as they come.

All who feel an interest in German literature are familiar with the story of Goethe's youth-romance at Sesenheim. The brilliant young man, then residing at Strasburg for study, was taken by a fellow-student to visit the pastor of Sesenheim; whom, with his two daughters, he forthwith determined to be an exact revival of the Vicar of Wakefield, Olivia, and Sophia. In a very short time, Frederika, the Sophia of the family, and Goethe felt the tenderest sentiments towards each other, and spent the happy hours to which such feelings, in the undisturbed seclusion of a rural home, may lead. As is common in such histories, the matter was much more serious on the woman's than on the man's side. Goethe, though undoubtedly deeply touched, did not intend to marry. Yet he kept up a correspondence with her after his return to Strasburg; and her mother, probably hoping to revive the dying flame, took her to that city. Vain in such cases the plans of mothers and the charms of daughters! Frederika's picturesque provincial costume, which had made her look like a wood-nymph among the groves of Sesenheim, seemed rustic and vulgar among the fashionable belles of Strasburg.

She left Strasburg, marriage with Goethe more than ever a vanished vision. But, notwithstanding—who would have wished it otherwise if she did not?—she was true to him in heart. Eight years afterwards, he again saw both her and another of his youthful loves, Lili. Lili was married to "a worthy, sensible fellow—rich, well placed in the world," and was already a happy mother. But Frederika, though she made not the slightest attempt, he says, to re-kindle in his bosom the cinders of love, and treated him only like an old acquaintance, never became the wife of another. She who had loved Goethe, she said afterwards, could not entertain any inferior affection. It is only justice to Goethe to remark, that he appears to have been much comforted and relieved, as every man of kindly nature must have

been, at this *condonation* on the part of one whom he knew that he had injured.

But a question which naturally arises is, what we are to think of Goethe, with reference to this passage of his life; or, rather, what Mr. G. H. Lewes would have us think. In his remarks on this subject, (i. p. 144,) he says, in his impetuous way, "I will not suppose the reader a dupe to the cant about 'falsehood to genius.'" And yet his own excuse or explanation of this matter amounts precisely to this: that if Goethe had married Frederika, he would have been false to his genius; which he illustrates further by arguing that "there is an antagonism between domesticity and genius." Happily, we have only, in this country, to enumerate the greatest names of our own times to see how baseless is this plea. What does Mr. Lewes say to the antagonism of domesticity and genius in the cases of Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe? not to mention the greatest poets, historians, zoölogists, chemists, astronomers, mathematicians, now living among us, whose names crowd upon us in rich profusion. Cant, indeed!—the talk of this antagonism of genius and domesticity.

To go on to another of Goethe's relations to women—his connection with Christiane Vulpius, who afterwards became his wife, long after she had borne him a son. He was married to her, as has often been said, during the cannonade of the battle of Jena; a statement which Mr. Lewes, with laudable accuracy, contradicts, seeing that the marriage took place five days after the battle. As to this connection, though Mr. Lewes allows that it gave great offense, and raised a great scandal at Weimar, he still holds that there was, even from the first, a bright side of this dark episode, of which, indeed, we dare not mention all the dark shades. "It gave him the joys of paternity, for which his heart yearned. It gave him a faithful and devoted affection. It gave him one to look after his domestic existence, and it gave him a peace in that existence which hitherto he had sought in vain." And in his title to this chapter, he points out this account of the matter as an inquiry, "How far a poet is justified in disregarding the conventional proprieties of his age?"

Mr. Lewes is very indignant with those who have spoken of Goethe as an immo-

ral writer. But it is not likely that readers in this country will cease to think that concubinage is an immoral practice; and even that the familiar introduction of it into works of fiction, without any note of repugnance or condemnation, is a mode of writing unfavorable to morality. The admirers of his "objective" poetry will tell us that it is not the poet's business to *condemn*. But to this we reply, that, however "objective" a poet may be, it is his business not to dwell upon vice and unregulated passion as a familiar matter-of-course thing. Shakspeare does not do so. The impetuous love of Romeo and Juliet is accompanied by the moralizing voice, in order that it may have our sympathy:

"For by your leaves you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one."

Goethe, on the contrary, appears to dwell with complacent alacrity upon such connections, and even invents them in spite of history. He knew, as Mr. Lewes allows, that *Edmont* had a wife and children; yet even in describing the events which led to his execution, he omits all mention of them, and gives us numerous and elaborate scenes with a mistress. In *Wilhelm Meister*, the rich young merchant is represented as living with an actress; and the details given of their *ménage* are curiously minute. In the *Elective Affinities*, not only are such arrangements introduced as matters of course, but there is a curious part of the work in which a love-passage between husband and wife is made a very improper proceeding, and is represented as something of which they are and ought to be thoroughly ashamed; while their two friends, whose love is not degraded by human ties, are proud of their happiness; and this husband and wife, it may be added, are persons who have made a marriage of affection, after having been, each of them, united to another in a marriage of convenience. Probably those who recollect how many similar passages there are in Goethe's writings, will not wonder at the charge of immorality being made by English readers.

There is one other of the charges made against Goethe which also excites Mr. Lewes's indignation: he is accused of being irreligious. Here again we doubt whether the usual defense will produce general conviction. For if irreverent phrases are used by the poet, it is no suf-

ficient reply to say that they are put in the mouths of irreverent characters. Profanity is not, any more than pruriency, excused by its dramatic propriety. The very presentation of such thoughts to the mind is a moral injury; and a religious and pure-minded writer will not use their language, whatever be the excuse. We will not dwell upon this subject any further than to remark, that Mr. Lewes's own account of Goethe's belief in the closing period of his life will appear to many persons reason enough why he can not be reckoned a Christian or a religious man, in any ordinary sense of the term. Faust, in the Second Part of that drama, where he is drawing near his end, says (Mr. Lewes is the translator), ii. 434: "*Now I take things wisely and soberly; I know enough of this life, and of the world to come we have no clear prospect. A fool is he who directs his blinking eyes that way, and imagines creatures like himself above the clouds! Let him stand firm, and look around him here: the world is not dumb to the man of real sense. What need is there for him to sweep eternity? All he can know lies within his grasp.*" "These concluding words," Mr. Lewes adds, "contain Goethe's own philosophy."

But for our own parts, we confess we are not prepared to press these words so far as Mr. Lewes does, into evidence of Goethe's own opinions. The Philosophy of Life is so obscure a theme that a poet may well be allowed the privilege of making dramatic experiments in his reflections on that subject. And in like manner, we may say that the Philosophy of Nature is so dark and ambiguous in its general aspect, that we must not readily condemn any view as irreligious because it differs from those to which we have been accustomed. We would apply this remark especially to Goethe's views on the great physiological question of his time—the question agitated between Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire; one of whom advocated the principle of the *condition of existence*, vulgarly called the principle of *final causes*, and the other the principle of the *unity of plan*. No one, we conceive, who has attended to the progress of physiological science, can doubt that both these principles are real, both true. No one can doubt that the old argument of final causes, which Socrates used, which moved Galen to enthusiasm, which led Harvey to the circulation of the

blood, which enabled Cuvier to recall into visible form hundreds of extinct animals—no one can doubt that this is a real principle. No one can doubt that we can reason, as in these cases discoverers have reasoned, from the *intention* of the Creator of the world, in spite of St. Hilaire's exclamation, "I can not ascribe to God any intention." But, on the other hand, if there be, in the structure of animals, much of which we see the use, and can explain the existence of by its use, there is also much of which we see no use; and which we are led, by a large survey of nature, to ascribe to the *unity of plan*, on which animals are constructed, and not to their special requirements. It was the indication of this unity of plan with which Goethe was especially delighted. Mr. Lewes relates the remarkable anecdote that, in 1830, when some of Goethe's friends went to him, and began to exclaim about the *explosion* which had taken place in Paris, they found him quite ready with his interest and his sympathy; till getting bewildered by the way in which he expressed this feeling, they at length discovered that the *explosion* which he meant was not the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, but the decided outbreak of the antagonism between Cuvier and St. Hilaire. To Goethe's speculations in pursuit of this unity of plan, belong his discovery of the intermaxillary sutures in man, it having been previously supposed that the absence of these sutures was a distinction between man and other animals. To the same speculations belong the resolution of the skull into a certain number of vertebrae, which Oken afterwards made the ground of a charge of plagiarism against Goethe; and to the same line of speculation belong the poet's striking ideas concerning the *metamorphosis of plants*, which he has urged eloquently and effectively, and which are now generally adopted.

As connected with this subject, we may mention a charming trait in the beautiful friendship which existed between Goethe and Schiller: the *Dioscuri*, the divine twin-stars of German literature. Goethe, in his *Morphologie*, has given an account how this friendship was at first in danger of being marred by the intervention of this very subject, the metamorphosis of plants. Full of the conviction of the unity of all vegetable nature, and yet believing that he dealt with facts alone, and detest-

ing the very name of *Idea*, Goethe tried to convince Schiller, who dwelt in a region of ideas, and regarded facts as worth nothing, except so far as they could be reduced to the dominion of Ideas. "I expounded to him," says Goethe, "the metamorphosis of plants, drawing on paper for him, as I proceeded, a diagram, to represent that general form of a plant which shows itself in so many and so various transformations. Schiller attended and understood; and accepting the explanation, he said, 'this is not Observation, but an Idea.' I replied," adds Goethe, "with some degree of irritation, for the point which separated us was most luminously marked by this expression; but I smothered my vexation, and merely said, 'I was happy to find that I had got ideas without knowing it; nay, that I saw them before my eyes.'" Mr. Lewes appears hardly to have caught the point of this ironical retort of Goethe. He translates—"answered that I had ideas without knowing it, and to be able to contemplate them with my *own* eyes." But the absurdity which Goethe implied was, that ideas, purely mental forms, had turned out to be certain visible marks on paper; that he saw them with his *eyes*, and not with his *mind*, as Plato would say; not that he saw them with his *own* eyes rather than another's. The conclusion of the narrative is delightful. They went on with mutual explanations, and became intimate and lasting friends. "And thus," adds the poet, "by means of that mighty and interminable controversy between *subject* and *object*, we two concluded an alliance which remained unbroken, and produced much benefit to ourselves and others."

Mr. Lewes, as we have said, does not claim for Goethe the character of a great dramatic writer. Indeed it seems to us that, in this respect, he has hardly done the poet justice. For instance, he describes the *Iphigenia* as not a drama, but a dramatic poem. He gives a very good analytical parallel of Goethe's play and the *Iphigenia* of Euripides; and shows very forcibly how the German writer has missed almost all the striking situations and turns which the Greek dramatist had brought out. But he does not sufficiently notice that which is the great feature of interest in Goethe's play, and which really is very dramatic, though perhaps not very Greek—namely, the ascendancy which the

mental culture and refined manners, as well as the lofty spirit, of the captive Iphigenia obtains over the barbarian sovereign Thoas, so that he looks up to her as a superior being. The development of this feeling in a most skillful and poetical manner gives an inexpressible charm to this play. In the same way the *Torquato Tasso*, which Mr. Lewes describes as "a series of faultless lines, but no drama," has really a wonderful power of depiction, exhibited in the manner in which Tasso's madness gains gradually upon him, producing, not incoherent images and thoughts, but a vehement, continuous yearning after the scenes of his youth, which gathers nutriment from all present facts and fancies. We are, however, very ready to add that Mr. Lewes's criticism on these, as on other of Goethe's works, is very able and discriminating; though perhaps many readers, who will enjoy the biography, may think that these critical *excursions* occupy too much space in the book.

There is one such *excursus* introduced *apropos of Faust*, which certainly does appear to us somewhat too fine-drawn. The object is to prove the inadequacy of all translation of poetry; but what Mr. Lewes really does prove is, what no one will contest, that no translation can be identical with the original. To illustrate this, he takes several passages of English poetry, and altering them for the worse, says that, so altered, they are still as near to the genuine form as the best translations are to the original. Thus he takes a verse of an old ballad which "haunted" Scott.

"The dews of night began to fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

"This verse," he says, "he will rearrange as a translator would rearrange it:"

"The nightly dews commenced to fall,
The moon, whose empire is the sky,
Shone on the sides of Cumnor Hall,
And all the oaks that stood thereby."

Here, he cries, is a verse which certainly would never have "haunted any one;" and therefore he concludes that a translation, even when good, may not produce any of the effect of the original. But to

this it may be replied, that we must suppose a translator with sufficient feeling for poetry to see the difference between the two forms of the passage. If such a translator—for example, Mr. Lewes himself—had translated an original into the second form, he would certainly try to improve his translation; and would, if he were happy in his attempts, approach to or hit upon the first, the genuine form.

Certainly it must appear that a survey of modern German literature, like Mr. Lewes's, is an odd place to maintain the inadequacy of translations of poetry. Schiller almost entirely, and Goethe in a great measure, derived their knowledge of the classical writers from translations. Schiller could barely stumble through the *Iphigenia* of Euripides with the aid of a translation. Were, then, Schiller and Goethe ignorant—we do not say of the meaning, but of the spirit and beauty of the masterpieces of Greek poetry? Their admirers say no—we say no—what does Mr. Lewes say?

Mr. Lewes speaks with just admiration of Goethe's beautiful hexameter poems—the *Roman Elegies*, the *Alexis and Dora*, above all the *Herman and Dorothea*; which he justly regards as the finest poem of modern times, and not unworthy to be compared with any poem of any time. With regard to these poems, Mr. Lewes appears to have labored under a very unnecessary embarrassment. He dares hardly translate them into the measure of the original; being awed, apparently, by the tone of depreciation in which several modern critics have spoken of English hexameters. This condemnation has often been founded in ignorance; for instance, when the critics have spoken of the folly of *reviving* the attempts of Sydney and others. For in truth, these old attempts were made on the false principle of attending to Latin rules of quantity: the recent attempts have been made quite differently, and exactly in conformity with the German practice, which has so completely taken root in the language. Nor do English hexameters need to be at all less rhythmical than German ones; nor in the best specimens, are they. Sir John Herschel's translation of Schiller's *Walk*, Archdeacon Hare's translation of the *Alexis and Dora*, if not equal in versification to Schiller and Goethe, are, at least, very much smoother and more melodious than much English verse in other measures

which has been recently published. Mr. Lewes's translations in this way are not bad; though marred by his want of hope of making them good, and sometimes by obvious carelessness. For instance, in a translation of a passage in the *Roman Elegies*, which are of course in alternate hexameter and pentameter, this occurs as a couplet:

"Amor has manifold shafts, with manifold workings: some scratch,
And with insidious steel poison the bosom for years."

The second is a good pentameter, but the hexameter is plainly short by a syllable: "scratch *us*" would make all right. Again, take another couplet:

"Think'st thou the goddess of love demanded time to consider,
When in Italian groves she gazed on Anchises with joy?"

The "she" in the second line is over and above what the verse admits. And again:

"Luna delaying one moment to kiss the beautiful sleeper,
Soon had seen him awake 'neath the kiss of eager Aurora."

The second of these two lines is no pentameter, but a tolerable hexameter.

But, upon the whole, we have derived great satisfaction from Mr. Lewes's book. He has brought together a great store of materials of various kinds, and has used them well and judiciously. Among other evidences of good judgment, we will not omit to notice his rejection of Goethe's autobiography, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, as authority. Written at a late period of life, when recollections had faded and views had changed, it is, in spite of the charm of writing which graces it, in a great degree a work of fiction; as, indeed, the title seems to acknowledge. He has also shown, not only the inaccuracy, but, we must say, the fraudulent character of the letters of Bettina Brentano, which excited so much attention under the title of Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*.

And we may also notice, as a special and novel contribution, a pleasant and genial letter of Mr. Thackeray's, describing his residence at Weimar as a youth, at a period when Goethe indeed had

ceased to mix much with strangers; but when his family, and the whole of the good company of Weimar, were full of kindness and hospitality for the English. Mr. Thackeray himself was honored by one interview with the aged bard, of whom he says: "In truth, I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and healthy-looking than the grand old Goethe."

We have no room to notice many of the remarkable points in the biography of Goethe, which, in Mr. Lewes's way of treating them, without ceasing to be interesting, become intelligible, and like the doings of "a man of this world;" instead of being passages in the history of a mythical personage, as the Germans have made them, by shedding round them a vast and vaporous cloud of dissertation. Such are his tender friendship with Frau von Stein, for so many years the charm of his life, and finally converted into indifference and almost repugnance on her side after his connection with Christiane Vulpius. Such are, again, his life-long friendship with the Duke of Weimar, and his management of the theatre at that capital. As connected with both these matters, we may quote the account of Goethe's retiring from the management.

"There was at that period (1817) a comedian named Karsten, whose poodle performed the 'leading part' in the well-known melodrama of *The Dog of Montargis* with such perfection that he carried the public everywhere with him, in Paris as in Germany. It may be imagined with what sorrowing scorn Goethe heard of this. The dramatic art to give place to a poodle! He, who detested dogs, to hear of a dog performing on all the stages of Germany with greater success than the best of actors! The occasion was not one to be lost. The Duke, whose fondness for dogs was as marked as Goethe's aversion to them, was craftily assailed, from various sides, to invite Karsten and his poodle to Weimar. When Goethe heard of this, he haughtily answered, 'In our Theatre Regulations stands: *No dogs are admitted on the stage*'—and paid no more attention to it. As the Duke had already written to invite Karsten and his dog, Goethe's opposition was set down to systematic arbitrariness, and people artfully 'wondered' how a prince's wishes could be opposed for such trifles. The dog came. After the first rehearsal, Goethe declared he would have nothing more to do with a theatre on which a dog was allowed to perform; and at once he started for Jena. Princes ill brook opposition; and the Duke, after all, was a Duke. In an unworthy moment, he wrote the following, which was posted in the theatre, and forwarded to Goethe:

"From the expressed opinions which have reached me, I have come to the conviction that the Herr Geheimrath von Goethe wishes to be released from his functions as Intendant, which I hereby accord.

KARL AUGUST."

"A more offensive dismissal could scarcely have been suggested by malice. In the Duke it was only a spurt of the imperious temper and coarseness which roughened his fine qualities. On Goethe the blow fell heavily. 'Karl August never understood me,' he exclaimed with a deep sigh. Such an insult to the greatest man of his age, coming from his old friend and brother-in-arms, who had been more friend than monarch to him during two-and-forty years, and who had declared that one grave should hold their bodies—and all about a dog, behind which was a miserable green-room cabal! The thought of leaving Weimar for ever, and of accepting the magnificent offers made him from Vienna, pressed urgently on his mind."

It is pleasant to have to record that this estrangement was not lasting. Here is a trait at a later period:

"In the way of honors he was greatly flattered by the letter which Walter Scott sent to him, in expression of an old admiration; and on the 28th of August, 1827, Karl August came into his study, accompanied by the King of Bavaria, who brought with him the order of the Grand Cross as a homage. In strict etiquette a subject was not allowed to accept such an order without his own sovereign granting permission, and Goethe, ever punctilious, turned to the Grand Duke, saying: 'If my gracious sovereign permits.' Upon which the Duke called out: '*Du alter Keri! mache doch kein dummes Zeug!* Come, old fellow, no nonsense."

Nor ought a reader who would see the true relation of the great celebrities of the last generation to each other, fail to note Mr. Lewes's account of Goethe's reception of a very remarkable female writer. It begins thus:

"In December 1803, Weimar had a visitor whose rank is high among its illustrious guests: Madame de Stael. Napoleon would not suffer her to remain in France, and she was brought by Benjamin Constant to the German Athens, that she might see and know something of the men her work *De l'Allemagne* was to reveal to her countrymen. It is easy to ridicule Madame de Stael; to call her, as Heine does, 'a whirlwind in petticoats,' and a 'Sultana of mind.' But Germans should be grateful to her for that book, which still remains one of the best books written about Germany; and the lover of letters will not

forget that her genius has, in various departments of literature, rendered for ever illustrious the power of the womanly intellect. Goethe and Schiller, whom she stormed with her cannonades of talk, spoke of her intellect with great admiration. Of all living creatures he had seen, Schiller said she was 'the most talkative, the most combative, the most gesticulative;' but she was 'also the most cultivated and the most gifted.' The contrast between her French culture and his German culture, and the difficulty he had in expressing himself in French, did not prevent his being much interested. In the sketch of her he sent to Goethe it is well said, 'She insists on explaining every thing; understanding every thing; measuring every thing. She admits of no Darkness; nothing Incommensurable; and where her torch throws no light, there nothing can exist. Hence her horror for the Ideal Philosophy which she thinks leads to mysticism and superstition. For what we call poetry she has no sense; she can only appreciate what is passionate, rhetorical, universal. She does not prize what is false, but does not always perceive what is true.'"

But Goethe was by no means taken with her:

"Madame de Stael had frankly told him she intended to print his conversation. This was enough to make him ill at ease in her society; and although she said he was '*an homme d'un esprit prodigieux on conversation . . . quand on le sait faire parler il est admirable*,' she never saw the real, but a fictitious Goethe. By dint of provocation—and champagne—she managed to make him talk brilliantly; she never got him to talk to her seriously. On the 29th of February she left Weimar, to the great relief both of Goethe and Schiller."

Finally, we will not omit to mention a great charm which is given to Mr. Lewes's account of his idol, by the attempt, in which he perseveringly employs himself, to show that he was a kind, affectionate, benevolent, and earnest man, instead of being a cold, diplomatic, artistic genius. We will not attempt to pronounce on the success of this contradiction of the common opinions, which Mr. Lewes avers it to be, but it is supported by some pleasing stories; for instance, that of Goethe's persevering and judicious benevolence to a needy person who applied to him under the name of Kraft and his wise and kind attempts to cure Plessing, whom the reading of *Werther* had driven to misanthropy. Plessing afterwards became a respectable Professor.

From Tait's Magazine.

LIFE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

THE propriety of employing two gentlemen to do the work of one is always doubtful, and in biographical authorship more than doubtful. This edition of James Montgomery's life will supply material for one or two pleasant and profitable volumes; and either of his biographers alone would have condensed it, probably, into three. The third volume begins with 1813, the fourth ends with 1830, leaving sufficient work, according to this mode of dividing time, for five and six. Montgomery's connection with the press renders this extensive notation of his days and years, in one way, interesting and useful; for as Messrs. Holland and Everett preserve his opinions upon public affairs, as they occurred, by extracts from the leaders of the *Iris*, they supply dates of events, and furnish a little history of the world before the Reform Bill. James Montgomery will live rather in his poetry than in his prose; and of the former, some hymns will exist, while all the rest may be forgotten; because it is just possible that certain even of his poetical works, may fall out of print; but the churches and the Sabbath-schools will take care of fragments which the world could ill afford to lose. Even Dr. Watts is now more remembered from his hymns for little children than any thing else that he ever wrote; and probably the children's march, "There is a land of pure delight," will live out the English language. Montgomery's verses "Prayer," have a similar destiny, because they form its best description in our possession.

The newspaper leaders by Montgomery were essays by a gentleman, a poet, and a scholar; but they were not adapted to their place. His biographers seem to believe that religion is not very generally and personally acknowledged by writers for the press. Perhaps they are right; yet we doubt if the press would be found

much worse in that respect than the law, or some other professions. Montgomery was by no means a solitary example of an individual who, harassed by the weekly duties of journalism, has been enabled to spare some time for meetings on religious subjects during the week, or to attend a Sabbath-school class. The pointed advocacy of religion in his articles was not, perhaps, conformable to the practice of many other journals in Yorkshire, during his years at the press; yet any person, living and writing in that great county, must feel assured of the benefits conferred on many objects connected with religion by the members of the press. The position of one journal enables us to name it without just cause of offense to any other in the Dissenting interest; for all Yorkshiremen know the influence wielded by the *Leeds Mercury* during the current century, not only over ecclesiastical politics, but upon those matters that are connected more intimately with the conversion of individuals, and their growth in grace. We are not aware of any great effort to spread Christian knowledge at home or abroad, made during the lifetime of the present generation, that has not been indebted to the advocacy in that paper of the father, or of the son, following his father's steps. We have no further knowledge of the *Leeds Mercury* than any other occasional reader of the paper, who is unconnected with the district; and no knowledge whatever of its conductors which is not quite open to the public. They do not always exhibit the rashness in politics with which we are charged; but it is impossible to speak of religion and the press in Yorkshire, without remembering the influence of the *Mercury* and of other papers on the subject; although we name it on account of its age and standing. The cause of religion in Britain has been often promoted by the press; and this assistance, although not often acknowledged, is always due, and frequently given.

We admire the devotedness of the bio-

* By John Holland and James Everett. Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co.: London.

graphers to their subject. They seem to have been in preparation and training for the task during forty years. We can not otherwise explain the fact that these volumes contain conversations, *ipsissimis verbis* professedly, with day and date, on topics of occasionally passing and temporary interest, between Holland and Montgomery or Everett and Montgomery. The notes must have been taken immediately after the discussions; or the reports are from memory, and the recollection of thirty years is often erroneous upon the language employed in conversations. The subjects of these *dies* or *noctes* are often interesting, and the conversations useful; but they form a curious example, not, we think, equalled in any other case, of a determination to do the biography of their friend dwelling for a number of years in the minds of two gentlemen.

A vast quantity of correspondence appears in these volumes, without permission, we fear, from the writers. Very few people have the vanity of supposing that any body will write a narrative of their lives; but many of us correspond with gentlemen who may deserve some record of their existence in two or more volumes; and that fact must form a restraining influence on pens engaged in friendly letter-writing; for hereafter, when the writer is "dead and gone," the playful thoughts sent under a penny queen's-head to an old acquaintance, may appear, to the confusion of one's children, or children's children. This rage for old letters—even those of plain people, the hidden ones of earth—will make all persons very cautious and circumspect in epistolary work. Now more than ever, *Litera scripta manet*, and if it only would remain deep in the drawers of the person for whom it was intended until his executors should have leisure to burn the rubbish, no great harm would happen thereby; but to a humble man, who has no overwhelming desire for posthumous fame, yet writes of headaches and heartaches to a poet, the practice of the day is quite dangerous.

Twelve years have passed away since we had the pleasure of meeting James Montgomery. He was then upon a visit to Ireland; and to that very pretty colony of Moravians who are settled at Gracehill, in the county of Antrim—a village in which he had a deep family interest. He was invited to a public breakfast in Belfast, and men of all parties were allowed to ex-

press in this manner their esteem for a writer whose works endeared him to every Christian. At that period he appeared to be a man wearing down the hill of life towards the grave, in the possession of hale old age—very cheerful, very happy, and leading a pleasant, because a useful life. The publication of many of his letters in these volumes dispels this opinion, partially. The writer appears too often in the character of a querulous person; and yet he had no reason to complain of the world. He met with one loss of money, lent to establish a person in some branch of Sheffield business. It consisted of a good many hundred pounds; but nothing to render a man who had the money miserable in any way. He met with a partner, a young man, who misconducted himself; but all their accounts were satisfactorily settled. His early life had many trials, but not more than are incidental to existence—not more than many persons meet without sustaining a dint on their cheerfulness—not any more than even as a professing and a real Christian he had reason to expect. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." What is the use of all the mercies we meet in life, and never count, scarcely, as they pass; or can not reckon, they are so many, if they do not obtain habitually, if not invariably, a happy resignation, combined with some sustaining power for the battle of life. No man need appeal to the world on the *ad misericordiam* principle. We have little right to look for general pity from our correspondents, and should rather strive not to require it. Sympathy occasionally we have a right to claim and a right to confer, when it is deserved; but rather to get and to give occasionally, and not as a standing practice. We do not refer to that ready sympathy which ever should be extended by individuals to all or any of their race in need; we are always ready for a gracious word, or in need of a kind act.

James Montgomery did not use money in large quantities. He had sufficient to spare for a good cause, and to spend for his own wants. He was, we believe, a man of a liberal heart and a ready hand; and yet, when he was tolerably prosperous, we learn, by one of the letters in this volume, that his annual subscription for all the expenses connected with the Moravian church, to which he belonged, was five guineas. No reason could exist for

recording that fact. It is a small sum—too small a sum from a bachelor with £400 to £500 per annum—and we surely underrate his income at the time. Men in similar circumstances have learned to be more liberal now; yet we must not judge this good man on that inadequate evidence. He had many other calls to which he responded warmly; and we mention the matter only to show the impolicy of an unnecessary publication of details.

Montgomery entered upon a course of "agitation" in favor of the Bible societies. He advocated this object at a number of public meetings, and travelled through an extensive district for this purpose; but he appears, from various indications in these volumes, to have often complained of these inroads on his strength and time. Let us not believe that these expressions fairly represent the man, who, on the contrary, cheerfully entered on this business as a piece of good work which had fallen to his hands. He did not "weary in well-doing;" but the deep melancholy which had settled on his mind at one period, cropped out, as the coal-miners say, upon any little check in the uneven tenor of his way. We are not only bound to labor for good objects, but to perform the labor with a cheerful heart and a willing mind—not so much in the cold routine of duty as in the happier mood of privilege. A late hour and a short journey—or even a long one—are privileges to be happy with, if caused in any humble and intelligent effort to become an instrument in improving the world.

We discover in these volumes a slight tendency to depreciate the political party with whom, in his youth, Montgomery acted, for whose principles he suffered imprisonment, and to whom he belonged during his life. They are described as being violent on some points, and thus he cooled towards them. We defend the party of progress, not in their errors, but on their comparative character, designs, and purposes. Nothing is more easy than to name a "demagogue"—lay bare his private life—perhaps color its dark shadings a little darker than nature—and then say: "Behold these enormities! Can you act with that man? can you promote his views?" and so on. These are weak questions. We do not act with the man in his crimes. We do not promote his debauchery, if that be his besetting sin; or his greed, if he be avaricious; or his

vanity, if he be vain. We do not propose him as a companion or a friend, but as a stoop if he can help forward the right against the might. All parties, we fear, would be searched long ere a leader were found with hands completely clean, and a heart entirely pure; and, odious as comparisons are, the Radical or Democratic party do not seem to be worse than their neighbors, as individuals. Their principles are matters of opinion. In 1821, Mr. Montgomery, his biographers say, felt much annoyed with the state of politics. "Both local and national," they add, "were not only every day becoming more violent and exciting, but the taste and feelings of the editor of the *Iris* were in at least an equal degree getting out of unison with them; while the rude and bitter personalities to which the discharge of a plain duty had exposed him at the close of the preceding year, rendered still more irksome a position, the value, if not to say the very maintenance, of which was menaced by unscrupulous competitors on all sides."

This, then, was the time to maintain influence in a party, and endeavor to restrain the rude and bitter personalities of which Mr. Montgomery complained. It is not easy to prevent them on the part of others; but it is easy to despise them, and to avoid the practice in one's own writing.

The trial of Queen Caroline in the previous year had greatly shocked the poetical editor, who conscientiously declined to supply the public with all the stuff that they required in the form of reports of evidence. When the trial terminated in the withdrawal of the bill against her majesty, the proprietor of the *Iris* did illuminate, in a shabby way, so that he pleased neither party; for his beams were not bright enough for the Queen's friends, and they were offensive to her enemies. At the death of George III., he wrote a very warm eulogium on the monarch's character, and stated that, however some of his sons had acted in their mature years, yet he had ordered his family aright in their youth. The Duke of Kent, whose death immediately preceded that of George III., was also considered by the *Iris* a man of well-regulated habits of life. These opinions were not expressed without what appeared to the writer satisfactory information. Mr. Montgomery never hazarded statements without requisite inquiry.

In the beginning of that year, he opposed with much vigor the act which compels the proprietors of stamped newspapers still to give security against the publication of libels. Montgomery considered it an insult to his order, as if they required to be bound over to keep the peace, before they had exhibited any intention of violating it. The existence of the act is a reproach to the British Parliament—to this present Parliament—for its members had the subject under their consideration.

Montgomery gradually lost popularity with the extreme party of politicians from the date of the war; and they may have been culpable in this affair—for sometimes even reformers dislike to hear truths which do not correspond with their opinions. He was right in advocating the war policy of 1813 and subsequent years. After the peace of 1815, there was much distress in the manufacturing districts, and we think that he might perhaps have been able to direct the energies of the working classes of Sheffield aright, if he had, to the moderation which he exhibited, added more active sympathy. We are all too apt to expect a display of patience from starving men. It is very difficult to please us in that respect. The subsequent year, 1816, was a period of continued depression in business; and in 1819 the Manchester massacre occurred. The *Iris* endeavored to pass over the catastrophe with cautious quiet; but the cup was full, and a new journal was established by the Radical party, who were very roundly abused by Mr. Montgomery, as having degenerated from the men of 1790; and we do not believe that there was any truth in the charge.

But so long as he conducted the *Iris* he always supported right, and against might, as he understood the questions, without any regard to his own interests; and while attending to Sunday-schools, and establishing Bible Societies, he was equally active in resisting the introduction of a modified truck system, and providing for the introduction of sanatory measures into Sheffield—of which it stood in urgent need; while he was one of the pillars of the literary and scientific institution of that place. His published works were well known, but few out of his immediate neighborhood knew the varied nature of his numerous and gratuitous

labors. When he found ultimately an opportunity of advantageously parting with the duties and property of the *Iris*, he continued to reside in Sheffield, pursuing his useful career amid many literary engagements. His poetical works never reached the extensive sale of Byron's or Scott's, or Campbell's or Wordsworth's; yet they produced satisfactory results. He had been paid by Messrs. Longmans, his publishers, to the commencement of 1819, a sum of £1600 as his half of the profits derived from their sale. We have reason to believe that the sale continued steadily for a long period after that date; while his current engagements were adequate to meet his wants. Between Byron and Montgomery the widest disparity existed in education, life, genius, and purpose; yet Byron stood first of poets in Montgomery's estimation. A correspondent, Mr. Aston, expressed a low opinion of Mazeppa. This is Montgomery's reproof:

"You think his Mazeppa unworthy of him. This is too high a compliment. It is not his best; but if, as you hint, such poetry might be undertaken by the acre, he is the only one who could execute the contract. For my part, if I could manage a rood, I should sing, *monumentum are perennius*."

When Messrs. Everett and Holland have brought their labors to a close, we shall be better able to reckon with them than now, regarding the manner in which they have been discharged. But they fail to enter into the catholicity of Montgomery's practice and spirit. He had answered, in an essay on Cowper's life and works, those parties who assigned the insanity of the poet to his religion; and in the easiest possible manner, by saying the truth, that Cowper was insane at one time, before he ever had been under any religious influences. Montgomery's biographers think, however, that he failed in extricating Cowper's creed from the reproach of his insanity; because they say that he was a Calvinist, and believed in predestination, as others might add, after the manner of Peter the Apostle; and that, say Messrs. Holland and Everett, is "anti-scriptural." They might have expressed their own doubts on this war of words, for that is all the matter, without doing what Montgomery would certainly not have done, charging some two-thirds,

we suppose, of their fellow Christians—or, at any rate, a very large number, with holding an anti-scriptural creed. Mr. Everett, we suppose, believes in the attributes of omnipotence and omniscience, and if so, the matter, for the purpose in which he introduces it, may there take rest. We thought that the hard language employed in disputes of this character

was now modified; but the better spirit grows slowly in some quarters.

One qualification is common to both biographers in their enthusiastic attachment to the subject of their history, and their narrative will grow more valuable as it gets more venerable; for it is a record of leading events through many and interesting years.

From Dickens' Household Words.

A COUSIN IN NEED.

AN ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ON a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy travelling-carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling: but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and, though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier—at least so it should have seemed to a foot-traveller who was ploughing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage-horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach, though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio, and re-

turned the pocket-book to its place in the breast-lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveller's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hollo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting-place before I get there—to that am I bound, for I am a-weary."

"I should think you must have two hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said:

"If it please you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome to do so, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been an American colonel—looked amused and astonished, as he suggested:

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin; or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting any thing to do in my own neighborhood; I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was: 'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin, who lives at Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying, that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said that the evening was damp—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"*Nil desperandum* is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage-step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way:

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps, in an humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he acts about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was no little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

DEAR MARSHAL.—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend.
F.

Let me know the result of the interview with him.

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe every thing from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry; as if they would say: "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned and requested him, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, and so forth. But still, no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's

birthday; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be travelling at that time of the day? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose, and cried to him, "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered, that to the best of his belief one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster; another, that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed: he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you, that all that they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would

at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last, as he found himself following Grumbkow even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming: "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud, and the king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began fltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king; "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly, if I meant to be every where recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the king told him, that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but, mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer had reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day, he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ears that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no farther information; all he could do was, to promise that, if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible despatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin, and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text!—the prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying: "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and, lo! it was blank—not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying: "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world;' I shall, therefore, take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church,

who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming:

"Hurra, sir! — puff away! — take this for the light you gave me!"

Then throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty—" the king interrupted him, saying: "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the university of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

It is a singular circumstance, characteristic of the present time, that when a distinguished individual dies, no two statements regarding him alive should tally with each other. Some account of him must be given in the papers when public expectation is to be gratified. Research is troublesome; fancy is called in to fill the sheet, and a public which assumes to be more enlightened and discriminating than any which preceded it, is quite satisfied with discrepancies which would not have passed unnoticed a little time ago.

This has been particularly the case in relation to Sir William Molesworth, who had been a public character above twenty years. His habits were not obtrusive. He was not found cozening popularity at opportune public meetings at the outset of his career, as the custom is with most incipient politicians. He was possessed of distinguished abilities, of considerable learning, of ample fortune, and of political integrity. He was content to let the harlot Fame follow him as she might, scorning to play at the tables round which po-

litical gamblers in general meet to try the same luck in the same coarse and vulgar track to fortune or disappointment. He did not avert his eyes from the objects which he really had in view in order to beguile observers, nor, turning aside after speculative good, suffer himself to wander in the maze, the exit of which is where it began. Sir William Molesworth was the antagonist of chicane, the intrepid asserter of what he conscientiously believed to be truth, and consequently he could always be relied upon and comprehended. But to proceed in order. Sir William, though a native of the county that in recent times produced Davy, Gilbert, and many distinguished men, was not of early Cornish descent. His family was originally settled in Lightstone hundred, in the county of Huntingdon, and in that county and Northamptonshire the family had long resided. Walter de Molesworth, sheriff of Bedford in the reign of Edward I., was one of them, and from him descended John Molesworth of Tretane, in Cornwall, who was an attorney-at-law there in the

reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was made auditor of the duchy. This John Molesworth obtained the estate of Pencarrow, once the property of the Walkers of Exeter, and from the time of Elizabeth it has been the residence of the family. The name of the estate is Cornish, and as it once belonged to the Peveril family, some say it is derived from Pen-caer-ou, the deer-head, it having been part of the Peverils' deer-park. Others, more correctly, derive the name from pen, the Cornish for head, and caer-ou, a castle or city on a head or hill, because Pencarrow stands on a hill crowned by a very large Roman encampment—at least it is supposed to be Roman. The present house was built by Sir John Molesworth. It is a residence such as a baronet of good family and moderate fortune might be expected to make his residence. The estate is delightfully placed, noted for wood, water, and stone in abundance. A portion of the land lies both sides a sweet wooded valley, the image of rural beauty and repose. The valleys, indeed, are the most beautiful portions of Cornwall. The hills are bare and craggy. The Atlantic gales sweep over them with inconceivable fury. The writer of this passed Pencarrow the last time some years ago, and was struck with the scenery which time had then nearly obliterated from recollection. Pencarrow is in the parish of Egloshayle (Eglos, a church, and hayle, a river, in old Cornish). The scenery of the entire parish is particularly pleasing. One of the Molesworths was made a baronet by James II.—Hender Molesworth, who had a large property in Jamaica. St. Breock, a living belonging to the family, came into it by the marriage of Sir John Molesworth with Barbara Morice, the daughter of Sir William Morice,* the friend of the notorious General Monk. In 1816 this living was occupied by the Rev. William Molesworth, on the presentation of Sir William. One of the family married into that of the Arscots, in Devonshire, and an uncle of the de-

ceased Sir William into that of the Trebys of Godamoor and Plympton, near Plymouth.

This much may suffice for a matter comparatively of small moment. To return, therefore, to the deceased baronet. He was only a little over age when he took his seat in parliament for the eastern part of the county of Cornwall. At that time he was full of the generous feelings of youth. He had been carefully educated, and besides the classical languages, in which he was an eminent proficient, he had acquired a knowledge of the German. He read much, and reflected deeply on a limited space in regard to subject, rather than over a wide field. It is not, therefore, wonderful he should take the real and just view of things in place of that which custom alone makes current. Hence he became a decided Liberal—in those days "Radical" was the term—a term with which the present Lord Broughton, then Mr. Hobhouse, we well remember, shocked the over-sensitive ears of the House of Commons by applying to himself. To be a solitary step in advance of the hackneyed opinions sanctioned by our grandmothers, and consecrated and hallowed by all sorts of anomalies and abuses, was then deemed horridly "low." In Cornwall the Whigs, in the strictest sense, were what would now be called the Liberal party; but an enlightened mind that then judged of things as they actually were, and called them by their real, not customary, names, was looked upon with much shyness by the old unprogressives of that party. It is doubtful whether the late Mr. Stackhouse Pendarvis, or Sir Coleman, then Mr., Rashleigh, or the Rev. Mr. Walker, noted Whigs in Cornwall, went much beyond the limits thus defined. Sir William Molesworth, entering parliament with his advantages of family and connection, was not opposed for East Cornwall. The Whigs, though the Liberal party in the country, became astounded at the boldness of his parliamentary conduct. They only dreamed, as if still under the pressure of the days of Lord Castlereagh. Sir William, on the other hand, was wide awake to those principles which since the triumph of Reform have emancipated the minds of men of all parties, more or less, from their ancient bondage. Tories became Conservatives, the Whigs Liberals—all felt the soft impeachment. Sir William, in the advance of that time, could see what

* Sir William Morice had a considerable property on the Devon side of the Tamar. It came by marriage to the Cornish family of St. Aubyn, of Clowance, Cornwall, and was then mere pasture. On this William III. began Plymouth Dockyard; and except a very small portion of the yard, the whole of Devonport, the Public Works (on a renewing lease), and Stoke Damarel—an immense property since sprung up—belong to the St. Aubyns. The Molesworth living was then, perhaps, the best thing of the two.

were the political necessities of the country, and dare their advocacy. In the House, to which he was first returned in 1832, he was fearless and uncompromising. He defended liberal measures and opinions. He was an advocate for following out all those changes which were to a certain degree dependent upon the great measure of national progress—such as free trade and the abolition of the corn laws. He became, in consequence, the rejected of East Cornwall. Leeds was better informed as to the spirit of the time; he was returned for that town, and then began his career as a colonial reformer. He was not alone or unprompted here; and it is a curious fact, showing how little political integrity is valued in this country, that his early intimacy with Mr. Roebuck, and the part they bore in common on the Canada question, have not been noticed in the sketches of his career. The meed of political consistency and integrity belonged to the one as much as to the other; but unless political honesty is gilded, like every thing else where venality is the current coin, it passes as waste. It was about the end of 1834 that Sir William and Mr. Roebuck conferred together. In April, 1835, the *London Review* was established, and in this they both labored. When Lord John Russell, with his wonted precipitancy, was for coercing the Canadian Legislature without a due consideration of the popular interests, Sir William resisted the measure, and the event bore him out. Mr. Roebuck was also an advocate for justice being done to the colony, but not after the mode which had been followed on former occasions. We well remember how they were vituperated for the stand they took. Time has shown that the views of Sir William and his friend were sound; and it is not too much to say that we owe to the wisdom of the measures effected in placing the Canadians under self-government, the secure affection of the entire population to the mother country. The latest mails have shown how they sympathized with all true Englishmen on the fall of Sebastopol. The notion that men in these times, well-informed and numerous, dwelling in distant colonies, can be governed by one individual, four, five, or ten, thousand miles away, continually changed, and grossly ignorant of the necessities and feelings of the colonists, would seem ridiculous were it not a truth too serious in its consequences for ridicule.

The country owes the dissipation of this idea to Sir William.

Sir William denounced as mischievous the transportation system. He believed that criminals may be reclaimed in a large proportion, and that human nature is not so bad as the past practices of barbarous laws and precedent-ridden lawyers remorselessly exhibited it. The difficulty, we know, that Sir William felt, was not so much about the certainty of the result as the means of attaining it, for on this all would depend. On this point he was anxious, and not unjustifiably so, seeing that his best expectations might be thwarted by the choice of bad instruments. Time will alone test the measure, the plan of which is so generous and philanthropical, and on which the government, to its honor, has experimented.

Whether in parliament or out he was constantly employed in writing or editing. He wrote clearly and logically, and thus he had a great advantage over most of his opponents. There was nothing remarkable in his style; it was clear and plain, well adapted to those topics on which he was more earnestly employed. He edited the works of Hobbes during his absence from parliament, between 1841 and 1845. For this he was censured during the Southwark election by one of the candidates, as well as because he supported the Maynooth grant. Such attacks, where individuals in their self-conceit set up their own opinions as a standard of right and wrong in others, belong to the spirits of a departed day. They mark the *animus* for mischief, and no more—the desire to be despotic over mind, without the power—the wish to serve self by arousing the passions of bigotry and intolerance—but without meeting success. Sir William was returned triumphantly, the unworthy attempt, as to motive, being well understood. He resumed his efforts to promote colonial reform, and he was now making great way. He was doing good on a large scale, and could well afford to sustain a little vituperation. Lord Aberdeen, in a spirit of party conciliation, offered him the Woods and Forests. His desire to promote the objects he had most at heart induced him to accept a post in which his efforts were, to a certain extent, neutralized. He was a lover of peace, too, and appreciated his lordship's efforts to preserve it, which, if an error,

was one on the right side. It is evident that Lord Aberdeen did not comprehend Sir William's particular studies in public affairs; or, perhaps, was actuated by the wish to form a strong administration rather than to make use of the particular branches of political knowledge by which he might have been more serviceable. Still it was a tribute to one who had voted on all occasions in the most liberal spirit; both the offer and acceptance were honorable to the parties concerned.

On the accession of Lord Palmerston to the premiership, Sir William was offered the situation of colonial minister. The offer was not only creditable to the premier as a concession to talent, but it marks his lordship as being one who, if left unrestricted by the interests of powerful families, could not fail to put the right men in the right places. No one is more aware than Lord Palmerston that it is his interest to do this as the real foundation of ministerial power. Lord Palmerston has won golden opinions by his conduct on this occasion. A second appointment more recently in the nomination of the new minister, Sir H. Seymour, to Vienna, seems to show that the noble viscount is well aware of the advantage of doing, in this respect, all he can dare do; and the country should be grateful to him for a line of conduct in general so very little observed. It was one of the objects of ridicule among the *tiers état*, just before the French revolution, that the titled individuals placéd at the heads of the public departments were utterly ignorant of their duties. The successes of Napoleon were owing to putting qualified men in fitting places, and such was the conduct of the great Earl of Chatham here. Neither would credit that the post conferred the ability.

It must not be imagined that Sir William Molesworth met with no obstacles in his career on the path of colonial reform. They were of less moment to him than to many others, because his convictions were strongly fixed in a confidence of their justice, and there can be no stronger stimulus to a well-constituted mind. He had none of those miserable political prejudices which mark the half-fledged, half-reasoning politician. His early testimony in behalf of an extensive system of national education was a proof of his attention to the subject when youth in general scarcely thinks at all. There is something

exceedingly well-promising when young men of talent and fortune are perceived to study early the great questions upon which so much of the public welfare depends. Such are the men to partake legitimately in the active government of the nation, because they are directed by correct views, while their motives can not be sordid and selfish, but are rather honorably ambitious of distinction as a reward. Heaven keep us from a country ruled upon commercial principles; commerce, as the vulgar say of fire, being "a good servant, but a bad master;" it may help the exchequer, but its venality destroys that loftiness of spirit and principle which alone should guide the policy of great and powerful nations, never to be worthily ruled by mean motives of pecuniary profit.

Beginning his education early, Sir William, as it was, ran a longer career than many public characters have done. He had the advantage of being naturally practical in his tendencies, and at college was looked upon as a Radical, a reproach which he could well brave without concern. We can scarcely think such a mind as his was at all adapted for celebrity in what is styled "learning" at such places. He wanted a wider scope of action, a regulating of things, not words, even at an age when longs and shorts alone occupy collegiate attention. He was evidently of and for the political world. He observed much, and in his early continental tour, where he made profitable observations, he directed his attention particularly to the public institutions.

There was no vacillation exhibited in his conduct; he took his ground and kept it. He had the pleasure, and it is not a small one, of finding all he had supported in early life, the very measures he had found in youth calumniated and denounced, become the admissions of the parties that had once opposed them, and finally the laws of the land. Is this no triumph—no reward? The most gifted can do but little individually, under even prolonged existence, in lessening the political as well as other evils which afflict humanity. It is only a succession of such men that can subdue the waywardness of obliquitous customs, and soften mortal destinies. Yet is the little effected by the power of one individual a just source of satisfaction. Singleness of purpose, too, distinguished Sir William while seeking to lessen such

evils. He possessed firmness in pursuing his object against obstacles that would daunt common minds, and yet he did all in the quietest manner.

He succeeded at last in his measures for emancipating the colonies from those mischievous cliques, called colonial councils, which were the tools at one time of officials in the mother country, and at another of their own pleasure, without regard to the welfare of the governed. This mockery he denounced as incompatible with the interests of the colonists, and pregnant with the elements of that discontent which would else sooner or later have led to disseverance. Sir William would have no sham infusion of the popular element with which it had been too long the custom to mask the conduct of colonial affairs. He would have the reality, not the semblance. He had, therefore, to contend against the murmurs of ruined patronage, and officials heartbroken that they had no longer the power of doing the mischief to which they had become naturalized—sometimes quarreling with the colonial office at home, as well as with those whose more immediate servants they should have been if they had kept the object in view for which they exercised their functions. In fact, they fully exemplified (we believe his own quotation about the social state) the creation of the colonists into a duality of classes: "Ceux qui pillent—et ceux qui sont pillés."

His contributions to his Review were not wholly on colonial subjects. Among others, the "State of the Nation" and "Church Reform," we believe, were his. Of those of Mr. Roebuck we remember but two, namely, on Municipal Reform and on the Canadian Grievances. Reviews of works on colonial subjects, and, singular enough, a paper on our military abuses, strikingly exemplified in recent events in the East, were of those articles of which we do not recollect hearing of the authorship. Sir William early advocated the rule of reason in government in opposition to those who supported usage, tradition, and the "wisdom of our ancestors," as superlatively preferable. He was in the matter of utility a Benthamite. The notions once current can hardly be conceived in 1855, so great have been the concessions to common sense within the last twenty or thirty years. Some may think the same now, but will not openly

avow their obsolete opinions. Sir William well observed upon this, referring to parties opposed to advance in that time: "Whenever a body of men are found to be steadily and tenaciously against reason, we may safely conclude they have interests to the exercise of which reason would be fatal."

It is unfortunate that death cut short the career of the individual who might have unostentatiously worked out by lengthened years yet greater benefits for his country. He had, it is true, before his departure from life, worked out his destined mission—he was to do no more. He might have consolidated the work he had terminated as far as the superstructure went; he might have closed minor points in the relations of the mother country and the colonists, which yet remain open, and closed them as no one merely an official without a heart in the matter ever will do. He might have lived to see the magnificent machinery run smoothly towards its important destiny of covering remote islands and continents with free-born men of British race, institution, and language, to hand down to the unnumbered generations of the future the memory of those by whose wisdom they received the legacy of well-regulated government, and to the fruits of whose energy and activity they are heirs. It is unfortunate that our craving after gain, and our indomitable pursuit of it, obscure from the vision of the many the sunless value of our magnificent foreign establishments in relation to the future, or even how necessary to that craving itself the preservation of their attachment is to the mother country. Were it otherwise, the value of such a colonial minister as Sir William would be better understood. As it is, the colonies themselves can not but affix the true value to his services as the advocate of their self-government, as well as being one destined so far to aid the fulfillment of the prophetic words of a contemporary of his youth, in the prospective decay of the shackles that hamper the human intellect: "The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightnings, and the equilibrium of institutions and opinions is restoring or about to be restored."

One of Sir William's early observations, from its plain good sense, we remember: "It has been frequently said, but the evidence of it has not been sufficiently displayed and enforced, that no colony is

other than hurtful to the mother country which does not repay its own expenses. The proposition, indeed, is self-evident, for what does a country get by a colony for which it is obliged to pay, and from which it receives nothing? How many times more valuable the free trade of the United States, than the forced trade was of the North-American colonies. They say, also, that we have sunk capital in the colonies. Sunk it is, indeed! Then let us follow the approved maxim of common life, not to throw good money after bad!" How strange that Sir William's reasoning did not operate long ago. Lord Waldegrave hinted that George III., his pupil, was the creature of prejudice, and the last reason of kings, set to work by that prejudice, lost England what the common-sense reason of Sir William would have preserved for his country's crown unto this day.

Sir William was not an accomplished public speaker. He labored not for show but utility, not to startle "the ears of the groundlings" by the corruscations of his eloquence or the poignancy of his wit; and therefore this deficiency was of the less moment, especially as his speeches were always to the point. His mission had a more exalted aim. He pushed on towards truth, but in his advance was content to proceed after the rule of the practicable, step by step. The good to be produced was uppermost in his view—over all ideas of fame or selfish reward; all was bravely done, all was honestly labored, all was achieved with the most perfect moral rectitude, duty and the public good being in his mind ever present. It need not be added that his religious principles were tolerant in the fullest sense of the word. He deemed the belief of every individual to be a question

between man and his Creator alone. His love of truth and contempt of shuffling we remember he exemplified in written remarks upon Copleston (afterwards bishop), who presumed to deal with Locke in the old-fashioned mode of argument: "'His (Locke's) opinions,' said Copleston, 'would have been entitled to greater respect' (*observe for what*) 'if he had himself treated with respect the opinions of those who had gone before him'—(*opinions, you see, are entitled to respect, not on account of the truth of them, but something else*)—'and the practice of the sensible men of his own time, whose judgment was worth more as it was confirmed by experience.'—*Locke then misbehaved by seeking for evidence and yielding to it when found!*"

But though inclined, we must proceed no further. Sir William was favored after all. Who knows but advanced years might have shaken his love of truth, his ardor for the public weal? Many thinking men who would pursue abstract truth for social advantage never realize the slightest advance from their first position, and leave it till time fortuitously carries it out in a day of better fortune. Little is the share of good any single individual can perform for his fellow-creatures before he rests from his labors for ever. It was Sir William's lot to see his aims realized, and to quit the scene under an unclouded sky, before reverses could sicken the heart, or any new efforts undertaken for the benefit of his kind result in disappointment. Considering the uncertainty of life, and its rapid progress to its termination when most protracted, it is no small advantage, after all, to go off the scene, unblemished and regretted, in the fruition of an honest ambition. Such was Sir William Molesworth's leave-taking of life.

From the North British Review.

THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.*

HERE are two books so very nearly upon the same subject that they gain by being read not only together but one *against* the other. Springing from points diametrically opposite, and in the respective persons of their authors representing principles that seem at first incompatible, it is singular, yet true, that these two works, while they may control, do not refute each other. On the contrary, substantiating the same material facts, though differently colored, they lead the impartial observer to form a true picture of that period of transition—strange, deceptive, and apparently unfruitful—the period of the Government of July, and of the reign of the House of Orleans in France.

M. Néttement is one of the very few literary men of any talent, who exclusively and uncompromisingly belong to the purely Catholic-Royalist party *after* the Revolution of July. This is a distinction too seldom made, but which is nevertheless necessary to the comprehension of men and things as they have existed and influenced the destinies of France during the last forty years. It is commonly supposed, *out of France*, that the "Three Days" opened a new intellectual epoch in that country. A greater error can hardly be imagined. There is not one of the present great names of France, not one of those which place the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries on a par, which did not attain to its highest eminence between the years 1815 and 1830. The Guizots, Villemains, Cousins, Cuviers, Lamartines, and others, too numerous to recall, whose fame has so widened and elevated that of France, so softened the darker lustre of her previous barbaric glories, are one and all men of the Restoration—men whose brilliant faculties found means of develop-

ment and manifestation under the fifteen years' government of the Bourbons of the elder branch; though the entire application of their talents to public affairs was achieved under the dynasty of the House of Orleans. Louis Philippe employed, and applied to practical purposes, the men whom he found ready to his hand; but these men were formed by the Restoration. Louis Philippe's eighteen years of power formed none; and with the exception of M. de Montalembert alone, (who, as to mere eloquence, setting aside every other qualification, deserves, perhaps, to stand at the head of modern orators,) it might be hard to find any man in France of acknowledged intellectual superiority who properly belongs to the last twenty-five years.*

We do not mean to say that no talent of any sort came forth under Louis Philippe's reign, but merely that the men of his day show as infinitely small luminaries when contrasted with the real stars of the times of the Restoration. Louis Blanc in history, and in the drama Ponsard and Augier are entirely products of the Revolution of July, not indeed of the principle which promoted it, but of the reaction against it, which its later years provoked; but Ponsard's "good sense," (he is styled in France the chief of the school *du bon sens*), or Victor Hugo's eccentricities will scarcely balance the world-wide fame of the author of *Hernani*; and Louis Blanc will probably be utterly forgotten when the pages of Villemain and Guizot form the yet enduring admiration and study of successive generations. Still, though the measure of it be small, there is a certain degree of talent among the

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris.* Par le Docteur L. VERON. 6 vols. Paris, 1855.

Histoire de la Littérature Française sous le Gouvernement de Juillet. Par M. ALFRED NÉTTEMENT. 2 vols. Paris, 1855.

* This has been latterly so strongly felt and so openly avowed in France, that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has offered a prize of *one hundred pounds* for the best treatise on the subject, for an Essay which shall analyse and explain the causes of the intellectual inferiority of the last twenty-five years in France, when compared to the movement under the Restoration.

men of July, and this brings us back to the point we started from. What literary superiority appeared during Louis Philippe's reign, was brought out by reaction against his government, its principle and its influence. The Republicans boast of several clever writers. The so-called Legitimists—out of the pale of political oratory, where they imposed respect by the voice of Berryer, and of journalism, where they counted Genoude, and one or two others—were reduced, as far as literature is concerned, to M. Néttement. Our business at present, however, is not with the intrinsic worth of this author as a writer or thinker, but with the peculiarities of opinion or position that render him a valuable authority touching an epoch of contemporary history which must be for many years to come of considerable interest to us.

M. Néttement, then, as we have said, is a Legitimist, an ardent though liberal supporter of old Catholic-monarchical traditions in France. But what is Dr. Véron? A clever man decidedly, by no means a literary one; perhaps, according to his own self-chosen name, best characterized as a *bourgeois de Paris*, but certainly the most complete personification of the "man of July," as our neighbors term it; full of intermediate qualities, and aiming at a kind of decorum in vice; making gold his idol, yet anxious for public esteem; lavish from calculation, good-natured from indifference, and skeptical from pure shallowness of intellect; unburdened by any principle, unshackled by good taste; naively cynical; selfish and vain; particularly clamorous for daring on the part of others, and always absent himself in the hour of need;* the

first to desert the power that falls, and whose fall his flatteries and fears have mainly aided to bring about; the first to fawn upon the power that mounts, and to whose stability he will be ever unable to contribute, during a life spent in what, to avoid harsh words, we will call *transactions* between the public conscience he dimly divines, (his individual one is, as it were, mislaid,) and his own narrowly-comprehended personal interests. This strange piece of human patchwork is, from first to last, desirous to convince you that if one thing in the world surpasses his probity and good faith it is the extent of his plain good sense. *Le gros bon sens!* There is the war-cry, the "*Dieu et mon droit!*" of the *Bourgeois de Paris*, such as the Revolution of July made him! What he is now, what are his present tendencies, and what he may become by-and-by—these are other questions. Our business at present is with Louis Philippe's reign.

It is difficult, as the reader may see, for two men to judge a period of contemporary history from more opposite points of view than M. Néttement and Dr. Véron. One judges it from without, the other from within; the one takes a larger, the other a more intimate survey of it; and whilst the distantly placed observer seizes its general outline and *ensemble*, the individual employed in the centre of the machine itself describes to us its minute details and all the complication of its workings. As we said already, both lead us to admit the same truths, and, we might add, to draw the same conclusions, if any conclusion can be drawn touching a country so really (in a political sense) incomprehensible as France.

That which most strikes the reader in Dr. Véron's six-volumed *Memoirs* is the fact of being, and feeling himself to be, perpetually "behind the scenes." The words must not be taken figuratively. Whether as director of the *Grand Opera*, proprietor of a leading journal, or med-

* Two anecdotes, contained in the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, will suffice to give an idea of the general tone of morality in certain classes of French society: "M. Saint Ange, one of the principal rédacteurs of the *Journal des Débats*, was vainly sought for at a moment of great pressure, by M. Bertin, and was nowhere to be found. 'Good Heavens! Saint Ange!' exclaimed the latter, when he next day encountered that person, to whose utmost gratitude and devotion he believed himself entitled, 'where were you yesterday?' 'I left the office early,' was the reply, 'because I was afraid you might want me!'" This is related merely as a proof of M. Saint Ange's *esprit*. The other anecdote is worse. When M. Véron first bought the *Constitutionnel*, he had in his council of administration a certain M. Roussel, of whom he says: "To show how strictly he adhered to principles of economy, I need only cite the following speech: 'Do you ever see your brother now?' I

asked him one day. 'Never!' was the answer. 'We are not on good terms, which is easily enough explained: I have upwards of 100,000 francs a year, and he has nothing earthly to live upon!' It is true," adds M. Véron, "that M. Roussel had made a large fortune in the paper trade, and in the *Constitutionnel*, of which he had managed to monopolize the *fournitures*." And our *Bourgeois de Paris* contents himself with finding in the above incident only a proof of M. Roussel's "strict adherence to principles of economy!"

dler here and there in the affairs of the State, with M. Véron for a guide, you are always in the *coulisses*, always among the traps, shiftings, and decorations of a theatre; actors are around you, men who are not what they seem, and who would seem other than they are; there is a public somewhere, but for the moment you are not of it. Something is being enacted, and you see the players rush by you, some elated with the triumph they have achieved, some angry, and some merry, but all so different from what they were upon the stage, that often he who has been drawing tears from the assembly before the curtain effects his return behind it with a caper and a joke, whilst he whose wit and gayety has put the whole audience in good humor sinks exhausted upon the nearest seat, and, wiping the hot perspiration from his brow, pants over the hard achievement of success. You are eternally "behind the scenes." You are in the dressing-room of M. Thiers, receiving M. Véron whilst he shaves, or in the cabinet of Louis Philippe, concerting with his ministers such measures, *not* as may really be best for the weal of the nation, but as may have the "best effect" in the nation's eyes. This perpetual feeling it is which, to any one looking beyond the mere surface, makes the perusal of M. Véron's book one of the most melancholy things imaginable. It is a dark and disheartening picture of human affairs to one who contemplates them in their higher relations. We have our estimate of many people lowered, and lose fair illusions and hopes; we perceive in the distance nothing that looks as if it would be worth the trouble of getting nearer to it, or that, if we did get quite close to it, would not turn out to be different from what it seemed. It is this character of *ungenuineness* which so depresses and fatigues the mind, leaving it nothing sure against which to lean. "My experience of life and of men," says Dr. Véron, "has taught me that reputation is made like fortune. Some people are not even satisfied with *one* reputation, but will needs have two, taking an attitude and assuming a speech different in one place from those they are obliged to affect in another. 'Mistrust virtuous men,' my witty friend, M. Michaud, the academician, would often say to me; 'to gain good fame they must often have failed in honor and integrity.' Now I do not pretend that *all* the men who are

honored and esteemed are rascals, but in my notion many do not deserve their high repute—some, on the contrary, may be better than their reputation." This is precisely the statement of a great social evil in France: the absence not only of a proper respect for, but of a due sense of, truth—of a just perception of its beauty, its eminent usefulness, and its inevitable attributes. In France there is in both governors and governed a belief in the practicability of deception, which, thanks to Providence, we English have not, and which is in the long run always and infallibly fatal to liberal institutions and political freedom.

Here was, in fact, the prime obstacle to the consolidation of Louis Philippe's throne in France. The nation did not believe in him, he did not believe in the nation; nor did either see how this want of faith must necessarily affect the common interests and existence of both.

Anecdotes without end might be quoted to prove this failure of respect on the king's part for the country he was called to govern. The following (which we know to be strictly authentic) will suffice: "Sire," said one of the most really constitutional of his ministers, one day to Louis Philippe, "your majesty does not pay sufficient attention to the Chamber of Peers; if it be not, in fact, the *third power*, it is a mere fiction, worse than useless." "And what would you have me do?" inquired the king. "Sire, I would have your majesty add to the numbers of the Upper House some few men whose names should be to the country a serious guarantee of political activity—a sprinkling of intelligence and energy would do well at the Luxembourg." "Ah! bah!" was Louis Philippe's reply; "intelligence, energy!—proper votes, *good balls* (*de bonnes boules*), that is what is needed." The minister shook his head. "Nonsense!" added Louis Philippe; "when day after day votes favorable to my policy are registered in every paper, that is enough—the public does not inquire into all this—it reads the papers, sees the majority is everywhere and always for me, does not ask any more, and believes in the whole in the end." "I much fear the king is mistaken," said the minister—but his advice remained unattended to.

Now, to have an idea, on the other hand, of the degree to which any given body of men in France may be brought to take

its part in a make-believe, to accept a sham for a reality, and be satisfied therewith, we need only recall the affair of the Banquet of the 22d of February, 1848, the details immediately preceding which have never, we think, been more than imperfectly known in this country, or if known at the time have been forgotten since. The reader will at once see the bearings of the incident we allude to upon the principle we have attempted to establish with regard to France. Let us summarily recapitulate the leading circumstances of the case.

The year 1847 was remarkable for the discontent everywhere gradually growing up against the government and the system personified by M. Guizot's long-enduring ministry. The expression for this ever-increasing uneasiness and agitation was found in the word, Electoral Reform. That was the war-cry. The voice of the people, of the masses, preoccupied with wholly different tendencies, was only heard in the distance, and as yet indistinctly so. But the *bourgeoisie*, the Garde Nationale, the "enlightened middle classes"—those upon whose banner, as we have said, the word *le gros bon sens* stands inscribed—those shouted out "Electoral Reform!" with all their might; and for their disinclination to admit any thing of the kind, Messrs. Guizot and Duchatel were, in one of the last sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, denounced by M. Odillon Barrot, who, descending from the tribune, compared them to "Polignac and Peyronnet." On one side stood the opposition declaring that the national representation is an empty name, that the majority is a false semblance, that the principle of Electoral Reform *must* be admitted, and that the right *must* also be established for any number of men to meet together in order to discuss openly such measures as may seem to them essential for the good of the country. On the other hand were the ministry, the king, and that official majority of the Chambers which he and they affirm to represent the majority of the nation; these raise their voices loudly against the principle of Electoral Reform, and, above all, against the right of meeting. They talk of authority as of a sacred deposit; they affirm that the least concession on their parts will be followed by the direst results; they preach the doctrine of resistance; and M. Guizot seems preparing to act up to his maxim

recently enounced in a parliamentary debate: *le progrès aujourd'hui, c'est la résistance*. Well, so far, both parties seem in earnest; both talk equally of their country; and we are bound to give them credit for believing what they say. But if so, what must happen? If the leaders of the opposition are convinced that the right of public meeting *is* in reality a right whereof the country can not and must not be defrauded, and the possession of which must be bought at any price, they are forced to attend the famous banquet of the 22d, not, as some one said, "in straw-colored gloves," but as men determined to withstand sternly and even to the death, that "power without right," characterized by Lord Chatham as "*res detestabilis et caduca*," and prepared, in the words of the same great statesman, "rather than see the Constitution tamely given up, and their birthright surrendered to despotism, to bring the question to an issue, and fairly try it between the people and the Government." If the opposition be really convinced of the sacredness of its cause, its course, however hard and painful, is clear; if the Government be really convinced of the sacredness of resistance, to resist, and that at once and vigorously, is its imperative, undeniable duty. Now, what do *both* do? Does the Government, by the instant display of an imposing force, render impossible the meeting it pretends to consider dangerous? Does it courageously defy unpopularity, and boldly assume the responsibility of a conduct it declares to be indispensable? or, recognizing the right of its adversaries or the expediency of appearing to recognize it, does it withdraw from the struggle and frankly say: "If you have the country with you, it is just that its voice should be heard—you are at liberty to meet and to discuss"? No! What does the opposition? Does it simply and resolutely accept its stern part, and prepare for a serious struggle? or does it frankly avow that it had miscalculated its forces, and that for the moment any aggressive attempt would be merely foolhardy and fruitless?—is it bold or is it wise? Neither! In this deeply serious comedy, involving the peace, welfare, and dignity of a whole nation, Government and opposition were both equally insincere. Neither believed in itself nor in the other; instead of a collision, they came to a compromise whereby each was

to play a part, and consistency was only to be the *apparent* lot of both: frankness, straightforwardness was nowhere. "Seeming" was admitted to be the best resource of every one; insurrection, resistance, retraction, concession; nothing was in reality to be, but every thing was to seem as if it were.*

The Electoral Reformers were to play at a popular meeting, and the Government was to play at Repression; but it was agreed beforehand, nay, drawn up on paper and signed, that nothing was to be genuine in the whole matter, nothing in earnest. "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No! I am no such thing!" This was the language of both parties, and the conventions of Quince, Snug, and their partners, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were not more minutely specified than were the conditions of the treaty drawn up on the 19th February, 1848, discussed in one of the *bureaux* of the Chamber of Deputies, and signed for the opposition, Duvergier de Hauranne, Léon de Malleville, and Beryer—and for the conservative majority, Vitet and De Morny; the latter being at that period the leader of those ultra Guizotins, surnamed "*les satisfaits*."

In the report (*procès verbal*) of the sitting in the Committee-room, we find the following passages:

"The Deputies of the opposition will do all that is within human possibility to prevent order from being disturbed. They will enter the banquet-room peaceably, in spite of the warning of the Commissary of Police, who, placed at the door, will inform them on their entrance that they are violating an edict of the Préfet de Police. They will recommend all persons present not to insult the Commissary. They will take their seats. Then, immediately, the Commissary will declare the illegality of the proceedings, and will protest against M. Boissel or others, telling the meeting it is required to disperse, failing which, he, the Commissary must have recourse to force."

"To this injunction M. Barrot shall reply by a short harangue, in which he shall defend the right of meeting, shall protest against abuse of authority on the part of the Government, shall state that his only object was to decide the question judicially, and shall also invite the meeting to disperse calmly, declaring, nevertheless, that he only yields to force (?). He shall explain to the assembly that

any overt act of rebellion or any insult to the public authorities would quite destroy the end the opposition desires to attain. It is honestly agreed upon that M. Barrot shall make no speech against the Government or the majority—and, in short, that he shall in no way give to the meeting the air of being held in spite of the Government."

"This once brought to a close, the opposition Deputies shall set the example to the other persons present, by retiring from the scene of action, and they shall expressly declare on going out (in order that the public out of doors may not give way to mistaken irritation) that they have gained their point, and taken the only means for arriving at a solution (!)."

So, inside the banquet-room, M. Odillon Barrot was to represent himself "yielding only to force," and outside it, he was to express himself entirely satisfied with all that had passed! Nor is this all. Public opinion, as influenced by the press, is also the subject of a special paragraph of this most curious document. The five members of this strange mixed commission bound themselves respectively to answer for the moderation of the leading journals of their party. The *Débats*, *Constitutionnel*, *Siècle*, and *National* were to be so well tutored, that "no aggressive or taunting article was to envenom the general mind, to misrepresent the facts above stated, or to make a weapon of them against either the Government or the opposition." The following phrase seems to us singularly worth notice: "Polemical discussion," it is notified, "shall be conducted according to the spirit of the present convention;" and then comes the set lesson, the programme to be attended to by the press:

"The attitude of the opposition shall be treated as decorous and moderate; the Government shall not be accused of weakness or cowardice, and the degree in which it shall have upheld its authority shall be considered as significant of a sincere desire to fulfill its engagements, and bring about a judicial solution of the whole."

Further, it is settled that the opposition Deputies shall encourage no banquets or meetings anywhere else until the *Cour de Cassation* has pronounced its judgment, and that they shall not attack the Government upon the means it may employ to prevent the organization of any such meetings:

"In short," (this is the closing sentence of the Report,) "without entering into more minute details, the spirit of this note, interpreted with the good sense and good faith that distinguishes men

* For the entire details of the few days preceding the outbreak of the 24th February, and the documents substantiating them, we refer the reader to the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, vol. v. chap. xi. p. 56, et seq.

so high-placed and so respectable as the five members who are here met, will, both before and after the banquet, continue to inspire their several acts in whatever concerns either the preparation for, or the consequences of, the meeting in question."

It is not to our purpose to describe what ensued, all of which is now matter of history. We have nothing to do with painting the false security of king and ministers, during two whole days; the sudden alarm given on the 21st, by the *National* and the *Réforme* who rebelled against the programme of the mixed commission. The accusation of treason raised by the Government against the opposition, the protestations of the latter, the consternation on every side; the weakness, the hesitation, the confusion; the desertion of his duty, the abandonment of his post, by every one; the final catastrophe—with all this we have nothing to do; our purpose was to show the strange want of truth during the last twenty-five years in France, pervading institutions moral, social and political—the hollowness of every thing—the want of sincerity with which, whilst Constitutionalism and Representative Government were the nominal possessions of the French people, their real essence was understood, or their real interests promoted.

That the position of the Government of July was in itself a difficult, nay, in many respects, a false one, we are not attempting to deny; but that is no excuse for (supposing it were even an explanation of) the amount of insincerity by which on all hands those difficulties were sought to be eluded. We say on all hands, for it would be unjust to make the king responsible for all the shuffling and false-seeming that characterized every component part of the political system of the *juste milieu*. We will return again to an appreciation of the difficulties and dangers whereof this very word, *juste milieu*, was the expression; but before taking leave of the present portion of our subject, we can not refrain from quoting a letter written by the lamented Duc d'Orléans to his brother, the Duc de Nemours, and evincing, upon a subject full of interest for the English reader of our day, the same sense we ourselves entertain of the perpetual habits of deceit of the French Government. The letter, dated 1st of November, 1836, from the Tuileries, is the hurried account given by the heir to the throne to his brother in

Africa of the insurrection of Strasbourg, headed by the present Emperor of the French. It is as follows:

"You will hear from the queen and from Marie, my dear Nemours, all the details of the row at Strasbourg, so I will not lose the little time I have in writing mere repetitions. You may be completely at ease touching that affair; it is all over, (*tout est fini, archifini*), and I do not fancy the ramifications that the plot certainly had in Switzerland will ever develop themselves now. Besides, a good watch is kept, and all this has raised our credit. There was not all along any possible doubt as to the issue of the attempt, or any possible chance of the success of the conspiracy. We have, however, had occasion to remark how much the discipline of the army has gained."

"Now, if the whole be thoroughly explained, as it really is, we shall be much strengthened thereby, and it will do us great good with the army. Largely to recompense those who have stood by us, and after that, *Vae victis*! this is what will consolidate us."

"I am so happy to think you will learn the whole at once, and that, far away from us, you will not have undergone all our terrible uncertainties. All last night was passed on the watch, and no news; and when M. de Franqueville at last arrived, I had determined to go straight off to Strasbourg. You know my ideas on the subject of insurrections: my principle is to be down upon them at once, even should I be followed by no one, but to go straight on end, to the end, and that quickly. Luckily, I had not time given me to move, and all has gone off for the best. I repeat it, you may be quite secure, but pay attention to those around you, and above all, do not let the details of the Strasbourg affair get about incompletely. The whole truth must be told, the truth entire, and as it really is, and it must not be garbled in any way, or for any pretended interest. This is highly important."

"This plot reveals once again all the illusions that *émigrés* of all dates always have upon the state of their country."

"The préfet has been honest throughout, but . . . what a simpleton! . . . I will one day tell you thereupon what shall make you laugh."

"I am writing in great haste, my dear fellow, but I have told you the most important to be known. I need not say how much I am occupied in thinking of you, how much I live in Africa. . . . Remember me to your comrades, and communicate to them the parts of my letter which may interest them. The father (*le père*) is very well, and every one in good spirits. (This phrase is English.) What has just occurred is the recoil of the events of La Granja and of Lisbon, and the fruits of a whole year's fermentation and plotting in Switzerland. We are at war with a party which from time to time must produce something. After the April business, Fieschi, then Alibaud, and now this last, We shall have the upper hand of it all, though,

by dint of resolution and right. *We have plenty of both.* (This is also in English.) Adieu, my dear fellow—excuse my imperfect style—you know, in these moments, one has not time to write with due reflection. Adieu, adieu, my best wishes and my heart are with you, and for the last time I repeat it, do not torment yourself.

"F. O."*

If, according to our belief, sufficient importance can never be attached to the prevalence of untruth everywhere during Louis Philippe's reign, to the absence of straightforwardness and genuineness on all sides, which in the end reduced governors and governed to be but actors in a vast play—if to this point attention can never be sufficiently directed, there is another on which public opinion has, we think, been considerably led astray. We allude to the accusation of corruption so incessantly repeated during the last years of the Government of July, and supposed to represent one of the causes of that Government's sudden disappearance from among the European powers.

Unfortunately in France, under whatever form the country chooses for the moment to be governed, that government is everywhere present, and its agents or its influence more or less regulate every thing. Consequently, though it has not always the credit it deserves, it almost always bears the blame of disasters with which it had nothing to do. The age of Louis Philippe was not a chivalrous age; the men of his time, and of the classes he was obliged to call into activity, were men in whom ambition and interest took the lead of honesty or honor. The moral standard in France generally was not a high one. Isolated cases of dishonesty became known to the nation, and loud, as they ought to be, were the expressions of disgust. Ministers, generals, peers of France, were brought to trial for speculation, (we purposely do not mention the more violent crimes, such as the Duke of Praslin's murder of his wife, these deeds being common to all times and characteristic of none;) public functionaries were found guilty of breach of trust, and the aides-de-camp of royal dukes of cheating at cards. It was a very deplorable state of things—but let us in justice be allowed to say, not half so deplorable, from the

point of view of mere corruption, as what has existed much more flagrantly since Louis Philippe fell. France counts 35,000,000 of inhabitants; now, were there, during Louis Philippe's reign, or does any one assert or believe there were, 500 cases of the kind we allude to in all France? Certainly not. But let us assume there were 500 such, these cases are strictly individual, isolated ones, for which the Government has in no way to answer; yet it was made to answer for them all. "It is the system of Louis Philippe," it was argued, "which induces and fosters corruption of every kind; it is his influence which lowers the moral tone of the public mind, and accustoms men to transactions to which they give other names, but which in fact are a mere cloak for dishonesty." Louis Philippe had the misfortune throughout to meddle by far too much in every department of government, and the consequence was, what it must naturally be, that the bad, in whatever shape it manifested itself, was referred to him alone, whilst the good, when it occurred, passed unnoticed save by the few. One of the perpetually-recurring causes of discontent and abuse of the government, was the annual discussion of the secret service money; and they who have been the ministers of the Orleans dynasty in France know what determination it required to face the clamors and insults of the opposition when came the debates upon *les Fonds Secrets*. M. Véron's *Mémoires* are not without interest on this point; and here, as elsewhere, he carries you into the *coulisses* of the different ministerial departments, and makes you a witness to the constant perplexities of those who pull the wires of the puppets on the stage, to the anxieties and vexations of the paymasters, who are for ever dreading an attack on their *caisse*.

We find that the expenditure of secret service money was, under the Restoration, upon an average, 2,000,000 of francs a year; under Louis Philippe about the same, (for though some years, as, for instance, 1831 and 1832, attain to between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000, and others keep at 1,400,000 and 1,500,000 odd;) and under the Republic not considerably less, since the year 1848, from the 24th February to the 30th September, a period of nine months, cost for "secret expenses, ordinary and extraordinary," the sum of 1,755,077, 32. M. Véron, with great satis-

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, vol. iv. chap. i. Most of these letters were taken from the sack of the Tuileries in February, 1848, and afterwards bought by different persons.

faction, remarks, that *now* the rate of secret expenditure is infinitely lowered, and he proudly places the total of 1,400,000 francs against the two years 1852 and 1853, as that of the avowed and recognized "*dépenses secrètes*." But this is, as none knows better than himself, a most unfair way of judging of the matter. Under the reign of constitutional monarchy in France, the ministers of both the elder and younger branch of the House of Bourbon were obliged to render an account to the Chambers, to the country in fact, of what their administration cost it, whether in declared or secret expenditure. Under the Empire this is no longer the case; and we believe most men in France would be as delighted as they would be surprised, if they could, like the *Bourgeois de Paris*, accept the *nominal* reduction as representative of any *real* reduction, no matter in what branch of public expenditure. We do not wish to pre-judge any thing, still less to judge unfavorably of the acts of an ally to whom we are so closely bound as to the present chief of the French nation; yet, when glancing at the state of France financially, it is impossible not to partake of the fears and misgivings where-with every political economist, every reflecting man, is inspired by the actual aspect of pecuniary matters in that country, misgivings and fears, if we are correctly informed, largely partaken in by some of the leading men of Louis Napoleon's own government.

To return, however. M. Véron seems to have been particularly well situated for informing us of most of the occurrences which in any way bear upon the distribution of the secret service money. He himself says: "I may affirm, that, under the monarchies of the Restoration and of July, I saw all the workings of the *Fonds Secrets* in the Ministry of the Interior, where I had intimate friends connected with the positive and material distribution of those funds." Of the "friends" alluded to, one was M. Rosman, *chef de Division* at the Ministry of the Interior, during the whole of the Restoration, and almost to the last days of the July Government, in whose immediate department lay the account-keeping of the Ministry, and of the funds for secret expenses; the other was M. Gérin, the Paymaster of the Interior, and who consequently delivered over with his own hands the sums awarded to particular individuals. M. Véron names both these

persons without any reserve, and enters into many details, the novelty of which may render them interesting. These two officials, according to the author of the book before us, had certain small jealousies of each other. Both were necessarily in the minister's confidence, and therefore somewhat "rivals near the throne," but each entertaining a conviction of the other's good sense and honesty, they had mutually agreed never to disguise any thing from one another.

"Both," says M. Véron, "were animated by the same sentiment—the passionate love of the strong box; both were sparing of the public money as of their own; their appreciation of a minister's worth was regulated solely by the way in which he distributed the *fonds secrets*. Anonymous orders on the *caisse*, (orders not naming the receiver of the funds) put both of them beside themselves, whereas *bons de police*, as they are called, in the name of the individual destined to profit by them, satisfied their curiosity, and made them more resigned and willing to pay. Notwithstanding this, however, I remember one day meeting Rosman as he was leaving his office; it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, our habitual rendezvous. He was gloomy, and full of despair. For some time his anger remained bottled up and silent. At last, 'Upon my word,' he suddenly exclaimed, 'it is beyond all bearing. M. . . . has been this morning let loose among the money-bags!'"—(On vient de lâcher M. . . . dans nos caisses.)

M. Véron's account of the way of apportioning out the secret service money is worth quoting:

"The claims," he says, "upon the secret purse were some monthly, some accidental only.

"The monthly payments constituted the regular remuneration of services already rendered, or of services that were being rendered still. Nearly all these pensions were of 500, or at most 1000 francs a month; the names of the persons thus pensioned, whom Gérin used to call his "*customers*," were written upon a small book very much resembling a washerwoman's account. In the first days of every month Gérin's *customers* used to glide along the walls of the Ministry of the Interior, slip up a narrow staircase, and turn the handle of his bureau door with inconceivable fright; once inside, they began to breathe; when they had received their money, the sum was struck out of a great ledger. If absent or ill, they could receive by proxy, and by writing a letter, which served as a receipt. These pensions were regularly paid in foreign countries, upon presentation of an order on a banker. For these *customers* of his, Gérin was perfection—a very *père de famille*.

"But accidental payments from the secret funds drove both Rosman and Gérin wild with indignation. They called that 'ruining themselves for

people they did not know; and there existed a tacit understanding between them that both should by every means in their power endeavor to find out *who* were the individuals to whom they made these accidental remittances, and in what mysterious pockets *'their money,'* as they were wont to call it, was ingulfed.

"Some few men would come boldly in the face of day and receive their payments, but these were only the very last in repute and public esteem, and they were sometimes made to feel their position. One of these individuals bowed to Gérin some days after he had received two or three thousand francs from him. Gérin replied to the bow by going straight up to the man who made it and saying: 'Sir, I am, as you perhaps know, charged to pay the police expenses; therefore, do not bow to me, pray, for you would compromise yourself.'

"Rosman and Gérin," adds M. Véron, "were both perfectly honest men themselves, but in their eyes humanity and politics were any thing but attractive colors. Upright characters and incorruptible convictions figured not upon their books. . . . Of the two, they professed more respect for the Government of the Restoration than for the monarchy of July. Well informed of all that was passing or had passed under both régimes, they both used to say that under the Restoration deputies were far less ardent in their demands and solicitations. I have heard them affirm that at that period, when a deputy presented himself by chance in any department of a ministry, the *employés* would literally all try to catch a sight of him as of a curiosity. It can not be denied that, during the fifteen years of the Restoration, the elections took place under the influence of certain political opinions and creeds, whereas during the existence of the Government of July they represented chiefly a rivalry of mere material interests. The Restoration was a duel, well and fairly fought between the spirit of the present and that of the past: the Government of Louis Philippe was simply what could not be helped, *un expédient.*"

Now, let what M. Véron here assumes be granted, where is there any proof to warrant the all but universal accusation raised against Louis Philippe personally of "political immorality" and "corruption?" What did the king of the July Revolution do to lower the public standard of morality which had not been done before him, and which has not been done with more effrontery since? It is impossible to have read (as we believe the majority of our readers have done) the plain and straightforward statement of M. de Montalivet, published some few years back, under the title of "*Louis Philippe and the Civil List*," and not remain convinced that the spirit of the king's administration was, as far as he was personally concerned, one of

scrupulous honesty; nor must we forget that out of all the papers belonging to the members of the Orleans family which fell into the hands of their bitterest enemies, the men of February, '48, *not one* was ever found which could in the smallest degree contribute to cast a slur upon the king's personal conduct as to money, whether his own or that of the state. To this no argument can be opposed; for never was man taken so unawares as Louis Philippe on the morning of the 24th February, never was any thing more impossible than for him to have attempted the concealment of any letter, memorandum, bill, or scrap of paper whatsoever; never was more determined search for any proof of an individual's peculation and backslidings, than that of the men into whose power fell the traces of the minutest details of Louis Philippe's life. We deem it just to recall these things, and to relate an incident of which we believe few people are aware.

In 1840, when the negotiations for the marriage of the Duc de Nemours with the Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had commenced, the bride's father, Duke Ferdinand, besought the King of the French to place the marriage portion he destined to his son, in the funds of some other country, but not to invest the money in France. The best possible reasons were given for this demand, which never obtained but this constantly-recurring answer: "If France is to suffer from still further revolutions, we will suffer with her; I will, neither in my own person, nor in that of my children, separate my family's fate from hers." The matter went further. The entreaties of the bride's family became more pressing, and at last Louis Philippe declared that, if the fortune he awarded to the Duc de Nemours were not to be invested in the French funds, he would break off the marriage without hesitation. This is a fact which those who were the ministers and advisers of the crown at that period can positively attest.

One of the most clearly-defined of M. Véron's objects in publishing his *Memoirs* is, without a doubt, to injure M. Thiers in public opinion, and so little has he succeeded, that not only a recent *esclandre**

* A portion of our readers will perhaps remember the sensation produced last winter throughout the European press, by an incident connected with the *Memoirs of the Bourgeois de Paris*. When the sixth and last volume appeared, a page and a half was re-

did more harm to the *Bourgeois de Paris* than to the ex-minister of the July Monarchy, but it served to put before people's eyes the real cause of M. Véron's grudge against M. Thiers, and to gain for the latter the approbation of all honest and impartial judges.

The relationship of M. Véron to M. Thiers (so perfectly honorable for the latter) elucidates certain governmental necessities, common to all governments, whatever their special form, in France. Let what dynasty will be upon the throne, or let there be no throne at all, it is precisely the same in some respects as to its effects, and you still have ever-enduring that system of Government interference, so naturally productive of over-stretched authority in the governors, of want of independence in the governed, so big with corruption, and so fatally conducive to the identification in the public mind of the Government itself with every error and

peated and commented on by nearly every paper in France, for in this page and a half was an anecdote, of which the following is the substance: "M. Thiers, M. de Morny, and General Changarnier being together one day, at the house of M. Thiers, *coup d'état* was proposed, whereby the Deputies Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and Charras were to be arrested and imprisoned. Thiers (according to M. Véron) declared for the arrest of Lamoricière, Changarnier, or Cavaignac, and de Morny for that of all three. The argument based upon this story by the author is one which it is easy to foresee—it is this: 'Louis Napoleon, by his *coup d'état* of the 2d December, 1851, merely put into execution what those who so bitterly abuse him for it had over and over planned against other persons themselves,' and as one positive proof the preceding anecdote is given. At the first moment a great sensation was really produced, but then came a flat denial in all the papers, signed by M. Thiers. To this, M. Véron replies by a note to M. de Morny, asking the latter, if he did or did not certify to him the exact truth of the conversation between himself, Messrs. Thiers, and Changarnier? Then M. de Morny tells the story over again, confirming the truth of all M. Véron had said. Next comes a second letter from M. Thiers, flatly denying M. de Morny's statement; and this is followed by a short note from Brussels, signed Changarnier, opposing the most unequivocal denial in the plainest terms to what had been related, and saying: 'I attest the entire truth of the assertions of the honorable M. Thiers, and formally give the lie to the two personages, inventors of the calumny.' It would be needless to say that public opinion did not hesitate an instant as to the degree of credence to be awarded to the two opponents, but decided in favor of the exiled General's statement. Still the affair was a strange one, and only explicable for those who knew it in its real bearings, which are these: Very long before the *coup d'état* of December, the President of the Republic sent for M. Thiers, and without revealing to him the minute details of his scheme, sounded him upon it, giving

every fault which should be attributed to its agents only. The administrative unity of France is a web of bronze, a net of brambles whence no one escapes. It would take volumes to show to what height this reaches, into what intricate details it descends; and let it be in his duties or his pleasures, how unavoidable for a Frenchman are those gigantic leading-strings whence he never escapes, from his cradle to his grave. It may sometimes have the effect of ennobling certain institutions, as, for example, it may give a degree of pomposity to a *Sociétaire du Théâtre Français* whereof the actors of other boards and other countries remain ignorant; it may transform the dancer of the *corps de ballet* at the grand opera into a sort of public functionary; it may also contribute to the vainglorious delight of a Parisian to reflect as he sits in his box or stall, that the Ellslers, Taglionis, Ceritos, or Carlotta Grisi of his day are not independent of the grave politicians whose task it is to govern France, to make peace or war, vote loans and subsidies, and, if necessary, even to lead a revolution to victory, and become themselves the executive power, the sovereigns of the land.

If M. Véron's six volumes help to confirm us in our idea of the injustice of the charges of pecuniary corruption, idly brought against Louis Philippe at one time, and (we are pleased to observe)

Louis Philippe's ex-minister the opportunity of protesting so decidedly against any thing of the kind, that when he left the Elysée he was marked in the President's mind as one of the men upon whom he must not count. M. Thiers, on the other hand, was so exceedingly impressed with what had passed, that on his return home he wrote down (which is his habit only on very remarkable occasions) the whole conversation from first to last. This he communicated the next morning to only one person, and in this person's hands, if we are rightly informed, is still lying the written proof of M. Thiers' indignation at the overtures made to him. But then how explain the interference of M. de Morny in a matter in which he had in no way been mixed up? This is difficult, and the solution of the mystery most generally accepted by the public mind, but for which we do not vouch, is the following: The story of Thiers and Changarnier (who was added to it for the sake of greater effect) was told to M. de Morny by a person whose word he was not at liberty to doubt, but who wished to avoid being an actor in the comedy where he put *his own* words into his adversaries' mouths; for this reason M. de Morny took upon himself the office of listener to a scene at which in fact he had never been present, and when the real truth came out, he was hand-tied and tongue-tied, and forced to accept the unqualified *démenti* of General Changarnier.

quite obsolete now, there are in them some curious chapters substantiating in full, and perhaps more categorically than has been done anywhere else, the thievish rapacity of what was long (under the influence of fear) termed the "sublime people" of the revolution of February. Never was reputation less deserved than that which the *émancipés* of perhaps the most incomprehensible catastrophe chronicled in history attributed to themselves for honesty.

We will follow the details given by M. Véron, and confirmed by M. Montalivet, upon the pillaging of the various royal residences.

"Every thing of any intrinsic value was stolen," observes M. Véron, and he adds a curious remark as a further proof of this assertion. At the Palais Royal and at Neuilly, the pictures and books which were too voluminous to be carried away, were cut up, torn, or burnt in the most savage manner, as also large glasses broken, and pieces of furniture (the larger ones especially) destroyed. This the heroes of February themselves did not deny. They said it was the consequence of their patriotic indignation at finding themselves face to face with the "accumulated riches" of the "dishonest tyrant" they had swept away from the soil of France. One thing, however, struck the persons who had to verify the losses sustained by the royal family, namely, that the destructive rage inspired by "honest indignation" found vent exclusively in those parts of the royal residences where nothing could be laid hands on and carried off. Where portable treasures of any kind were to be found, pictures, furniture, glasses, and precious volumes were left untouched; and the presence of plate, jewels, money, or any other easily transportable article of value was invariably recognized to have served as a conductor to the lightning of popular wrath, and to have saved mere works of art from destruction. Take as an example the medal-room of the Palais Royal, every thing of any price was stolen.

In the sack of the Palais Royal and Neuilly, between the libraries and medal-rooms alone, things amounting in value to upwards of 85,000 francs were stolen and destroyed; and the commission named by the Republic itself in 1850, was forced to admit, that in the "private" furniture of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, (in that not belonging to the crown,) a loss had

been sustained by the privy purse of 203,000 francs. This was at the Tuileries, where only a part of the furniture belonged to the *domaine privé*, the rest being crown property. But at the Palais Royal, at Neuilly, and at the little summer palace of the *Raincy*, the whole was the exclusive property of the Orleans family, and here the losses are more considerable than most people have any idea of. They have been thus estimated:

	Francs.	Cents.
Palais Royal,	1,096,063	50
Neuilly,	1,151,167	00
The Raincy,	10,519	50
Add to these the Tuileries, .	203,000	00

The total is, . . . 2,460,750 00

Close upon £100,000 sterling. We now come to the work of pillage and destruction carried on in the royal cellars, and this is far from being the least curious part of the whole.

Value of wine pillaged in the different cellars:

	Francs.
Tuileries,	7,300
Palais Royal,	18,541
Neuilly,	220,500
Ditto,	80,080

Total, . . . 326,421

We believe that to this day may be found "respectable tradesmen" in Paris, a part of whose gains are based upon the sale of these wines, the "cost price" whereof to them has been little or nothing. If we recapitulate the losses sustained by the royal family, whether from absolute thievery or the Vandal fury of the mob, we shall not be a little surprised at the amount.

	Francs.
Edifices destroyed or degraded, .	3,065,246
Curiosities and objects of art destroyed or stolen,	768,780
Libraries, destroyed or stolen, .	85,100
Furniture destroyed,	2,460,750
Carriages burnt,	231,757
Wine stolen and thrown away, and drunk,	326,421

Total, . . . 6,938,054

About seven millions of francs! a value of nearly £300,000 sterling! in which are not counted the private losses (entirely ascribable to pillage alone) of the queen and princesses in dress, linen, jewels, and money, nor those of the same nature suffered by the occupants of the Hotel de Ville and of the different ministries.

It is impossible to touch upon the last extraordinary scene of Louis Philippe's career as a sovereign, without being led into considerations which bear upon what preceded and what has followed his reign. You can as little separate the eighteen years of the Orleans dynasty from the faults of Charles X., as you can prevent the despotic rule of Louis Napoleon from justifying (in Frenchmen's eyes) and holding up to regret the firmness and sincere constitutionalism of the first ten years of the Restoration. The three epochs are inextricably linked together, and you can not take any one of them and study it in itself; it is nothing alone, but is the product or producer of the others, and in conjunction with them only has a meaning.

When we, in England, reflect on Louis Philippe's reign, we are apt to do so from an English point of view; so we do when we think of the old Bourbon rule; and so also when we attempt to analyze the weakness or strength of the present government. Thus it is that we are so often taken aback by what passes in France, and are so perpetually obliged to declare that the French are to us an incomprehensible people. But so is every people, unless judged from its own point of view.

We are not going to attempt the absurd and thankless task of explaining dogmatically *why* the French nation has for the last forty years done so many things which to us appear incoherent—to lay down one principle or one theory to which all that has occurred in France for half a century may be referred. We merely propose to touch here and there on a few points which are as it were connecting links in the national character, and which take off in some degree the aspect of incoherency we have alluded to.

Viewing the French from the solid heights of our own freedom, from the eminence of our "British Constitution," and the victories of 1688, we thought nothing in the world so easy to understand as the Revolution of July, 1830. We believed it to be the reasonable resistance of a whole nation, anxious for and worthy of political liberty, to an order of things which, to our minds, seemed insupportable. We believed, first, that the whole country was unanimous in its repudiation of the Bourbon rule; and next, that the liberal element newly promoted to power contained the amount of statesmanship needed for the solid estab-

lishment of any political constitution or system, whatever its name. We were mistaken in both respects; and were Louis Philippe alive now, we suspect that no one would corroborate our assertion more entirely than he. The "whole country" was not only far from condemning the measures which deprived Charles X. of his crown, but, on the contrary, was partly composed of men who highly approved them, and who manifested as much on the 2d December, 1851. All those who adhered to the *coup d'état*, and to Napoleon's policy of compression, were not mere cringing slaves, or cowards, or men void of principle or honor; but all of them were men who would have approved of the far less oppressive *ordonnances de Juillet*, if they had felt themselves backed by a power strong enough to support them in so doing. The mere love of freedom, therefore, in France, is by no means to be compared to the corresponding feeling with us, nor was the revolt caused by its violation in 1830 at all the unanimous movement we in England have supposed.

Again, as to the government inaugurated in July. We saw two houses of Parliament and a king, and we thought a constitutional monarchy was formed in France. Here lay another great mistake. When the 24th of February threw down the existing order of things, the general outcry was: "How wonderful that so well-established an edifice should crumble to pieces in an hour!" No well-established edifice does fall into ruins at a touch. The July monarchy was, in fact, not established at all. In February, 1848, all was as much in the imperfect progress of development as in August, 1830.

"The monarchy of July had no consecration, no right. It was a government of circumstance, compelled to live by expedients alone. The men chosen, the measures adopted, the tendencies declared, the doctrines proclaimed, all were but momentary expedients to meet the embarrassments and necessities of the hour; everywhere was some remedy sought for against the dangers of party spirit. The memory of the Empire was evoked to throw into shade republican ideas and the hopes of the Legitimists; Bonapartism was the expedient against these two. An *émeute* even was sometimes hailed as an expedient against M. Thiers' parliamentarism. It was living from hand to mouth; and more than once Louis Philippe, discouraged, would sadly gainsay M. Guizot's fine predictions of the future, saying: 'No! no! you and I are using in vain, you, your courage and eloquence, I, my perseverance and experience of men and things; we shall never found any thing

in France, and a day will come when my children may want for bread.'"^a

We quote this passage from M. Véron's book, because it is 'he, a *bourgeois de Paris*, imbued with all the prejudices of his order, who admits these truths. We could, of course, have found the same opinion upon the monarchy of July a hundred times over in M. Néttement's volumes; but we are bound to say it is more cautiously and more gently expressed by the Royalist writer than by the man who represents the *juste milieu*, and whom, because he *does* represent it, we quote.

We are accustomed to fancy in England, that the hardest time for the head of the House of Orleans was that which immediately followed his accession to the throne; and that the period of his reign where he most tended towards a consolidation of his power was that which intervened between the marriage of the Duc d'Orleans in 1833 and the Revolution of 1848. The very reverse is the truth. Whilst, between the years 1830 and 1839, Louis Philippe had in a manner to fight for his throne, his throne was more or less identified with the notions of peace and stability conceived by the greater portion of the French people; every *éméute* brought him adherents, and so long as the country was agitated his dynasty was tolerably safe. The real difficulties of Louis Philippe began on the day when open-handed resistance to him ceased. From 1839 to 1848, the weakness, the hollowness, the falseness of the whole system became more and more visible; and during those nine years, under an outward aspect of ever-increasing prosperity, the country was gradually detaching itself more and more from its Government. Nothing real lived or breathed under the mask of Constitutionalism in France. The peers were not a third power in the realm; they had no action, no influence, either to guard the rights of the crown against the encroachments of the people, or the rights of the people against the ambition of the crown. The commons were, with few exceptions, lazy, ignorant, corrupt, noisy, and timid, incapable of the transaction of business, and most of all careless of the freedom to

which we, with our British notions, believed them devoted. The crown was placed in the most fatal position of all; for, recognizing the insufficiency of the other two powers, it could itself be nothing but by a double usurpation. That Louis Philippe should be a king at all was, as we know, a grave offense in the eyes of a very large portion (and a more influential portion than we fancy) of the nation; and, on the other hand, that he should act as a king, that he should interfere in the work of Government, was declared by those who called him to the head of that Government, to be an outrage on the country, a usurpation of the nation's prerogative.* In fact, Louis Philippe's government, denominated "representative," was wholly false to its pretended principle, for the very reason that it represented nothing at all. The crown was actively and intensely individualized instead of being an abstraction; the deputies did *not* represent the mass of the people, but merely their own interests. The peers did *not* represent the higher classes, whether in wealth, splendor, or talent; the aristocracy, natural or constituted, without which (in its proper sense of *the best*) no nation is great, represented nothing, scarcely even themselves. The governing elements failed in the hands of the Orleans dynasty; there was not the material to form a prosperous constitutional monarchy. No "solid edifice" fell to the ground in February, 1848, no house was overthrown from cellar to roof—no house was in reality ever built.

A very curious lesson might be learned by those who live out of France, if they

* In 1832, M. de Montalivet, in his Report upon the question of the *Liste Civile*, had the misfortune to speak of the king's "*subjects*." Never was such a tumult witnessed, and the result was a protest, signed by 64 Deputies, against the possible idea, that any man in France could be the "*subject*" of another! The close of the *séance*, however, was remarkable, as being so essentially French. The Minister of Justice, M. Barthe, got up and asked permission to read a petition from the Municipal Council of Paris to the king, signed by names as little tainted by royalism, as "*puro*" as those of Mauguin, Schonen, Andry de Puyraveau, etc. He read it, and at the end, "How do you think it finishes?" asked he. Every one looked inquisitive, and a deep silence ensued. "It finishes," said M. Barthe, "in these words: 'and we remain, Sire, with the utmost respect, your Majesty's most humble and most obedient servants, and most faithful subjects.'" The effect was irresistible, the absurdity of the position was instantly appreciated, and the tempest burst in a peal of laughter.

^a *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, vol. iv. pp. 42, 43.

were to study the appreciation by Louis Philippe himself of the events of February and of July. We in England fancy we discover in the Duke of Orleans a truly constitutional prince, a man who, from the sad examples of the last half century, had learned to cast off the faults and follies of his race, and who, because he partook in nothing of these family follies and faults, was fit to be the sovereign of a free and intelligent people. In reality the very contrary was in more than one sense the case. Louis Philippe was *every inch of him a Bourbon*, was prouder of being so than we can conceive, and only did not feel himself easily and securely a king, because he felt himself so narrow-mindedly, if you will, but so intensely a Bourbon.* Had the Duc de Bordeaux died, the whole position and attitude of Louis Philippe would have suddenly changed, and he would have gained a strength in his own mind and conscience quite inexplicable to us, but which if we will not admit, we must perpetually misunderstand the man. He was, in his own private appreciation, sovereign of France, because a Bourbon, and to render this sovereignty secure too much was wanting.

The proof how all-important is some supposed *rightful* claim to any one who seeks to rule over the French nation, is evident in the conduct of Louis Napoleon also. Two species of right are admitted—the historical or traditional, and the elective. Of the first, the Count de Chambord remains possessed; but of the second, the present Emperor of the French declares himself the representative. We might think in England that if by the workings of universal suffrage eight millions of men really did elect Louis Napoleon for their Emperor, *that* was right in all conscience; but such does not seem to be his opinion, for he styles himself Napoleon III., legitimate successor to his uncle and cousin, and Emperor in virtue of hereditary right; *le droit héréditaire!* that which Louis Philippe had not, and would have given any thing to possess.†

* "One of the most important personages of that time, and one most often admitted to Louis Philippe's intimacy, has frequently repeated to me, 'he never felt himself king!'"—*Mém. d'un Bourg. de Paris*, vol. iv. p. 21.

† The following anecdote is interesting in this respect. When Louis Napoleon had at length determined to reinhabit the Tuileries, he, a few weeks before, invited some of his private friends to visit with him the newly-arranged palace. One of these,

From this point of view the death of the Duc d'Orleans was a severer blow than has been supposed out of France. This prince, to whom royalty would have come transmitted, was already one remove from usurpation and the insecure tenure of a merely personal power, and one move nearer to the possible assumption of a right of which he had begun to talk, and in which he believed. He was the strength and hope of the men of July; and when he was gone they one and all felt the precariousness of a monarchy which would have to struggle through the dislocation of its forces consequent on the death of its original founder, and the weakening anxieties of a long minority. Few saw that the chief danger to the State lay in the determined obstinacy of the king, and that his old age was likely to be more fatal to the existing order of things than his death, which would have left the regency in the hands of the Duc de Nemours.

We are unwilling to be drawn into speculations upon the actual position of affairs in France, and yet all that occurs there or is in course of preparation, has now a vital interest for us. The question, "Will Louis Napoleon's authority endure?" is one we can not ask with indifference.

All prophecies of the duration or fall of a government are mostly interpretations of the prophet's own apprehensions or desires. We will, therefore, simply enumerate a few of the causes of the present Emperor's weakness and strength. Strength in a government, as in an individual, is of two kinds—physical and moral. The former, Louis Napoleon wields as yet whole and entire. The compression exercised by myriads of policemen, gendarmes, sergeants de ville, and minor functionaries of all kinds, all acknowledging the action of the army against the people as its *ultima ratio*, this force is formidable and unimpaired. But Napoleon III. has also two sources of moral strength. One consists in the hereditary right he invokes, and which many people are glad to admit, in order to escape from the charge of supporting a revolutionary government; the other lies in the difficulty of deciding what

a lady, and wife to a son of one of the first Napoleon's marshals, came up to the Emperor, saying: "I congratulate your Majesty on being returned at last *chez vous*." The answer was, with a calm smile: "*Je n'y reviens pas, j'y ai toujours été*."

political form or system would be better calculated to endure than the present, and in the mutual hatred of Revolutionists and Royalists, who, rather than see their rivals attain to power, would put up with any other *mezzo termine*.

A third cause of moral strength might have existed for Louis Napoleon—success in uniting the nation cordially with himself: but as yet this is wanting. He has committed the fault of attempting to conciliate two incompatible principles. He has felt himself condemned to be absolute, and he has tried to be popular. Herein he has failed. Every important measure he has proposed has had for its aim to ingratiate himself with the lower classes, to whom he has perpetually promised what neither he nor any other sovereign could insure. His laws and enactments have had a socialist tendency, and have hitherto been framed more or less in defiance of the rules of political economy. The French people, who are ignorant beyond belief of that science, and therefore more easily deceived than ours would be, have not understood precisely *where or how* they have been misled, and have merely supposed they were indulged and cared for because they were feared. This has, in a great measure, prevented Louis Napoleon from gaining the popularity he has aimed at; and little by little, as the accomplishment of his impossible promises fails—which it has already done on more than one occasion, on that of the price of bread, for instance—the anger of the people will rise in proportion to the disappointment of their expectations, and, far more than for having tyrannized over, they will abuse him for having fooled them. The popularity he was not in the requisite condition to obtain thus failing him, as it probably will, and Louis Napoleon being reduced to the part of a despot—the only one which is, to use the French expression, “logically” his—it remains to be seen whether, when he again has recourse to physical force, that force will be as obe-

dient to him and as victorious over his opponents as it was in the beginning. The day may arrive when Napoleon III. has become *one* with France, and when it may be possible for him to do what M. Decazes, when Minister to Louis XVIII., was always laboring to accomplish, namely, to “royalize the nation, and nationalize royalty.” But that day is not yet come. The present Emperor of the French has doubtless more sources of strength, and even stability, than his enemies will allow; but we must not exaggerate the advantages of his position. He has as yet no one class or portion of the French people wholly his. Hated by the aristocracy, (which still exists, whatever we may suppose to the contrary,) abhorred by whatever lays claim to intellectual superiority, he is viewed coldly by the *bourgeoisie* whom he despises, and who in him vaguely fear an enemy to both influence and purse, and suspected by the masses, whose fidelity to him, as we have said, depends upon the benefits he has pledged himself they shall enjoy under his reign. Louis Napoleon is, we fear, in many respects farther than he was six months after the *coup d'état* from any possible advance towards liberal institutions; and the existence in Paris of one free-spoken paper, conducted with talent, would be too much for his power. All this is no reason why his power should not endure. As long as he has the upper hand, (no matter by what means,) he may govern France, and even govern it better than could have been believed. His authority, resting mainly on the foundation of physical supremacy, may subsist entire and available longer than we can imagine. But it is on this foundation only that the present Government subsists, and if its present basis fails, unless immense modifications are introduced, there is nothing to fall back upon. We repeat it, the day may come when Napoleon III. can govern *with* the nation over which he rules; for the present, do not let us deceive ourselves, he governs *against* it.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE DARK LADY.

THICK, heavy clouds hung low in the sky, pouring out an unceasing deluge of rain. The wind was high and keen, tearing up the flowers, and scattering their dainty petals all over the garden. Gray mists hid the opposite shore, and the deep leaden color of the sea reflected that of the gloomy sky, except where the foam of the rising waves marked it with undulating lines of white. "What a day for July!" was the universal cry of the party assembled in the breakfast-room, and very long were the faces which greeted each other that morning. "No yachting to-day," said one. "No bathing," echoed another. "The fruit will be spoiled." "The flowers are finished." There we were; the second day of our visit was the first break in the long course of bright summer weather, which had promised us so much enjoyment, and instead of the calm sea and glorious sunshine of the preceding day, we were storm-staid by a promising flood, in an old country-house, for the whole day.

"Where are the newspapers?" was the inquiry of the host; and it seemed to promise a sort of ray of amusement to the general dullness.

"They have not come, sir," was the answer.

"Not come! it is long past the post hour."

"Yes, sir, but it has rained heavily all night among the hills, and the river has carried away the foot-bridge, and he has gone round to the bridge of Ardentyre."

"Eleven miles round!" said Mr. Grahame, with a look of resignation.

There was no help for it: the gentlemen took refuge in cigars and billiards; and we ladies, after an attempt at work, set off on a tour over the house, under the conduct of Miss Grahame, our host's daughter. The house was large, and very old. It had belonged to the family of the Lords of Geraldyn, and their grim portraits, and old armor, were hung round the

entrance hall, for Mr. Grahame was their descendant, and had preserved all their relics with the most scrupulous care. Up and down many stairs, and along many passages we went, until we came to the library. It was a very large room; the roof was of carved oak, the points of which still retained traces of antique gilding. Large book-cases of carved oak rose all round the room, and above the wide, high mantel-piece hung a painting covered with a curtain of dark red silk. My attention was caught by a curious instrument on a stand. It was something like an antique lyre, but larger; the frame was of ebony, richly inlaid with Arabic characters in gold. The instrument seemed very old, but the strings were new, and in perfectly good order.

"What is this, Miss Grahame?" said I.

"It is a lyre," she answered, "and once belonged to this lady;" and she drew back the curtain from the picture.

It was an oval painting, a half-length, representing a lady dressed in black, and having a black veil over her head and shoulders. The only spot of color in her costume, was a cluster of brilliant pomegranate blossoms in her hair, and even this was partly covered by the veil. The face was eastern, dark, melancholy, and beautiful, and the rich, soft eyes, with their shady lashes, seemed yet living things. The expression of the lovely face was tender and sorrowful, and the small, delicate head, round which masses of silken hair were braided and twined, seemed bending heavily on the slender throat. The picture was evidently the work of a master hand; and we all gazed on it in delight and admiration.

"What do you think of it?" asked Miss Grahame.

"Except the Cenci, I never saw a face to approach that in beauty. What was that lady's name?"

"She was a lady Geraldyn, but in the family legends she is always called the

Dark Lady. We do not know the history of the portrait, which is evidently not so old as her own time, but that really was her lyre. Look at those Arabic characters, Mrs. Morton; she was of Moorish origin, and these words are a spell, binding the spirit of harmony to the lyre."

Miss Grahame offered the lyre to me, but as I took it, a shudder came over me, as I thought how long the fingers had mouldered into dust, which had once drawn music from that lyre.

"I wish I could have heard its notes," I said.

"Do you?" said Miss Grahame. "Well, as it might be difficult to bring the original performer here, I will fill her place."

"You! can you play it?"

"Yes. My Italian uncle had a mania for curious musical instruments; and a lyre, not unlike this, was one of them. He taught me to play it, and when I came here, I remembered hearing that the Dark Lady's lyre was still in existence. I had a search made for it, and it was discovered along with some very ancient music, which my uncle succeeded in deciphering. The lyre was put in order, but it is still an enchanted lyre, and few like to hear its sounds."

With these words, Miss Grahame began to play. At first, low, fitful murmurs, sounding faintly, and then dying away, were heard; but the sound gradually became more continued, and a single voice, sad and unearthly as the wail of a captive spirit, seemed to rise from the lyre. Then strengthening, it rose in despairing energy, shooting up to heaven like a loud cry of agony. When this passion was at the strongest, there came, mingling with it, yet never uniting, a low, sweet strain of melody. Like a whisper from the past, it stole into all that fierce pain, heard through its wildness, strengthening and soothing its agony, as prayer does the struggling soul. Beneath it, the passionate storm sunk into a calm, and the harmony becoming more strong, more heavenly, was heard alone. It was a song such as a compassionate angel might sing above the dying, bringing them faint echoes of the music of the wonderful world where they were soon to rest. Wailing chords of sorrow and regret sometimes sounded through all its marvellous sweetness—sad thoughts and haunting

memories of earth's passions and sufferings; but at length even sorrow was forgotten, and in grand waves of sound the music rose in one last triumphant burst, even when it was at its height, becoming softer and more distant, and dying in long-continued murmurs, each fainter and more sweet, till the lyre was hushed.

None of Miss Grahame's audience felt much inclined to break the silence; at length one said:

"What is the name of that wonderful piece of music?"

"It was found with the lyre," answered the young lady; "and, perhaps, may have been composed by the Dark Lady herself, for it always appears to me to breathe her history."

There was an immediate demand for the legend; and Miss Grahame, laying down the lyre on its stand, began the following legend.

In the time of James III. of Scotland, when the power of the Moors was yet at its height in Spain, the only son of William, Lord Geraldyn, left his fatherland to travel in distant regions. Few missed Amyer de Geraldyn, for he had ever been a silent and haughty youth. Men spoke of long-continued quarrels between the father and son, and no voice of wife or mother was there to come softly between them, for Sybilla de Geraldyn gave life for life, and, from the day of his birth, Amyer was motherless. Years passed, and he returned not. No whisper of him came back to his native country! No minstrel, in his wanderings, sung of his chivalrous deeds in distant lands; all was silence and almost forgetfulness over his name. Men spoke of how the race of Geraldyn—old even then—was dying away, and pitied the gray-haired lord, the last of his line. Ten silent years rolled on, and God smote the lord of Geraldyn with a lingering sickness, and he knew that it was to be his death. One summer night he said to those at his side: "Carry me out to the battlements, and place me with my face to the East, whither my son is gone." And it was done. The sun was setting over the old lord's lands and reddening the sea, when the group on the battlements saw a cloud of dust rising at a distance, and the note of a bugle was borne on the evening wind. A long train wound up the steep road, and stopped at the castle gate, whence,

ten years before, Amyer, a youth of nineteen, had departed. It was a stately knight, on whose brow the skies of warmer lands had showered their influences, who sprung from his steed at the gate, and lifted from her embroidered saddle a young and dark-browed lady. They knelt before the old lord, but his brow grew dark, and his first greeting to his restored son was: "It was ill of thee, Amyer, to bring a Moorish witch as a bride to thy mother's home."

A red flush rose to Sir Amyer's brow, and the frown of old darkened it, but a low, soft voice spoke at Lord William's knee:

"Scorn me not, O father of my lord!" it said, "for I am a Christian, and, in mine own land, noble even as thou." And so fair was she, and so sweetly fell her words, that the old man smiled and said:

"Truly, there is no defense against beauty;" and he blessed his son and the Dark Lady. But he did not long survive his son's return; and Amyer and the Dark Lady dwelt in the castle.

Now it was an ill reception that the old lord had given the foreign lady, nor soon was it forgotten by the people. They knew that her robes and ornaments were adorned with strange characters, that she had parchments covered with them, and had even been seen to write them. But her greatest magic lay in her lyre, on whose frame the same weird signs appeared, and whose music, added to that of her voice, none could hear unmoved. "It was that voice," said many, "whose unearthly sweetness beguiled the old lord to bless her; yet his first words were the true." And they feared the Dark Lady.

But a son was born in the Geraldyn halls, and the lady feared not to kneel at altar and shrine, nor had holy water any terrors for her. And the peasants began to find that it was a good thing to have a lady who had ever a smile and a gentle word for all, an ear ever ready to listen to their complaints, and a hand, as far as her power extended, to redress their grievances. The wonderful knowledge of healing arts, and the skill she had brought from a far country, saved many from the very grasp of Death; and ere three years were past, the peasants, instead of fearing, had learned to bless "The Dark Lady of Geraldyn."

Sweet might have been the change to

her once, and in some measure it was so still; but a cloud had come over her home, which darkened her life. Amyer was an altered man; he, to whom her smile had once been daylight, now looked on her with frowns; he spent long days hunting with the rude chiefs of the North, and had more than once returned in a state which shocked the young Moorish wife, still mindful of the law which had been that of her fathers, beyond expression. She shrank from him; but he was still her Amyer, whose love had won her from her own sunny land; and all her arts she tried to gain him, wishing, perhaps, that she indeed possessed spells of power to charm him, whom love, and youth, and beauty had not sufficed to bind. Her child was becoming a noble boy, but there was an icy hand on his young mother's heart: Amyer's love for her was gone, and she could not live without it.

The peasants now loved their gentle lady, and resented her injuries as their own; and many a spy watched the wandering path of Amyer. His wife was deaf to all rumors from without against him, yet she knew too well that he often murmured the name of "Matilda" in his sleep, and that a neighboring baron had a blue-eyed daughter of that name. Others could have told her how her lord spent days and weeks in that baron's castle, that he had been heard to speak loving words to the Lady Maude, and that she did not answer him with disdain. But to all these rumors the Dark Lady's ears were closed. She lived in silence, and none knew her grief save by her fading cheek. Time passed on. Amyer de Geraldyn gave himself up to his new passion, and did not even strive to conceal how weary he was of his unfortunate wife. She could no longer affect to be ignorant of his dislike, yet she never complained, nor was seen to weep; her heart was crushed.

Talk ran very high in the country upon the subject of Lord Geraldyn's altered life. He and Lady Maude were universally blamed and disliked, while the Dark Lady was loved and pitied.

"I almost wish our lady was a witch," said a fisherman one night to his companion, as, resting on his oars, he heard the sound of her lyre borne on the breeze; "for it's well known that Lady Maude is one."

"Yes," returned his companion, "it's

said she has made a waxen figure of my lord, and melts it before the fire every Friday, at midnight; and as it melts away, all his old love for his wife dies, and turns to Lady Maude. It's a pity our lady could not reverse the charm."

"Breaking the figure might do it, without witchcraft," rejoined the first speaker.

"No," said his neighbor, "not till my lady is dead can that charm be broken."

"Blessed Saint Anthony! then is she bewitching our lady to death?"

"More think so than I," returned his companion.

"She saved many of us," muttered the other, and that was all.

A wilder scene was passing at the castle. That evening Amyer entered his wife's chamber, for the first time for many weeks, and in cold and haughty words informed her, that he had resolved to break a marriage he now detested, and to divorce her.

Perhaps the Dark Lady had long expected this cruel announcement, for it is said that she was calm while he spoke, and not till he had concluded his speech did she utter a word. She then rose and said:

"My lord, were I childless in the land, I should not resist your desire, but should willingly go to my people; for when I no longer filled the place you long to give to another, you might think of me more kindly, and remember the days when you were to be instead of home, kindred, and friends to her who left them all for you. But my son shall not be called the child of a divorced mother. I am a friendless stranger, and you a powerful lord, but I will do all that woman can to protect my good name for my child."

Amyer entreated, threatened, argued; but all in vain; and, at length, enraged at her firm resistance, raised his hand to strike her. She avoided the blow, and turning to him a look of sorrow and pity, said: "Have you indeed fallen so deeply?" and tears for the first time streamed from her eyes.

Somewhat ashamed, Amyer left the room, and wandered out into the woods, where, in the afternoon, he was met by the Lady Maude, to whom he gave an account of his proceedings.

"I am glad it is over, sweetest Matilda," he said, as he concluded; "for were it now to do, I should scarce find the heart for it. 'O my Amyer!' returned the

lady, "how weak is your love for me! I would neither fear nor tremble, though a sea of guilt, nay, even the eternal abyss, separated me from you. For you I would plunge into its depths with gladness. For you I have already lost my good name, and the honor of my father's house has become tainted in me, and you fear and hesitate to put away this foreign woman! Is this your love for me?" And she wept passionately.

"Matilda! Matilda! you do me wrong," he answered. "You know—oh! you know too well—that I will never rest till you are the lady of Geraldyn."

So they spoke, unconscious of dark, flashing eyes, which watched them from a neighboring thicket. It was a Moorish youth, who had come with Lord Geraldyn and the Dark Lady to Scotland, and resented the wrongs of the daughter of his people as those of his race—a race whose anger can only be quenched in blood—alone can do. And as he watched that evil pair, Amyer de Geraldyn, bold man as he was, might have shuddered to see what a storm gathered on the young man's face, and how fiercely his hand clasped a glittering dagger. "They shall die," muttered the youth—"both die in their guilt; and my lady will return to her people and her own bright land."

And as Lord Geraldyn uttered the words, "I will never rest till you are lady of Geraldyn," the Moor sprang at him; and in a moment the dagger would have been buried in Amyer's heart, had not a fourth person sprung forward, too late to avert the blow, but in time to receive it!

Lady Maude shrieked aloud, and fled away through the trees, unheeded by the Moor, who stood still clutching his long poniard, and gazing wildly at the unwounded Amyer, who knelt on the grass, vainly, vainly trying to staunch the swift-flowing blood, which was carrying life away on its warm current from the faithful bosom of the Dark Lady.

And vain was Amyer's grief—vain his returning love; he was not to be permitted to retain the sweet life he had rendered so sorrowful. There was a smile upon her lips, such as had not rested there for many a day, her soft eyes looked tenderly on him still, her lips moved, he bent over her to listen.

"Amyer," she murmured, "you need not divorce me now!" And light went

out from her eyes, though there was a smile on the dead face still.

When the Moor saw that she was gone, he gave a wild cry, sprung into the woods, and was seen no more of men. And Amyer was left alone with the dead.

And dead, at Lady Maude's feet, the Dark Lady overcame her, even in death; Amyer never looked on her face from that day; all his old love for his dead wife seemed to have revived; he lived a sorrowful man, and died an unloved and unmourned one.

But at his hour of death, it seemed that one in the land of spirits loved and mourned him yet, for a smile came to his face, he stretched out his arms to some invisible presence, and, murmuring words which none understood, expired. Then a low and bitter wail was heard, and a sound as of a breaking chord. They looked at the enchanted lyre, which lay near: all its chords were broken!

"And faithful to the race of her ungrateful Amyer has been the Dark Lady's love;

for when death, or misfortune, threatens them, her voice is heard to wail round the towers of her old home.

Miss Grahame's legend terminated with these words; the sun burst brightly into the room. It fell across the face of the lovely picture of the Dark Lady, lighting it up with a golden glory, till she, also, seemed to smile through the storms of the past.

"Our imprisonment has not been so long as we expected," said I; "for us, as for her, the storm has passed away."

"The storm will return for us," answered Miss Grahame, drawing the veil over the picture; "for her, all storms have passed away; but who shall tell us when we also shall rest from storm and sorrow?"

Long since has that question been answered for fair Mary Grahame. The hand which awakened the enchanted lyre is cold in the grave, and the race of the Dark Lady is extinct for ever.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LIEUTENANT BELLOT.

It is long since the search for a "north-west passage" has lost almost all its interest in the public mind—so long that, now that it has been found, nobody but a Fellow of the Geographical Society knows, or thinks of inquiring, in what direction it runs, or whither it leads. In truth, the hobby was ridden somewhat over-hard. The monotony of the details of Arctic Expeditions wearied the public ear very soon after the excitement produced by the novelty of the adventures of the early voyagers had worn off; and the subject would have waned out of memory years ago, but for the noble fidelity and energy of a wife refusing to abandon her husband to his fate, until inexorable time should efface the last shadow of a

hope of his being within the reach of human succor.

The devotion of Lady Franklin, operating upon the generous heart of a young Frenchman, in conjunction with his own ardent love of adventure and thirst for distinction, lately brought another actor upon the stage, and his untimely but enviable fate, again, for a moment, arrested the public attention, and caused a passing glance to be turned towards the northern graves of our unfortunate countrymen. No more than a casual thought was, however, given to the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*; the interest then awakened in the breasts of Englishmen was fixed on the memory of an obscure foreign sailor, to honor which some of the foremost men in

England came promptly forward with their purses and their names. It was truly a strange and unprecedented sight that was presented to the two nations, we may, perhaps, say to the world, on the 14th of November, 1853, when the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the veteran of Arctic Expeditions, Sir Edward Parry, declared in their own names, and in the name of a meeting, "composed of various classes of Englishmen," their anxious desire "to mark their deep sense of the noble conduct of Lieutenant Bellot, of the French Imperial Navy," and their determination to invite their countrymen to unite with them in erecting a monument to his memory. An appeal thus made in England is seldom ineffectual. Subscriptions poured in from all quarters, until sufficient has been accumulated to defray the cost of erection of a granite obelisk, inscribed with the name of BELLOT, and to enable the committee to present each of the five sisters of the deceased officer with a gift of £300, in token of the feelings entertained for their brother by the English people. Placed upon the bank of the Thames, on the quay of Greenwich Hospital, the monument attests to the mariners of all nations the admission of a French worthy into the most sacred shrine of the heroes of England. How is this unparalleled manifestation of respect to be accounted for? The object of it lost his life at the age of seven-and-twenty, by a casualty incidental to his calling. He was a stranger, of humble rank, undistinguished by birth or fortune, unknown in science or art. By what magic were the guardians of the naval Valhalla of England induced to admit him within their precincts? How were the proudest of English nobles brought into a common action, in honor of his memory, with "working men" and coast-guard boat's crews? The answer to these questions is, we think, supplied by the publication of M. Bellot's simple memoirs and journal, and it is creditable to human nature. In the relations of the young sailor with his own family, with Lady Franklin, with the rough, true-hearted men among whom he was thrown in his first Arctic voyage, with the officials of the English Admiralty, is to be traced the origin of the affection and esteem which, spreading from those centres, influenced large circles of Englishmen to delight in honoring his geniality of heart, earnestness of purpose, and devoted loyalty.

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alty. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and may we not hope that the memory of the hero, and of the frankness and purity in which his worship was set up, will bind together the land that adopted him and that which gave him birth, long after the conventional obligation of a political alliance can be expected to endure?

Joseph René Bellot, the son of a Rochefort blacksmith, was born on the 18th of March, 1826. Upon the recommendation of the teacher of the elementary school at which he was first placed, the municipality of Rochefort granted him a demibourse at the college of that city, and his parents, with a generosity which manifestly kindled in his mind the most lively and enduring gratitude, taxed their slender resources to defray the other moiety of the expenses of his education. The sacrifices made to this end were richly compensated. The boy's heart lent strength to his intellect, and year after year he obtained such distinctions as it was in the power of the college to bestow. At the age of fifteen years he was admitted into the naval school, being again assisted by a grant of a demibourse from the municipality. For two years longer his parents struggled to make up the cost of his maintenance, until, in 1843, he was enrolled as a naval *aspirant*, and stationed in the port of Brest, from whence, in the ensuing year, he was shipped in the corvette *Berceau*, as an *élève de marine*, and sailed upon his first cruise. A sentence or two from the early pages of the journal which he then began to keep, contain the key-note of his character, and indicate the qualities that fashioned the course of his short life, and struck out from the hearts of the strangers among whom he died, those sympathies which have so remarkably distinguished his memory:

"We sail," he writes, "this morning from *Mayette*. My negligence and apathy are extreme; I have not had the courage to write home; so here is an opportunity lost to me through my own fault. . . . I ought, however, to show more firmness in the position in which I stand, and be- think me that I must absolutely arrive at something. The desire of showing gratitude for all that has been done for me ought, of itself, to constitute a very sufficient motive for me. Ought I not also to reflect, that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope? I am considered ambitious, I am sure, and it is true; but is there a nobler aim than that for the ambition of a young man? This laudable

feeling, I well know, is not the only one that makes me thus contemplate all my projects of glory and advancement: perhaps even there is too much self-love in all my schemes; but these two motives together must make me desirous of prompt advancement. I must work to win a good reputation, instead of lapping myself to sleep in ease and supineness. . . . I ought to consider, that in these moments of forgetfulness, in which I lavish my money as if I was habituated to abundance, my poor mother is, perhaps, at her wits' end to provide for the necessities of the family."

There is here evidence enough, and it is corroborated in every subsequent page of his journal, that Bellot was a good and true-hearted Frenchman; and those who have the happiness to be acquainted with living specimens of the character, will not deny that, with all its peculiarities, it is eminent among the most amiable and the best our frail humanity can produce. Glowing with family love, on fire for fame, the young man shrank not, as an English sailor-boy would have done, from exposing the inmost motives of his heart, or the sharpest struggles of his conscience and his pride; but if there was no delicate reserve in his manners, neither was there hypocrisy, and the truth of his emotions was as little obnoxious to suspicion as if they had been strictly concealed within his own breast. His sincerity was no more doubted or doubtful when he recorded his intent to keep a journal, in order that he might teach his brother and nephews, by his example, to devote themselves for their families, science, and humanity, or when, in innocent vanity, he sent his portrait to Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, than it was when he allotted a portion of his pay to his family, or "maintained the dignity of his character" by refusing to allow Lady Franklin to eke out his insufficient allowances by paying the expenses of his outfit.

The Berceau was destined for an expedition to Madagascar, and there, in an affair at Tamatave, Bellot, to use his own words, received the baptism of fire. The rite was administered in the form of a ball in the thigh, and he characteristically tells his family, "it was an ordeal from which I think I have come off not amiss. I knew well that in case I felt fear, my pride and sense of duty would never have forsaken me; but I am delighted that I have had the trial." For this service the *élève* was promoted to the first class, and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor,

he being then under twenty years old. Shortly afterwards he returned to France, and having passed the necessary examination, was made *enseigne de vaisseau*, in which rank he served on board the *Triomphante*, in South-America, until the end of 1850, when he was removed from that ship and attached to the dépôt company at Rochefort, where he soon became weary of an inactive and inglorious life. "What (asks his biographer) can a young unmarried naval officer do who is employed in a port? When he has finished his day's duty, which generally occupies but few hours, and partaken of his family meals, he has still a great deal of time on hand, which he may spend in study, or in the *salons* of some of the townspeople who receive visitors, or in the *cercle*, or in the *café*." None of these modes of whiling away life suited Bellot. He was evidently not a closet-student, and although "passionately fond of dancing, it must be confessed (says M. Lemer) this man, so intrepid in presence of danger, so bold in thought, so ready of speech, always manifesting such promptitude and presence of mind before assembled men, was excessively modest in all that concerned his renown, and bashful in the presence of women, for whom he professed, too, a truly chivalric admiration and respect." He was small of stature, and shrank from exhibiting himself in a quadrille; nor was he more at home in *cercle* or *café*, where, "in the beginning one remains an hour, drinks a glass of beer, and *chats*. By-and-by the sittings are insensibly prolonged, play takes the place of conversation, liqueurs of beer; and what was at first but a pastime, soon becomes a habit, then a want, and often an irresistible passion." At last, in the beginning of 1851, Bellot made up his mind to offer to take a part in the expedition which Lady Franklin was then preparing to send out in search of her husband; and having entered into a correspondence with that lady, he solicited and obtained the permission of the French Minister of Marine, and repaired to London in May of that year. The time was favorable; the Great Exhibition was flourishing in all its freshness, universal peace and philanthropy were the fashion, and the young *enseigne de vaisseau*, impersonating, to some extent, the grand idea of international union, became a sort of lion of the hour. The prospect of an Arctic voyage in the Prince Albert, a lit-

the schooner of ninety tons, with a crew of eighteen men, including captain and officers, and sailing on tee-total principles, was not very agreeable; "but would it have been possible for a French officer to draw back on account of a few dangers to be incurred?" Evidently not; the honor of the uniform was concerned, and the warmth of the thanks and the sympathies of which the volunteer was the object, redoubled his enthusiasm and devotion to the hallowed enterprise. The sojourn in London during those few days was, in truth, a sort of ovation, in the course of which the amiable vanity of the young man was fully gratified, and the gallantry and heartiness of his kindly, happy nature were displayed in all their attractive freshness. "Who is that young officer of the French navy, with an air of such decision, and who wears his precocious decoration so jauntily?" said Jules Janin to somebody. "That is," replied the person addressed, 'M. Bellot, the *enseigne de vaisseau*, who has volunteered to take part in the new expedition which is about to sail in search of Franklin.' Instantly Janin runs up to him, and says: '*Ma foi, monsieur*, I had a great wish to know you; you are a brave man; allow me to clasp your hand.' I loved him at once, the charming lad, whom I saw but for two or three hours, said Janin, in relating the incident."

The Prince Albert sailed from Aberdeen on the 22d of May, 1851, and she reëntered that port on the 7th of October, 1852, not having escaped from the ice, in which she was set fast for three hundred and thirty days, until the 6th of August. During the whole of this period, with the exception of a few weeks, Bellot kept a journal, from day to day, which his biographer has now given to the public, and which can not be read without deep interest. It is true it contains nothing novel in science or in adventure for those versed in Arctic-voyage literature, but as the reflex of a simple, loyal, religious, and brave heart, and as a faithful record of the social life of the little company of true-hearted seamen into which he was adopted, every page of it is a study of the pleasantest side of our common nature. In a letter to M. Marmier, Bellot thus describes his companions:

"Hardy Scots of the Orcades, or Shetland Isles, who formed part of the expeditions of Rae,

Richardson, and Franklin, or tired by numerous voyages in search of whales, form a chosen crew. Mr. John Hepburn, who followed Franklin in his examination of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers, has arrived in all haste from Van Dieman's land, to furnish a fresh proof of his devotion to his old captain. Mr. Leask, pilot of the North Star, who knows the Baffin and Barrow Straits, as well as you do your library, is our ice-master. At our head is Captain Kennedy, a captain in the Hudson's Company's service, a man of an ancient stock; a scion of those Puritans, whose dauntless courage has its source in the most lively faith; one of those models from whom Cooper has taken his 'Pathfinder.' Alone, in the midst of these men, tried by incredible sufferings, I bring, instead of experience, a boundless ardor; but I have confidence. Have we not the justice of our cause to back us up?"

It was truly a strange companionship, as he elsewhere observes in his diary, in which he found himself—

"Commanding men of a foreign nation; an officer of a military-marine service among men bound solely by a civil engagement; a Catholic, endeavoring to keep alive in their minds a different religion, in which they have been educated, and the precepts of which I deliver to them in a tongue which is not my own. Nevertheless (he adds) there is not one of these men who does not regard me as a countryman, and obey me as if I were really so."

Among the notables of the crew, with whom the journal brings us into close acquaintance, there were, besides those named above, the doctor, Cowie, who seems to have been a special worthy; Mr. Anderson, the second officer; Mr. Smith, the steward; and Mr. Grate, the boat-swain. And never, so far as can be learned from the journal, did a more harmonious or cheerful party dwell together for seventeen months. Their carousals, indeed, were few and far between. At starting, a few bottles of porter, remaining from the last voyage, were consumed, to wet the first watch of the foreign shipmate; a ration of brandy was now and then conceded to the petitions of the fore-castle, when tee-totalism could no longer be endured; and the birthday of the old Rochefort blacksmith was celebrated by a grand symposium, when the doctor, having casually become acquainted with the circumstances of the anniversary, had a little collation prepared after dinner, and the whole crew drank a glass of grog to the health of the family Bellot. But then, each day brought its festival of prayer and praise. No sooner had Captain Kennedy recovered a little

from the sea-sickness, to which the rough seas of the Orkneys consigned almost every one on board, than he mustered all hands to prayers on deck, and this practice was continued morning and evening during the entire voyage. Few narratives we have ever read have seemed to us more touching than the entries in the journal incidentally alluding to these ministrations, and to the part taken in them by the young French Roman Catholic. Of a nature deeply impressed with the religious sentiment, he had manifestly thought but little of these things before chance brought him within the influence of English habits:

"On Sunday (he writes to a friend, in reference to his first arrival in London) I went to the Protestant Church. The officer who had good-naturedly made himself my cicerone, said to me, with so natural an air, 'What church shall we go to?' that I durst not tell him how long it was since I had left off going to mass; and I went as much to avoid giving him a bad opinion of me as from any real inclination."

The first impression was strengthened during his short stay at Stromness, when the following entries were made in his diary:

"Sunday, 25th May, 1851.—We moored in the morning in Stromness roads. At two o'clock we go on shore with the crew, and repair to the Free Church. Prayers are said for us, and the congregation are called upon to put up vows for our prosperous voyage."

"1st June.—As usual, Sabbath day. This time I go not to the Free Church, but to the United Presbyterian. At Stromness, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, there is also a third church. The apparent unity which subsists among us proceeds, after all, only from the indifference which Lamennais speaks of. If our ministers are charged with being declaimers and actors, the contrary reproach may be addressed to the ministers here. The minister who officiated to-day is a radical, Miss C. tells me, for he says that Jesus Christ owed his sanctity to his labor. After church I take a walk with the ladies. Sup with Mr. B.; Bible reading and family prayer—the domestics are present at it."

From a hearer, Bellot soon became a minister of the word; and as he does not seem to have ever formally abandoned the creed in which he was educated, the progress of his views, and the mutual tolerance with which he and his companions merged the peculiarities of their respective opinions in a common practical Christianity, are real curiosities of polemical literature.

"Several American officers" [of whalers], he writes, "came to divine service on board us this morning, with some of their men. Poor Captain Kennedy was quite affected when he prayed to God for the safety of those from whom we are about to part, perhaps for ever. Is not this one of the good sides of their religion, that every man of character may officiate without having taken holy orders?"

Again:

"As always, on Sunday we have divine service, and, as usual, I read the sermon. It seems I do not pronounce ill, and especially that my accent is not too bad. The service consists in reading some psalms, a chapter of the Bible, and prayers, morning and evening. On Sunday there is, in addition, the reading of a sermon, and then of fragments of numerous works which have been given to us. If the piety of our men is not very enlightened, at least it appears sincere; and even were it but a matter of habit with them, the influence of that habit upon them is excellent. I know no spectacle more suggestive of thought than the sight of those few men singing the praises of the Lord amidst the solitude of the vast ocean; I think of the convents of the East, lying like a point amidst the desert. What, in fact, is our life on board, with its regularity, but the convent minus inactivity, and minus the selfishness of the man who seeks in prayer only his own salvation? Oh yes! the exercise of prayer is salutary; it is, above all, useful and indispensable to one who is animated by true piety. I used to think myself religious when I contented myself with recognizing the existence of a God; I now understand how much this exercise of prayer facilitates for us the accomplishment of duties, which without it we are disposed to pass over very lightly."

It is not to be supposed, however, that this tolerance in practice covered any latitudinarianism of doctrine or indifference to the questions of dogmatic theology. Many sharp religious discussions took place, when the disputants plied each other so hard, that they ended in very bad humor, for the moment; and the solemn hours of the night-watch were occasionally passed in disquisitions worthy of the Byzantine schoolmen. Thus:

"Mr. Grate [the boatswain] comes to me," writes Bellot, "during my watch, and confides to me his doubts as to the scorn with which Judas Iscariot is regarded; since Jesus Christ was to be betrayed by somebody, it was God's will! 'Oh!' says he, 'formerly people were not educated as they are now. I should like to know two languages, French and Hebrew.' When I ask him why the latter, 'In order to make a new translation of the Bible,' he replies; 'a cable, and not a camel, to pass through the eye of a needle.'"

Neither had the religion of the crew of the Prince Albert any thing ascetic in its

nature. Captain Kennedy himself sang sweet French-Canadian chansons; and reading, dancing, Mr. Smith's violin, and the organ given by Prince Albert, constituted the evening amusements. Notwithstanding tee-total principles, also, high days and holidays were, as we have seen, celebrated with a cheerful glass, and it was "pleasant to see what a degree of merriment could be produced so easily." The result of the whole system seems to have been a very high state of discipline, the most perfect mutual confidence between officers and men, the truest and loyalest comradeship among all, and a general tenderness and affection for the foreign youth who had fallen into their company—instances of which it is scarcely possible to read with a dry eye. In crises of extreme peril, the crew were mustered and taken into council, "not so much to cover responsibility, as to see if any one man could suggest any thing better than what was proposed;" and this confidence seems never to have been abused. Under the most trying circumstances, the opinion of each man was pronounced honestly, and with a single view to the common good; and when a plan of action was determined upon by the proper authority, every one put forth his best energies to carry it into execution. When a boat containing the captain and four men was separated from the ship, it was boldly resolved to adopt a course which would take them away forty miles farther from their friends, and the resolution, as promising the greatest benefit to the greatest number, was manfully acquiesced in by the whole crew, including "poor Mr. Smith," the steward, whose brother was in the boat. When the doctor wished to accompany a party dispatched in search of their missing companions, although his assistance would have been of great value, he was refused, "considering that his cares might be more precious on board in case they return by sea;" and the doctor at once gave way. In this very expedition Bellot alone added a little biscuit to his meal of pemmican, the men having slipped a few pieces into the provision-bag, in spite of his prohibition, because they thought that, not being accustomed to an exclusively meat diet, it might disagree with him:

"Many a time," he adds, "in this short trip, I had reason to be inwardly grateful for such delicate attentions, which are always the more touching when they are offered by persons apparently

rough; and the first night, when I was half asleep, I saw them, one after another, come and wrap me up, and make sure that my feet were not frozen."

And so it was throughout. Truly, even if the voyage of the Prince Albert has added no new fact to science, and although it failed to accomplish the objects of its promoters, it yet opened springs of human feeling, whose merciful streams, blessing as they did those among whom they rose, will surely, in their further course, fertilize many a withered heart.

"On their return," says M. de la Roquette, in a memoir read before the Geographical Society of Paris, "Captain Kennedy, as well as all the crew of the Prince Albert, spoke with so much admiration of the services rendered by Bellot, and of his exemplary conduct during the whole course of the expedition, that he was everywhere received in England with genuine enthusiasm. The British Government made known officially to that of France how well satisfied it was with the zealous and intelligent co-operation of the young officer, and Lady Franklin personally expressed her gratitude to him in the most touching terms. The Geographical Society of London, an illustrious body, which has already rendered so many services to science, conferred on him the title of Foreign Corresponding Member—a favor which acquired still more value in his eyes from the flattering words of the President, Sir Roderick Marchison, and from the presence and approbation of the most distinguished personages of England."

In his own country, too, he was not unhonored. He had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant during his absence; the time he had passed on board the British private ship was counted to him as service at sea, and, in order to give him time for repose, and the arrangement of his papers, he was placed on the footing of being called on duty to Paris, from the date of his return to France. This dignified ease did not, however, long continue to content his adventurous spirit. Shortly after his return, he began to press upon the attention of the ministry of marine a proposal for a French expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; and while this application was pending, he refused an offer made to him by Captain Kane, of the post of second in command of an American expedition with the same object. He also declined the still more flattering tender of the command and ownership of the *Isabella* steamer, which Lady Franklin was preparing specially for an expedition to Behring's Straits, and in which Captain Kennedy,

his former commander, was willing to serve under his orders. "You know," wrote Lady Franklin, when making this generous proposal, "that the crew of the Prince Albert are ready to go with you wherever you choose to lead them. However, you shall be free to choose your own men; and even, if you like, to take with you in this expedition two or three of your own countrymen in whom you have confidence." The ground of Bellot's refusal was no less noble and touching than the motive of the offer: "He was afraid lest this extreme confidence should produce a bad effect in England, and weaken the sympathy with which Lady Franklin inspired her countrymen."

At length, finding that he could not communicate his own enthusiasm to the Minister of Marine, and resolved not to let a season pass by without making another visit to the Arctic regions, Bellot asked and received permission to embark in *H. M. S. Phoenix*, Captain Inglefield, and upon the 10th of May, 1853, he was received on board that vessel as a volunteer for the expedition she was then about to proceed on. This was the young seaman's last voyage, and the closing scene of it we shall relate in the words of his countryman, M. Lemer. On the 12th of August he left the *Phoenix* and her companion, the *North Star*, in *Erebus* and *Terror* Bay, accompanied by the quarter-master of the *North Star* and three sailors, and bearing Admiralty dispatches for Sir Edward Belcher:

"It was supposed that Sir Edward was in Wellington Channel, in the neighborhood of Cape Belcher. In that direction, therefore, the little troop set out, marching close along the eastern shore of the channel. After encamping the first day three miles from Cape Innis, the five men halted next day, on detached blocks of ice, about three miles from Cape Bowden. On the night of the 14th, on quitting that cape, they had to cross a cleft in the ice, four feet wide, which they effected prosperously enough. They were three miles off land when Bellot proposed to encamp, and he tried to reach it in the India-rubber canoe; but being twice driven back by a violent gale from the south-east, he determined to have an attempt made by two of his companions, Harvey, the quarter-master of the *North Star*, and Madden. The attempt succeeded, and once on shore, the two men fixed a pass-rope between the sledge and the coast, by means of which three objects could be transported. A fourth trip was about to be undertaken, when Madden, who was up to his middle in the water, perceived that the ice was setting itself in motion off shore and to-

wards mid-channel. Bellot shouted to let go the rope—an effort was yet to be made, a hope remains; but the motion of the ice is so rapid, that, before any measure can be taken, it is already at an enormous distance from the shore. 'I then went to the top of a hill to watch them,' says Madden, in his deposition, 'and saw them swept away from land towards mid-channel. I watched from that spot for six hours, but lost sight of them in two. When they passed out of sight, the men were standing near the sledge, M. Bellot on the top of the hummock. They seemed to be on a very solid piece of ice. At that moment the wind was blowing strongly from the south-east, and it was snowing. That moving mass of ice, thus driven northward by a furious gale, carried away the unfortunate Bellot and two sailors with him, William Johnson and David Hook. After vainly endeavoring to shelter themselves under the tent with which their sledge was loaded, the three men began to cut a house for themselves in the ice with their knives. But let Johnson speak; his deposition is precise, and, nevertheless, very touching:

"M. Bellot," he says, "sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American expedition were drawn up and down this channel by the ice. He replied: 'I know they were; and when the Lord protects us, not a hair of our head shall be touched!' I then asked M. Bellot what time it was. He said, 'About a quarter past eight, A.M.' (Thursday, the 18th), and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only gone about four minutes, when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him; and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a creek, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, 'Mr. Bellot!' but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter, the wind blew him into the creek, and his sou'-wester being tied down he could not rise."

"David Hook, Bellot's other companion, deposed, that before the breach in the ice, and the attempt to land, some one having said that it would be more prudent to keep the middle of the channel, Bellot, hearing these words, replied, that Captain Pullen's orders were to keep along the coast to the right, within about two miles of it."

"This last trait, and the whole of this scene, complete the moral portraiture of Bellot, a slave to duty, sacrificing his own safety to it, and incessantly disposed to devote his life, confronting death like a man full of that sublime confidence, that holy faith, which keeps the soul always in readiness to appear before its Creator and its Judge; that faith which inspired the navigator of the sixteenth century to utter the fine saying: 'Heaven is as near by water as by land.'"

So ended the short career of Lieutenant Bellot; and seldom, perhaps, has a

human life been more replete with the elements of genuine happiness than his. "Whom the gods love, die young." Belot lived long enough to win, by honest means, the respect of two great nations, and, better still, to earn and secure the esteem and love of many friends. He died before the experience of manhood had cast its shadow over the brilliant co-

loring in which the generous enthusiasm of youth depicted the future. Being dead he yet speaketh, teaching, by his own story, the uses, personal and social, of legitimate and honorable ambition; and, by the manner of his death, uniting France and England in a common desire to do honor to the memory of one of the truest and loyalest of Frenchmen.

From Dickens' Household Words.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS.

THE citizens of London and the citizens of Paris can be compared and contrasted in almost the same terms as the cities themselves; the one sombre, heavy, large, continually expanding, seldom changing; the other bright, compact, open, lively, and ever improving. The pace of London improvement is that of the overgrown alderman, or of his own beloved turtle. It takes a lustre to pull down and re-build a house or two in Chancery Lane, a decade to re-construct Cannon street, and a lifetime to open out an entirely new thoroughfare. In our youth, a nest of rookeries was demolished on the Clerkenwell side of Holborn Bridge, under pretense of continuing Farringdon street to be an open route for the Northern and Western Railways: we are now more than middle-aged, our second son has attained his majority, and Farringdon street still stands where it did. It is neither longer nor broader than it was when Fleet Ditch ceased to be navigable for merchant ships, and when Fleet Market afterwards flourished above that covered estuary. It is not a foot nearer to Bath, nor Liverpool, nor Berwick-upon-Tweed. The loose bricks; the unconsidered tiles; the rusty, dinted fragments of pots and kettles; the rugged mounds of filth; the slimy holes and puddles; the jagged profiles of tenements half torn down, half standing; the arches of empty coal-cellars; the carcasses

of dead domestic animals; the bones of others whose death and skeletonhood dates three reigns back; the "temporary" posts and barriers now decayed with age; and the stench from Cow Cross; all continue to seethe and breed pestilence in the hideous gap dug out of the centre of this metropolis nearly a quarter of a century ago. Yet, during that time, there has been activity of another kind close by. Hundreds of dinners have been eaten; thousands of turtle have been slain and washed down with oceans of cold punch; millions of money in coal-dues and corn-dues have been squandered, and diverted from their legal purposes, into ever-running channels of gormandizing and jobbery. Farther off in the world a vast amount of work has been done, of precisely the same sort as that which our citizens have wretchedly shirked. Within the territories of the United States, whole cities have been built, peopled, and organized, of not much smaller extent than the city of London proper. Miles and miles of ground have been covered with habitations in other parts of the globe, and called San Francisco, Melbourne, Port Philip, what you will. Even while the wise men of the east have been haggling about one little piece of open ground called St. Paul's Cathedral, a considerable portion of the capital of the great French empire has been not only razed, but re-

built; re-built with a degree of solidity not easily conceivable in this our city of bricks and stucco; and in a style of splendor which would have startled the late Mr. John Martin, notably the most extreme idealist of gorgeous architecture ever known.

Indeed, since the tradition of Cadmus and the magical realities of the gold districts, we know of no instance of rapid building to equal the recent transformations in Paris. In the three years during which this short work has been mainly in action, there have been swept away a great many narrow, crooked streets, which reeked with open streams of fetid refuse; which were without side-pavements—foot-passengers, horses, vehicles and filth, all mixing there in continual confusion; which were seldom lighted by the sun by day; in consequence of the height and close proximity of the opposite houses, and which were but dimly lighted by night with miserable lamps slung across the road; which were densely thronged from the cellars to the roofs by a variety of inmates, whose salient characteristic was wicked squalor; into which prudent people never ventured after sunset, and where imprudent people were frequently robbed and sometimes qualified by the *coup de cleft*, or some other sudden passport, for the Morgue; nests, in short, of disquiet, disease, and iniquity. Not only have entire neighborhoods such as these been swept away wholesale, but every part of the city has been more or less improved in detail. Streets of moderate width have had their narrow entrances enlarged; sharp turns have been squared, and corner houses made to form double instead of single angles—so that these widened cross-roads are never crowded, and seldom obstructed; projecting houses have been forced back into line with the rest; convenient thoroughfares have been opened through blind blocks of buildings which separated one quarter from another. Yet, utility was not the sole motive power which has executed these improvements. The love of ornament and a passion for display, always attributed to the French, have been brilliantly and beautifully exhibited; especially in the Rue de Rivoli and Boulevard de Sebastopol. But above these common sense (the most uncommon sense known) proclaims itself from every improved street and altered house. An English architect, or a member of the

City Improvements Committee with any conscience or any observation, can not walk through Paris without feeling ashamed and humiliated.

"But, sir, we live in a free country—in a country where private property is respected and private right a palladium. France, sir, is a despotic country. There your house is not your castle: you can have it pulled down about your ears at a moment's notice merely to promote public convenience. Our government can not, with one stroke of a pen or after a one-sided discussion with civic authorities, depopulate a neighborhood to have it built up again. We must wait until capital has accumulated from the proper sources; until leases have fallen in, and ground-landlords fallen out; until paving-boards have been conciliated, and commissioners of sewers are agreed; until acts of parliaments are, at an incredible cost and waste, fought through both houses, surveyors consulted, fees guaranteed to high-minded architects, building contracts—wickedly paraphrased by the vulgar as "jobs"—solemnly sealed and legalized. Sir, the boasted Parisian improvements have been made, I will venture to say, at the single will of the emperor, and against the several wills of thousands of ousted tenants and ruined landlords; for despotism can do in ten minutes, what sober, constitutional legality is obliged to be busy ten years about."

So says the honorable deputy for the ward of St. Vitus's Backlane; but that eminent and respected public nuisance is in error. He will perhaps be surprised to hear, that not a jot of private right was invaded; that every stone in Paris which formerly stood on the area of improvement was paid full value for, before a slate was removed or a pickaxe lifted; that every owner and occupier was fairly compensated not only for loss and removal of property, but for damage done to his business—compensated, too, not with the off-hand tyranny of "take that or none;" but, in case of dispute, by juries selected from his own class. If the worthy St. Vitus's deputy could divest himself of his London Corporation prejudices, and could inquire into the subject, he would perceive that nearly every expedient, every administrative arrangement, every mode of negotiation and adjustment between the authorities of the city of Paris and the imperial government, is

applicable to the speedy improvement of his own or any other pent-up, ill-planned, ill-governed city in these liberally-governed dominions.

The nucleus of the Paris improvements is the Hôtel de Ville. Around it, the first great shattering and shocking of vile streets took place; and in it are performed the administrative and financial operations by which the wholesale changes are set in motion. The chief municipal authorities do all their work in this gorgeous Guildhall, partly of their own free inspirations and will, and partly under the direction of government. There, the plans for changing some of the worst parts of the capital into palatial habitations, are devised, deliberated on, and adopted; thence come out the loans for carrying on the work, which capitalists eagerly "take up;" and there the work is paid for when it is finished. As, however, it is thought possible that a body of gentlemen of equal status to the aldermen and common-councilmen of London, are not solely sufficient for deciding upon works of such magnitude, their proceedings have to be ratified by the *conseil des bâtiments civils*, an imperial committee, composed of five of the most eminent French architects and eight non-professional colleagues, whose business it is to report upon all plans respecting public structures. The sanction and coöperation of the Minister of Finance is also necessary to the monetary operations; because, as the construction of several public offices and other public works is included, a certain quota of expense is paid out of the imperial treasury. It must not be supposed that these and other excellent regulations were framed to direct this single outburst of architectural renovation; they are the law of the land, made and provided for all such cases, by the astonishingly far-seeing and comprehensive Code de Napoléon—a code which Britain, though she *did* rise out of the azure main to the singing of Guardian Angels, has some cause to envy.

It was originally intended that the vast alterations to be made in the map of Paris, should occupy fifteen years; but the present emperor had his reasons for ordering that they should be finished in five years; so that a considerable amount of capital had to be raised in a very short time. Fortunately the task was not difficult; for, as municipal tom-foolery and gluttony are not the business of the Hôtel de Ville,

a fund, applicable to the work, already existed in its coffers amounting to about sixty millions of francs. The credit of a corporation so flushed with ready money is in itself a bank; and, when more money was wanted, an additional sum of fifty millions of francs was eagerly lent by capitalists. No sooner are proposals for a loan announced, than the scrip rises to a high premium, and the competition for it is so strong, that ten millions more francs have been raised, by lottery, upon the excess in premiums alone. Five millions of pounds sterling have therefore been raised since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, for buying up property to improve Paris, besides vast sums realized by old building materials and fittings. Two years more of well-spent and costly activity have yet to elapse, before the contemplated regeneration will be complete.

The doomed quarters having been marked out, notices to quit are served upon the occupiers. The bargain with each proprietor differs little, in the first instance, from that entered into between an ordinary buyer and seller. The municipality is willing to give so much; the vendor demands so much; if terms can not at once be arranged, the dispute is referred to a compensation jury, composed of members of the council-general of the department of the Seine. Upon the whole, our inquiries led to the belief that the sums awarded are fair. Some cases of under-payment and hardship could, of course, be adduced on the one side, as well as instances of exorbitant demand on the other. There are, indeed, whispers of tradesmen living in the line of projected improvement, making out beforehand on their books, enormous transactions which only existed in their books, to mystify the jurors into extravagant payment for loss of trade by forced removal. Even lodgers are compensated by *indemnités locatives* according to the value of their holdings. Where one family in London is put to the rout by the demolition of a house, from four to five families are ejected in Paris, where the inhabitants are nearly all lodgers; each house being separated into tenements, and each floor containing a complete and distinct household.* The consequence of the sud-

* In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, according to the Census, the average number of individuals living

den sweeping away of habitations, caused shelter to become uncommonly scarce. Enormous rents were, for a time, demanded, even for the meanest garrets and the dampest cellars; and the poorer and industrious classes suffered intensely. Ejected families, in a most piteous plight, were seen in the streets, following the tumbrils or the handcarts in which their household appliances were piled, unable to find a roof to cover them. Many were obliged to remain out of doors in the midst of frost and snow, until the government caused certain waste places to be hutted, in which they gave the houseless shelter, free of charge. After a time, new houses were ready, and these inconveniences disappeared.

There are, it must be remarked, some circumstances which render these sudden changes in Paris much more easy than in London. House-building must always be a more rapid operation in most parts of France than in England. Hitherto, underground works have not cost much time there; and—although the ancient fosses surrounding the garrison were converted at an early period into main sewers, and a great straight sewer, running east and west under the city, was constructed in thirteen hundred and seventy—yet few of the houses are drained into them to this day. But, by a decree of the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a system of tubular drainage into them, and into a new sewer running parallel to the Seine, on the south side, was established; ten years being allowed to the proprietors of house-property to cause the necessary connection to be made. The main sewers will be eventually discharged into the Seine a few miles below Paris; but, so far above tidal influence, that the sewerage will be carried away. Not all the grand new streets and beautiful houses, nor the noble monuments and public buildings, will improve Paris so thoroughly and fundamentally as this measure. The abolition of cess-pools centuries old, with which its foundations are honey-combed, and of the pestiferous *voiries* of Montfaucon and Bondy into which they have for ages been emptied, will increase the hygienic condition of the city beyond all calculation.

in each house in Paris was twenty-six. In eighteen hundred and seventeen the average was twenty-four inmates per house.

The ground cleared, at the expense already indicated, had to be covered; and the four thousand master-builders who habitually find business in Paris—though taking upon themselves a fair share of such work as adding some half-mile to the arcaded Rue de Rivoli (already one of the grandest streets in Europe)—were not able to provide capital for realizing all the gigantic projects demonstrated in the plans laid out on paper. The universal remedy in such a case, a joint-stock company, instantly sprang into existence; and the covering of those acres of rugged waste known as the Place de Carrousel—with its noble triumphal arch and its tall, grim coffee-shop that stood for many years a solitary and shaky spectre of the past; with its second-hand book, curiosity, and stuffed-bird stalls; with its clamorous shoe-cleaners and politely importunate dealers in second-hand umbrellas, canes, and catalogues of the picture gallery—has been gorgeously accomplished by the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli, assisted by the funds of the Société de Crédit Mobilier. The palace of the Louvre and the palace of the Tuileries—recently not much less than a quarter of a mile apart—are now joined by galleries and arcades of great architectural beauty, set with gateways and pavilions adorned with caryatides and allegorical groups of the most elaborate design and execution. The new edifices thus enclosing the Place de Carrousel, comprise two inner squares, immense barracks, public offices, an extensive riding-school, stables, and great additions to the Tuileries palace itself. The same company have also built, close by, the largest hotel in Europe. The Hôtel du Louvre standing opposite to the north face of these structures, in the Rue de Rivoli, covers more than an English acre and a half of ground. It has eight hundred rooms, and presents as splendid a specimen of interior decoration and furnishing as is known to exist. Four years ago, when the Place de Carrousel was a void, this magnificent traveller's rest was the site of several back streets.

It is needless to detail all that the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli has effected; and, to those readers not thoroughly acquainted with Paris as it stood in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a description of the other improvements would be tedious. What has already been said will give a faint idea of the power of capi-

tal and skill when energetically directed. What capital, without well-directed skill, can effect they know pretty well from experience at home. The architectural and structural achievements of Paris are on a much larger scale than those of our Houses of Parliament, for instance, yet have taken not a hundredth—perhaps (for we do not yet see the end of Westminster palace looming in the distance) not a thousandth, part of the time.

We must repeat, however, that building of the first class is naturally an easier operation in France than in England. The neighborhood of Paris, the banks of the Loire, and other large districts, abound with a soft, tractable stone of dazzling whiteness, which cuts with little more difficulty than wood; hardening with age and exposure. Squared into cubes, and moved with ease, on account of its comparatively light specific gravity, this material enables the French mason to pile up his walls in half the time, and with three times the solidity, that an English bricklayer can his; the neatness and beauty of the work being necessarily very much greater. Even rough walls, built with small unhewn stone, (*timousinage*), are more rapidly raised than brick walls, and are often faced and dressed with the softer hewn stone. The new streets abound with the richest sculptured ornament; and this is chiefly executed after the shell has been run up: not delayed piecemeal in the sculptor's shed before being set in.

But, evil was foreseen in these rapid building performances themselves. Philosophers of the St. Vitus's Backlane school shrugged their shoulders, and predicted that the concentration of a prodigious number of workmen whose employment could last for only a certain time, would be a huge foundation for disturbance, when the work was done and the workmen discharged. But, the prophets knew nothing about the character and circumstances of the French mason and stone-cutter; necessarily the largest body of operatives massed together in the capital. They had not read about him in an article on the French Workman, which appeared in this miscellany,* nor M. le Play's account of him in his prodigious (but not quite trustworthy) Monography of the

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den sweeping away of habitations, caused shelter to become uncommonly scarce. Enormous rents were, for a time, demanded, even for the meanest garrets and the dampest cellars; and the poorer and industrious classes suffered intensely. Ejected families, in a most piteous plight, were seen in the streets, following the tumbrils or the handcarts in which their household appliances were piled, unable to find a roof to cover them. Many were obliged to remain out of doors in the midst of frost and snow, until the government caused certain waste places to be hutted, in which they gave the houseless shelter, free of charge. After a time, new houses were ready, and these inconveniences disappeared.

There are, it must be remarked, some circumstances which render these sudden changes in Paris much more easy than in London. House-building must always be a more rapid operation in most parts of France than in England. Hitherto, underground works have not cost much time there; and—although the ancient fosses surrounding the garrison were converted at an early period into main sewers, and a great straight sewer, running east and west under the city, was constructed in thirteen hundred and seventy—yet few of the houses are drained into them to this day. But, by a decree of the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a system of tubular drainage into them, and into a new sewer running parallel to the Seine, on the south side, was established; ten years being allowed to the proprietors of house-property to cause the necessary connection to be made. The main sewers will be eventually discharged into the Seine a few miles below Paris; but, so far above tidal influence, that the sewerage will be carried away. Not all the grand new streets and beautiful houses, nor the noble monuments and public buildings, will improve Paris so thoroughly and fundamentally as this measure. The abolition of cess-pools centuries old, with which its foundations are honey-combed, and of the pestiferous *voiries* of Montfaucon and Bondy into which they have for ages been emptied, will increase the hygienic condition of the city beyond all calculation.

in each house in Paris was twenty-six. In eighteen hundred and seventeen the average was twenty-four inmates per house.

The ground cleared, at the expense already indicated, had to be covered; and the four thousand master-builders who habitually find business in Paris—though taking upon themselves a fair share of such work as adding some half-mile to the arcaded Rue de Rivoli (already one of the grandest streets in Europe)—were not able to provide capital for realizing all the gigantic projects demonstrated in the plans laid out on paper. The universal remedy in such a case, a joint-stock company, instantly sprang into existence; and the covering of those acres of rugged waste known as the Place de Carrousel—with its noble triumphal arch and its tall, grim coffee-shop that stood for many years a solitary and shaky spectre of the past; with its second-hand book, curiosity, and stuffed-bird stalls; with its clamorous shoe-cleaners and politely importunate dealers in second-hand umbrellas, canes, and catalogues of the picture gallery—has been gorgeously accomplished by the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli, assisted by the funds of the Société de Crédit Mobilier. The palace of the Louvre and the palace of the Tuileries—recently not much less than a quarter of a mile apart—are now joined by galleries and arcades of great architectural beauty, set with gateways and pavilions adorned with caryatides and allegorical groups of the most elaborate design and execution. The new edifices thus enclosing the Place de Carrousel, comprise two inner squares, immense barracks, public offices, an extensive riding-school, stables, and great additions to the Tuileries palace itself. The same company have also built, close by, the largest hotel in Europe. The Hôtel du Louvre standing opposite to the north face of these structures, in the Rue de Rivoli, covers more than an English acre and a half of ground. It has eight hundred rooms, and presents as splendid a specimen of interior decoration and furnishing as is known to exist. Four years ago, when the Place de Carrousel was a void, this magnificent traveller's rest was the site of several back streets.

It is needless to detail all that the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli has effected; and, to those readers not thoroughly acquainted with Paris as it stood in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a description of the other improvements would be tedious. What has already been said will give a faint idea of the power of capi-

tal and skill when energetically directed. What capital, without well-directed skill, can effect they know pretty well from experience at home. The architectural and structural achievements of Paris are on a much larger scale than those of our Houses of Parliament, for instance, yet have taken not a hundredth—perhaps (for we do not yet see the end of Westminster palace looming in the distance) not a thousandth, part of the time.

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Most of the highly-gifted individuals who formed at that period the "Literary Society" also belonged to the Anderston Club; no cunning stenographer existed at that time to leave behind him even a single night with Simson and the club—and the club itself expired with its founder.

Glasgow is not less remarkable for going to extremes in its social aspects—at one time Gaelic, then as suddenly French; at one time loyal, then as violently democratic; at one time profane, and then as tyrannically religious—than it is for having peculiar and distinctive mercantile eras. These were, first, its salmon and herring age; then its tobacco epoch, next its cotton, then its iron, and lastly, its steamboat-building age. One particular business or handicraft has invariably held permanent sway for a season, and then as calmly yielded the supremacy to another. The tobacco trade, which originated about 1707, was conducted on such successful principles as to have made Glasgow for a time the emporium for tobacco in the empire. Success, however, almost invariably entails pride, and the tobacco lords of Glasgow became princes on the *Plainstones*, assuming an air and deportment of persons so immeasurably superior to all around them as ultimately to have become ridiculously unbearable. They even assumed to themselves a particular garb, being attired, like the merchant princes of Venice and Genoa, in scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, and cocked-hats, while in their hands they carried gold-headed canes. The tobacco princes of Glasgow formed themselves into a club with a very unaristocratic name, "The Hodge Podge," which partook of the nature of a literary society, mixed up with whist, hot suppers, and a night's jollity and fun.

"Among the early members of the Hodge Podge, there were not a few whose sayings might have contributed to eke out the pages of any modern 'Laird of Logan'; and among these we may mention Mr. Baird, of Craigton, who, besides being a man of old family, was from his wit and pleasantry courted by the best society in the city and county. This gentleman lived in Trongate, near the bottom of Brunswick street, and carried on business with the West-Indies, where he had some property. Among the many floating anecdotes which oral tradition has handed down, the following may be mentioned: One day, while he and Mr. Orr, of Barrowfield, were riding in the country, they observed a carriage pass them at a furious rate—the horses having run off—in which was ensconced Mr. G. M.—, a very unpopular

and *quis-quis* character. The danger appeared imminent, and had it not been for a bold individual who, at great risk to himself, rushed forward and stopped the horses, there was every likelihood of the carriage being dashed to pieces, and its occupant killed on the spot. By the time that the horsemen got up, the carriage had moved onward, when Mr. Orr inquired of the courageous individual whether he had got any thing for the great risk he had run? 'Oh, yes!' said the man, 'I've got a shilling;' upon which Mr. Orr broke out into a towering passion at the idea of a gentleman only giving a shilling for saving his life, when Mr. Baird coolly remarked: 'Come away, sir, it is quite enough; every man best knows the value of his own life!' On another occasion, on going out in winter to Williamwood, he told Mr. Maxwell, on arrival, that he had ridden a considerable way with a Mr. Haddow, but as it was snowing he thought he would soon be a *whiting*. Mr. Maxwell, brimful of the equivöque, repeated the saying at the first meeting of the club; but finding no one enjoying the joke, he cried out: 'Why do you not all laugh? Is it not a capital story?—at least it was so when Baird told it to me.' Upon which Mr. Baird calmly said: 'True, James, but you have forgotten the *snow*!'

The outbreak of the American war put a sudden stop to the tobacco trade, and the scarlet cloaks quickly disappeared from the pavement. The pride of the tobacco prince has, like that of the tobacco palace, passed away, leaving, Dr. Strang remarks, "we suspect, to us, in these latter days, but an indistinct idea of the height to which, in point of extravagance, it was actually carried."

During the thirty years which immediately followed the establishment of the Anderston and Hodge Podge Clubs, great changes took place in all things connected with Glasgow. Commerce and manufactures gave it a stimulating and onward progress; while science and the arts added their mighty aid in effecting improvement. It is highly creditable to the University that it was ready at that time to protect science when laboring under difficulties, as is particularly instanced in the case of James Watt:

"James Watt, on attempting to set up as an instrument-maker in Glasgow, was prevented doing so by the then privileged Incorporation of Hammermen, as not being free of the craft. Attempts were next made for obtaining their leave for a very small work wherein to make his experiments, but this was peremptorily refused. The University, however, in his difficulty, came to his rescue, and granted him a room within the precincts of the college, which was free of the incubus of all

guilds—and there he completed the model of his steam-engine, and which model is still in the possession of the University, and looked upon as one of its greatest treasures. It was in 1764 that Watt was employed to repair a model of Newcomen's steam-engine, and it was when so engaged that the idea of a separate condenser occurred to him; and in 1766 it appears, from the college accounts, that he was paid £5 11s. for repairing the said steam-engine. Mr. Muirhead mentions, in his Life of Watt, that the interesting model, as altered by the hand of Watt, and preserved in all safety and honor within the precincts of its ancient birth-place, has been appropriately placed beside the noble statue of the engineer in the Hunterian Museum—a sacred relic worthy of such a shrine—and there visited by many a worshipping pilgrim."

So rapid was its progress in civilization that Glasgow could now boast, not only of one or more shoe shops, haberdashery shops, and hatters, but a sportsman could now get a pair of buckskin breeches and gloves without sending to London for such luxuries; while the lover of light literature could obtain the perusal of a novel or a romance without the cost of purchasing either. Such a point in the city's progress was followed by the institution of a club of gallant, gay Lotharios, known as "My Lord Ross's Club," from the landlord's name being Ross—the baronial adjunct being conferred, not by the crown, but the club. Another contemporaneous fraternity, known as the "Morning and Evening Club," was in reality a kind of reading-room, which anticipated the opening of a public news-room, which took place at the Cross about the year 1782. But, although the news of the day, stirring as they were, formed one of its attractions, a probably still greater was found in those times in the *baurie*, or mid-day rum-and-water, in the nightly bowls of Glasgow punch, and the hot herb ale in the morning as an antidote to the previous evening's heavy potations.

"As a sample of the worthies who composed the brotherhood meeting under the title of the 'Morning and Evening Club,' and who for many long years darkened with their forms one of the eastern closes of the High-street, we may mention Mr. Archibald Govane, writer, whose original character and convivial habits were ever sure to attract around him a knot of congenial spirits, and whose love for his club was such that he rarely was known to be absent from a sitting. It was here, especially, that this celebrated clubbist, who may be said to have been an excellent representative of the drinking character of the age, most unreservedly indulged in his own peculiar and favorite species of tittle, but in which, considering

the cost of the material whereof it was manufactured, and the quantity which he generally contrived to swallow, he had few followers among the brotherhood. The beverage was no less, for a beginning, than a bottle of good port-wine, mulled, flavored with large slices of lemon, and poured into a quart mug. This rather odd club-drink was nicknamed '*mahogany*,' and, ere long, the sobriquet was conferred on himself. With his legs below the tavern mahogany, and with his own tankard of *mahogany* before him, this worthy worshipper of wine and waggers gossiped on till near midnight, and not unfrequently did not quit his chair till he had impounded the mystical number of three bottles in his stomach. At this period of Glasgow's history, tipping at all times of the day and drinking in the afternoons to excess were practised both by 'gentle and simple.' Among the shopkeepers and manufacturers, a *meridian-glass* was an almost universal habit, while forenoon *gilling* prevailed through the whole range of the different craftsmen. To transact business of any kind without the bargain being sealed with the stamp of the *stoup*, would have been looked upon as shabby as it would have been unsafe; and so far was the practice carried, that even the most sacred matters were settled in a manner befitting 'thirsty souls'—that is to say, the clergy and their flocks were in the habit of discussing the weighty matters of the Church over a tankard of twopenny or a glass of Glenlivet.* About this period, too, when a dinner-party was given—which was, however, a rare occurrence compared with the practice of the present day—the guests, after the somewhat heavy repast, invariably set in for serious drinking. The landlord immediately began to ply his bottles and his bowl; and, in order to prevent any one skulking away before he had drunk more than he could well carry, the dining-room door was locked, and the key snugly consigned to the host's pocket. A host, in fact, was looked upon as miserable and mean who did not testify his kindness by sending his guests reeling home, without any recollection of what had

* A story told of the Rev. Dr. John Hamilton and one of his parishioners, which occurred about this time, will best illustrate this. Having both something important to talk over in the forenoon, they retired as customary to a public-house, and called for a gill of spirits and a piece of oat-cake. Both were brought in and laid on the table; but before attempting to partake of either, Dr. Hamilton asked a blessing, which, closing his eyes, he lengthened out with such a copious infusion of Presbyterian doctrine, that long before its conclusion, his friend became tired, and, sip by sip, drank off the spirits placed before him. On arriving at "Amen," the minister stretched out his hand to take hold of the gill-stoup, but, lo! on raising the lid, he found the vessel empty. "Ring the bell," cried he, evidently annoyed either at the supposed neglect or indignity offered to them; adding, "this is really too bad!" "Hooly, hooly!" said the parishioner, "it is all right enough. I am to blame for that. If you had been less lengthy in your prayer it would not have happened. But let me give you a hint for the future, that the Scriptures tell us 'to watch as well as pray!'"

occurred during the closing part of the evening; and it was the great glory of many a stalwart diner-out to play but too frequently the part assigned to the 'Doctor' in the autumn hunt dinner given in 'Thomson's Seasons,' whose

—'tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.'

It was, in fact, an age of deep drinking, both in town and country; but it must be recollected that although the 'bouts' were long, they were rare. The story of the Laird of Garscadden and his compeers, who never thought it reasonable to rise from the table on the same day on which they sat down, may be regarded as no indifferent type of the men of the period! They were, in fact, the very counterpart of a celebrated baillie of a neighboring borough in more modern times, whose gravestone declares that

"Here lyes—read it with your hats on—
The bones of Baillie William Watson,
Who was famous for his thinking,
And moderation in his drinking."^{*}

Among the members of the same brotherhood was also Mr. Matthew Gilmour, writer, who, to a strong love of the ludicrous, united a propensity to play tricks on his neighbors.

"On his way one morning to the club, when few were on the street, he discovered a ladder and ascended the statue of King William, at the Cross, where he seated himself on the horse, immediately behind the hero of the Boyne. The singular position of the member, however, soon attracted the attention of a curious passenger, who at once cried out, 'What are you doing there?' 'Oh!' exclaimed Mr. Gilmour, 'I am looking at a most wonderful sight, such as I never saw in all my life before, and if you will only come up, you may see it too!' The stranger, without thought, took advantage of the ladder, and mounted to the top of the pedestal. 'Stop there till I come down, and you will get up;' and so saying the member slipped down, and the stranger ascended to the

vacated seat. Mr. Gilmour then counselled him to look steadfastly down the Gallowgate; and while he was thus employed, the ladder was removed and Mr. Gilmour with it, leaving the poor man on an elevation from which there was no practicable and safe descent!"

Next came an era when Celtism and Highlanders assumed the ascendancy, and the Gaelic Club took the lead over all others. These were great days for pipers, the old Black Watch, and "Horn, corn, wool, and yarn"—the mysterious toast of the Caledonians. A more irregular epoch followed. With the Accidental Club, it was sufficient that a man was introduced by a friend, and was no foe to jocularity, to have a free *entrée*. Whether the appellation of Accidental Club, Dr. Strang says, arose from its members being only from some accident present, or never by any accident absent; whether from their accidentally becoming gay upon ale, or accidentally keeping sober on toddy; or whether from their accidentally stealing softly home to bed, or accidentally being carried riotous to the Laigh Kirk Session-house—at that period the only civil watch-house in the city—it is now of little moment to inquire. The Glasgow baillies, immortalized by Scott, were in their glory at that time, and used once in their lives to pay a visit to London. One of these city worthies being asked, on his return, if he had seen George III., and if he had been invited to the palace to dine, coolly replied: "On course I saw the king, and while he was very happy to see me, added that he was very sorry indeed to say that he could not ask me that day to dinner, as the queen was thrang wi' a washing!"

It was a little after this period, but under the same peculiarities incident to the time and to the social condition of Glasgow which characterized the sittings of the Accidental Club, that another most joyous group of citizens were wont to plant their thread-hosed limbs beneath the mahogany of a worthy hostess at the Cross. The name by which this notable fraternity was known, was the Face Club, an appellation which arose simply from the circumstance of each member, on dinner day, having always placed before him a full-fed smoking sheep's head, whose well-sized *face*, by paying regular toll to every member's mouth through which it passed, was destined to bestow an unwrinkled smoothness to the phizzes of these Glasgow gormands.

^{*} Scottish "*Gairaviches*," as these drinking bouts were called, are well known to all acquainted with the "annals of the bottle," and the one in which Garscadden took his last draught has been often told. The scene occurred in the wee clachan of Law, where a considerable number of Kilpatrick lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked, and better drank, when one of them, about the dawn of the morning, fixed his eye on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking unco gash." Upon which Kilmardinny coolly replied: "Deil mean him, since he has been wi' his Maker these two hours! I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb good company!"

"Among the most regular attendants of the Face Club was Mr. Andrew Taylor, better known among his companions by the soubriquet of the *Cub*. To a joyous nature, this rather singular dominie united a most sarcastic disposition, and when rallied, not unfrequently, by several members of the fraternity, was discovered to be by no means a simple customer. He was in the habit of letting fly his shafts of ridicule right and left, and alike on friend and foe; but being a privileged individual, much was tolerated from him that would not have been permitted from others. The truth is his presence gave an agreeable acidity to the conversation of the club, which perhaps otherwise would have been more commonplace; and hence his sarcastic countenance was always welcomed, with more than ordinary gusto, at the Face board. His sarcastic style of talking, however, was not confined to the club, but frequently displayed itself in the school-room; here he could of course give full scope to his nature, without much dread of giving offense. As an example of many sallies in which he there indulged, we may mention that, on the afternoon before some coming Christmas, one of the boys, who rather bore the character of the bird from which his pen had been plucked, having said: 'I suppose, Mr. Taylor, we'll hae to play the morn to eat our goose?' the master at once replied: 'Ou, ay, man, Robin, but there has been sic a slaughter o' thae animals, I wonder that you hae escaped!' It appears it was on this same Robin that he liked to play off his wit; for it is also told, that while this boy was one evening mending his pen by candle-light (no gas then), he happened to singe his hair, when his master, coming up to him from his desk, remarked: 'Lord, Bob, that pickle birse of yours has made as meikle smell as if it had been a hale sheep's head!' Of course on these and all such like occasions, the laugh from the boys was, like the landlord's laugh, 'a ready chorus.'"

Dr. Strang claims for Glasgow a pre-eminence over all other cities in Scotland for loyalty and devotion to the Protestant cause. In the conflict consequent on the French Revolution, the spirit of the city was particularly manifested by the most general enrollment of its citizens. There were voluntary corps, a body called the Ancients, and even cavalry, who were to be seen in full charge practice on the public green, to the terror of the cows and dismay of the town herd. This was the epoch of the "Grog Club," where some of the gallant city militant kept up their courage and patriotism alike by loyal toasts and deep potations; and of the Cambertown Club, which arose in celebration of the first great naval victory of the epoch.

Particular habits also begat particular clubs. Thus the Meridian Club had its origin in the circumstance of the banking

and mercantile houses shutting their doors between the hours of one and two o'clock; and the Pig Club took its origin in the admiration entertained by certain of the good citizens of Glasgow for sucking-pig, as there was also a Beefsteak, or Tinkler's Club. Medical men had their club, with, strange to say, strong military tendencies; while the "What-you-please Club" had a decidedly theatrical character.

"Among the early members of the What-you-please was the well-known and, at that period, much *fêted*, Mr. Lingham—a bluff, good-looking, English commercial traveller, since more celebrated for his love of eating than for his success in the calling in which he was ostensibly engaged. Like the famous Italian priest who sent his servant before him to find out the best wine, and on doing so to write on the house the cabalistic word, 'Est,' in order that he might really know where to stop, so as to drink freely and safely; so also did the gormandizing Lingham, when trotting his steed over Scotland and the north of England, in search of customers, ever keep his eyes wide awake to any luxury which he might espy; and no sooner did he discover that something peculiarly nice could be had at this or that public house, than he would at once pull up, send his horse to the stable, and delay his journey till his expectations were fully gratified. As a proof of this, it has been stated that his love, or rather mania, for sucking-pig was so strong, that he absolutely remained at a country inn, where there was a litter just ready for the spit, ay, and until he had finished the whole family of young porkers! When in Glasgow, he was a constant attender at the What-you-please, and it may be easily believed that his *pleasure* never showed itself by choosing the worst thing in the house. In the days when he carried a heavier purse than he latterly did, he showed a particular fondness for oysters, served up in every possible way; and to his culinary skill the gourmand owes the delicious *plat d'huîtres à la Lingham*, which Henderson once called, and Glasgow in its present vulgate now designates, 'Linghamed oysters.' How many a board of Pandores has tickled the gullet of this prince of oyster-eaters! How many expiring *natives* found a ready grave in Lingham's stomach! But oysters, Heaven knows! are not for a poor man's every-day eating; and, consequently, when inattention to business had in a great measure deprived our over-gentlemanly bagman of being invited, as he was wont at one time to be, to the tables of many respectable persons in the city, and when the means of indulging in the expensive luxury of shell-fish had failed, he had recourse to many strange modes for obtaining a dinner. When unsuccessful in his prandial dodge, which, latterly, was too often the case, he sought solace to his greedy appetite, by taking an early supper of tripe at the What-you-please, which, from the quantity he swallowed, proved, alas! for the poor landlord, any thing but a profit. If there be any truth in phrenology, it may be truly affirmed of Lingham, that there were

but few men who could boast of a larger bump of *Alimentiveness* than he. To satisfy the craving which this bump excited, he had recourse, during the latter days of his career, to many expedients to raise means for its gratification; and, among others, he issued a proposal to publish a couple of volumes, under the title of 'My Saddle-bags,' which, however, never proceeded further than the subscription-paper, and the payment to himself of the money. With the proceeds he contrived to eat on a little longer than he might otherwise have done, till at length poor Lingham got the cold shoulder at the club, and no shoulder at home; and, in the course of a few years thereafter, he took his last journey, with his unwritten 'Saddle-bags,' to that country from which 'no traveller returns,' leaving, however, behind him a culinary fame which may keep his name longer in remembrance than the great mass of his more frugal, more active, and less gluttonous club companions."

Then, again, there was the Coul Club, so called after that famous ancient monarch of Britain, of whom the old ballad thus speaks:

"Old King Coul
Was a merry old soul."

The Coul Club, when first instituted, and for many years thereafter, was composed, we are told, of a goodly knot of men of credit and renown, perhaps rather above the class to which John Gilpin belonged. They had their "Book of the Coul," which, in point of antiquity and truth, is not inferior either to the once celebrated Chaldee MSS. of *Blackwood*, or the lately-discovered Talmud of the Mormons. In imitation of the practice of the ancient king and his knights, each member of the brotherhood was obliged, at their meetings, to sport a thick *wauked* coul or night-cap, just as a bench of barristers are obliged to cover their craniums, even in the dog-days, with large horse-hair wigs, when sitting or pleading before the judges in Westminster. Each of the members, on taking his seat, was dubbed a knight, with some alliterative title, as Sir Percival Parchment, and Sir Roderick Random:

"Of the knights of the Coul, one only can here be particularly consecrated; but, of a verity, he was one well worthy of registration, and may prove mayhap a key to many more of his club companions. The knight to whom we allude was designated Sir Faustus Type; and while to the few who still live to recollect the title and its bearer,

it must excite most agreeable recollections, to ourselves it is pregnant with mixed sentiments of pleasure and regret. This worthy and tasteful little man owed his title to a long and familiar acquaintanceship with *long primer* and *brevier*, and to the elegant use of these for expressing the thoughts of others. In this respect, he filled up the gap in the printing chronology of Glasgow, from the time when the last of the Foulies ceased to overlook the classical *chase*, and before either Khull or Hedderwick had taken up the *composing-stick*. To those who knew Sir Faustus best, memory can not fail to retrace the many happy hours which his company created, which developed all the inherent goodness of his honest heart, and awakened in ourselves the first ambitious dreams of an embryo *littérateur*. The bland dignity of his demeanor, and the complacency of his good-humored countenance, when, tired of sipping his toddy—for he was always temperate, either in the knightly or regal chair—he called, as he was often wont, for 'something nice;' and the rueful look of disappointment, when the call failed to produce the wing of a chicken, garnished with the thinnest slice of Westphalia or Yorkshire, can not fail to be remembered by every surviving member of the Coul Club. He was, in sooth, a choice little knight, yet certainly seen to the greatest advantage, not in the Coul hall, but in his own snug dining-room, surrounded by the rarest and most valuable engravings that the burins of Strange, Wille, Woollett, Sharpe, Morghen, or Houbracken ever produced; and by the most choice large-paper copies, in costly binding, of books which would have put a modern Maitlander into raptures, and would have certainly made Dr. Frognal Dibdin, had he seen them, leap and roar with joy. Methinks we yet see the little trigly-dressed knight, sitting in his elbow-chair—alas! many long years ago—with his silver snuff-box in his left hand, directing thereon with peculiar vigor the fingers of his right, while his eye glistened around the walls, and he broke the silence of admiration by the pithy exclamation: 'Show me a sight like that in Glasgow! and yet these belong to a tradesman!' Crotchets to be sure he had, and who is he of any note who has them not? But, assuredly, among the many who, in this city, have passed through a club to their grave, few possessed more of the milk of human kindness than did this dapper knight and king of the Coul."

Among the better known literary knights of the Coul, we must not omit James Sheridan Knowles, who, under the title of Sir Jeremy Jingle, often delighted the chapter with his speeches, songs, and Irish stories. The author of "Virginus" was then in the heyday of life, full of fun and frolic; and few would have augured that, while sitting under a Kilmarnock coul, he would one day exchange it for a Methodist cassock!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

THAT "genteel watering place," B——, was so full of gentility when the doctors packed me off thither, on sanitary thoughts intent, that the only "eligible apartments" to be met with were on the second floor of the circulating library. So there I took up my rest. The doctors had been sanguine with one consent—and if none can decide when doctors disagree, who, when they agree, could think of demurring?—that the air and quiet of B—— would be the re-making of me. But Hygeia was coy. The stock of health which I took with me was small at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to diminish it on further acquaintance with that genteel watering-place. In short, I was to all intents and purposes bed-ridden—living did languish, and languishing did almost die. Meanwhile, however, there was reserved to me—whether for my boon or bane, tastes and casuistry may dispute—the faculty of reading without fatigue (but then 'twas very light reading) the whole day long: alone, and destitute of other resources, my only secular solace was to deal with the book-stores below, to overhaul the catalogue and make inroads on the shelves of the "shop," to draw *novel* conclusions from the ground-floor premises—in a word, to make free with the Tales of my Landlord down stairs.

My landlord had next to nothing but tales, in his rolling stock, or circulating library. Novels are the order of the day and the voices of the night, in genteel watering-places; and a circulating librarian is one who, *ex officio*, living to please, must please to live, by ignoring all heavy books, historical, archaeological metaphysical, and what not, and by securing early copies of light ones. Hence my literary fare was not of a kind to tax the brain. The consignments that were for ever arriving from below, were not of the class of solids or strong meats; rather they resembled in character and consistency, that frivolous confection *trifle* (if I may singu-

larize the Shakspearean plural)—trifle, light as air. Not that one and all were to be dealt with in this trifling way. Some there were that it must have cost genius to design, and good intellectual bone and muscle to work off; for they required time and thought to read, and in certain instances even made the head ache with moody speculation, and the heart ache with hope deferred, or hope disappointed, or hope blighted and blasted beyond revival. If there was many a first volume into which it was enough to just dip—once, twice, at the most thrice, and then away (like a shot!), there were others, and plenty, into which you found yourself over head and ears in no time; that is to say, irrespective of time, and also of space, as regards the artificial divisions of space into volumes one, two, and three. Of the former class I need say nothing—nothing being the sum total of my knowledge and estimate of their contents. Of the latter—those which amused, or interested, or excited, or enthralled, or enlightened me—a few "trivial fond records" may be put on paper, and be thence, the editor wills it, "set up" (set-up things, with a vengeance!) into print. To begin, then, with the author of "Mary Barton," to whom I hereby, with equal cordiality and respect, address the thanks of a weary invalid (and in so doing I but express the obligations of a goodly company besides, of like condition in mind, body, or estate) for hours of relief, and ministrations of healing power and soothing effect. If Scott ascribed to Mrs. Radcliffe, much more may we to Mrs. Gaskell, a benignant influence in those moments of pain and of languor, when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart is faint. "If those," says the master of his craft, "who rail indiscriminately at his species of composition"—a species including, be it remembered, the "Myrteries of Udolpho" and "North and South," alike, but oh, how different!—

"were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride, or religious intolerance." Even critical pride and religious intolerance, however, now-a-days, 'gin to pale their ineffectual fire before here and there a bright particular star; and austere elders, of either sex, who once would neither read, nor allow dependants to read, any thing printed in three volumes post octavo, in large type and with broad margins, at price thirty-one-and-sixpence for pure purchase, and ninepence or thereabouts on loan—now compose themselves to read, *item* mark, *item* learn, *item* inwardly digest, and, to crown all, outwardly approve, these formerly forbidden fruits. Dissenting ministers applaud them in non-conformist magazines, and white-haired rectors add them to the parochial library. Intolerance is, indeed, now and then heard to denounce such deeds, and

"To swear—in faith, 'tis strange, 'tis passing
strange,
'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful ;"

but she is commonly treated as one in her dotage, who, daily decaying and waxing old, is ready to vanish away: surviving, perhaps, in spirit, but removed as a palpable presence and overshadowing bodily form.

"As a rule," says Monk Lewis, "I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously." Now,

"I would give many a sugar-cane
Mat Lewis were alive again,"

to eat his words baked under a thick clammy crust of humble-pie, after a *curriculum* of study, devoted to the writings of (say) Currer Bell, and Miss Mullock, and Mrs. Gaskell. He should be set to read "Mary Barton," and the "Moorland Cottage," for instance; to trace in every line a lady's white handiwork; that done, Mat, why, "henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't."

The mannikin's monk would have to make

off, double quick march, with his hood over his face, and a flea in his ear. The monk made a sensation in his day, it is true. Mary Barton has made a sensation in hers; not quite so great or peculiar, but of a less exceptionable, nay of a really enviable kind. Between the two there is the difference between disease and health, the unnatural and the natural, the excitement of man's lower passions and the good fight of faith, of human aspiration,

— "chastened, stemmed
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and
there
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with
herbs,
At every season green, sweet at all hours."

Long, she tells us, had the author of "Mary Barton" felt a deep sympathy with the careworn men, her Manchester fellow-townsmen, who elbowed her daily in its bustling streets, and looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want; "tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men." She had personally won the confidence of one or two of the more thoughtful among them, who laid open their hearts to her, making bitter complaints of the neglect they experienced from the prosperous, the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up, "the even tenor of whose seeming happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own." Hence she became anxious to "give some utterance to the agony which from time to time convulses this dumb people"—be it the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. We have the result in sundry living and speaking portraits in "Mary Barton" and in "North and South;" in the former, John Barton, the Chartist, the Communist, "all that is commonly called wild and visionary," but having with all his weakness a sort of practical power, and a ready kind of rough Lancashire eloquence, and a pretty clear head at times for method and arrangement—the whole making him useful to his order, especially as it is his class, his order that he stands by, "not the rights of his own paltry self,"—and George Wilson, no arguer, no

speechifier, but a kind-hearted specimen of the "poor cotton-weyver, as mony a one knoo'as, hoo's nowt for t' yeat, and hoo's worn awt his cloas?" in the latter, Boucher, the frenzied rioter and suicide, and Nicholas Higgins, whose creed is, that when you see the world going all wrong at this time of day, bothering itself with things it knows nothing about, and leaving undone all the things that lie in disorder close at its hand, you should leave "all this talk of religion" alone, and set to work on what you see and know: a proud man withal is Nicholas Higgins, for even on his last legs he "wunnot stomach the notion of having favor curried for him, by one as doesn't know the ins and outs of the quarrel" between masters and men, heads and "hands." "How proud that man is!" exclaims the good clergyman who had offered to mediate. "He is," answers Margaret; "but what grand makings of a man there are in him, pride and all!"

Nor are the manufacturers overlooked or underrated, in the author's zeal for the operatives. Probably on no portrait in her rapidly-extending gallery has she bestowed more pains, or worked with more quickening sympathy, than that of Mr. Thornton, in "North and South." If we incline to tire a little of him, it is only because we have lately had such a flood of these hard-headed, strong-hearted lovers, in the fictions of the day, all of whom are at first so intolerable to the heroine, and at length fascinate her as never was heroine fascinated before—ugly, rough-mannered, outspoken, strong-willed men, of uncouth or offensive manners, but rough diamonds of great price, the roughness wearing off in the second volume, and the precious stone shining more and more unto perfect sunlight in the third. "What sort of a master is Mr. Thornton?" asks Margaret of Higgins. "Did yo' ever see a bull-dog?" Nicholas replies: "Set a bull-dog on hind legs, and dress him up in coat and breeches, and yo'n just gotten John Thornton." Margaret objects to this zoological analogy, that though the gentleman is plain enough, he's not like a bull-dog, with its short, broad nose, and snarling upper lip. Nicholas proceeds, discriminating, but justifying his illustration: "No! not in the look, I grant yo'. But let John Thornton get hold on a notion, and he'll stick to it like a bull-dog; yo' might pull him away wi' a pitchfork ere

he'd leave go. . . . Thornton's as dour as a door-nail; an obstinate chap, every inch on him—th' oud bull-dog!" This self-made man of the North at once impresses observers from the South with the idea of one who "seems made for his niche; sagacious, and strong, as becomes a great tradesman;" he looks like a person who would enjoy battling with every adverse thing he could meet with—enemies, winds, or circumstances. He is proud of his town and trade; he would rather be a man toiling, suffering—nay, failing and successful—among mills and cotton-bales, than lead what he accounts a dull prosperous life in the old worn grooves of more aristocratic society down in the South, with their slow days of care less ease. "One may be clogged with honey, and unable to rise and fly." As for his "hands," he holds that despotism is the best kind of government for them; and he rules them as an autocrat who will neither be forced to give his reasons nor, flinch from what he has once declared to be his resolution. They pronounce him "as iron a chap as any in Milton"—and with growing anger and hardly smothered hatred come to look upon him as what the Bible calls a "hard man,"—not so much unjust as unfeeling; clear in judgment, says Margaret, and standing upon his "rights" as "no human being ought to stand, considering what we and all our petty rights are in the sight of the Almighty." But let this *αὐτοκρατορ*, this hard man, be seen by the bedside of suffering, let note be taken of his pitying eyes, and his grave but tremulous voice—and anon the discord jars upon Margaret inexpressibly; for how reconcile those eyes, that voice, with the hard-reasoning, dry, merciless way in which he lays down axioms of trade, and serenely follows them out to their full consequences? Or let him be closeted with Margaret's father, who is led on to unbosom himself of perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart, of doubts, fears, wandering uncertainties that seek rest but find none, so tear-blinded their eyes; and this cotton-lord is all sympathy, this man of action understands the man of speculation, seems to have passed through the very stage of thought himself, and can suggest where the exact ray of light is to be found, which shall make the dark places plain. "Man of action, as he was, busy in the world's great battle, there was a deeper religion binding him to

God in his heart, in spite of his strong willfulness, through all his mistakes, than Mr. Hale had ever dreamed. Here, in short, is a character of native wealth and latent resources, upon which the author, with a novelist's privilege and high prerogative, may draw to any amount, confident that her drafts will be honored, how many soever they be.

With power and spirit she orders the "strife and peace" between him and Margaret; there is the finesse of a practised hand in her way of gradually and artfully composing these antagonistic forces. Whether he or she bears the bell in interest and character may be, in mixed multitudes must be, a vexed question. Souls masculine, offspring of rude Boreas, the bracing North, will be for John Thornton; souls feminine, children of the sweet South, for Margaret Hale. Not that Margaret is a soft Southron maiden, whose tender face the winds of the North would visit too roughly; quite the reverse. She has not been enervated by the mild zephyrs of her original home; she is strengthened not shaken, invigorated not chilled, by the rousing breezes of a bleaker clime. She is one whose "keen enjoyment of every sensuous pleasure" is "balanced finely, if not overbalanced, by her conscious pride in being able to do without them all, if need were." And though the cloud never comes in that quarter of the horizon from which we watch for it, and though Margaret's provisions of advent trial take no such shape as destiny decrees, yet is hers one of those natures, and pre-eminently so, which are meet to be perfected through suffering. She looks as grand and serene, says the good old Oxford Fellow, Adam Bell, "as one who has struggled, and may be struggling, and yet has the victory secure in sight." The anguish she suffers from the *lie* wrung from her, in fear for a brother's life, is vividly told. The scene that gives occasion to it, between her and the police inspector, is one of great effect; so again is that of the attack on Thornton's house by the rioters, though the climax is a little theatrical; and that of next morning's interview between her and the mill-owner; and that which secures her control of the stubborn, bereaved father, drunk and in dudgeon, strong in his self-will, but swayed by her stronger womanly will. The dreamy, conscientious clergyman—refined, gentle, courteous, and utterly unfitted to

breast the tides of a life of action, much less the waves of a sea of troubles; his nervous, little-minded, faint-hearted wife; their faithful old servant, Dixon, with her airs and assumptions; Mrs. Thornton, rigid, forbidding, and coarsely tyrannical, but sound at the core, and as liable to be misread as to misread others; Mr. Bell, affectionate and ease-loving, *bon vivant* but fast friend; all these, and others in "North and South," are done to the life. Nor may Bessie Higgins be forgotten, as an equally true sketch, though some who have never come across a like character may suppose it fanciful or unreal, which it assuredly is not.

Mrs. Gaskell's command of pathos is well proven, and this sick girl exemplifies it anew. Indeed, examples to the same effect abound in "North and South," confirming the reputation which had already been acquired by many a scene and sentiment in "Mary Barton," by the subdued and touching quietude of occasional chapters in "Cranford," and the intensity of grief and corroding care in "Ruth." The last is indeed a painfully-wrought chronicle of "life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame;" 'tis an old tale, and often told; told almost often in vain, told almost never so movingly as here; "but, weleaway!" says old Chaucer,

"But, weleaway! the harme, the routhe,
That hath betyd for suche untrouthe,
As men may ofte in bokes rede,
And al day se hyt yet in dede,
That for to thyneke hyt a tene is."

The pathos of "Cranford" may be less demonstrative than in the other tales, but its natural and unstrained character merits particular mention. It is, to apply what has been said of a very different novelist, "expressif et touchant par les détails, pris dans la vie la plus simple, la condition la plus obscure." Humor, too, a natural correlative of *this* quality of genuine pathos, is vouchsafed to the author in a degree unknown to all her sister novelists of the day. Many of them attempt the humorous, but were they wise—had they, indeed, a true sense of humor—they would forbear. One might be named whose *vis comica* is exhibited only in spasmodic efforts to be funny; another, in an extra allowance of twaddle, italics, and inverted commas; a third, in cynicism and mordant satire; a fourth, in coarse and ill-conditioned jocularity. Mrs. Gaskell is healthily alive to

the ludicrous, and generally ready to describe it; but hers are not "got-up" scenes of high or low comedy. Job Leigh and Sally in "Ruth," and Dixon in "North and South," have their "humors" duly set forth; and the spinster goings-on in "Cranford" are detailed with a genial irony surprisingly free from scorn and exaggeration. For the author is too earnest, too deep-feeling, too high-minded, to laugh or make laugh out of season, as well as in season. Unmistakably, she writes under a sense of responsibility, a religious conviction of duty, which gives unity and purpose to her fictions, and consecrates them to a lofty end. This must be seen and owned by those who dispute her facts, or reject her conclusions, or doubt the legitimacy of her employment of fiction for doctrinal and didactic purposes.

"Some there are whose name will live
Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and cheer'd,
And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons!"

These are the glowing lines of a man of genius, supposed to be as fastidious of taste as he is known to be generous of soul—Walter Savage Landor. He owns, in his own instance, the enlightening and bettering influence of the Manchester novelist—impressively adding:

"The human heart holds more within its cell
Than universal Nature holds without.
This thou hast shown me, standing up erect
While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet;

And thou hast taught me at the fount of Truth,
That none confer God's blessing but the poor,
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne."

Mrs. Gaskell's shorter tales and sketches well deserved to be collected into the popular form in which they have recently* appeared. Some of them have an earnest pathos akin to that of Mrs. Southey's best stories; others a shrewd sense of humor, and quiet, genial fun, that remind one of Miss Mitford in her cheeriest mood; while they all have a character and expression of their own, the fee-simple of the "Author of 'Mary Barton.'" No common pen could have traced out the history of "Morton Hall," in which the gloom at the heart of the narrative is so quaintly relieved by the comic associations—in excellent taste and keeping, though—of the narrator. "Lizzie Leigh" opens out glimpses of the genius that discovered its fullness in "Ruth." The checkered career of "My French Master" is traced with graphic strokes, often of delicate beauty. "Company Manners" is a right pleasant bit of miscellaneous gossip, in which the writer makes Madame de Sable *chez lui* the text for a homily on English society, what it is, and what it might be—a homily without drone or drawl, but pithy and pungent, witty and wise. "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" read like a supplement to "Cranford"—the scene, the actors, the whole humor of the thing are so nearly identical. And other chapters there are, already (to misquote an appropriated motto)

Familiar to our eyes in *Household Words*.

* "Lizzie Leigh; and other Tales"—in the Select (really select) Library of Fiction.

From the Athenæum.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE Patriarch of English poets, wits, and patrons of art, died early on Tuesday morning, at his house in St. James's Place, aged, we believe, ninety-three years. Few lives so long protracted as his have afforded less incident—few may yield so much anecdote to a future biographer of the "Poets of England." It was a life of easy fortunes, spent during a memorable century, among memorable people—a life of taste acquired in foreign travel, before foreign travel had ceased to be a luxury—a life of poetical creations—few, far between, and finished so highly, that the best thoughts and lines in them will not readily perish from among the pleasures of memory.

The father of Samuel Rogers was a London banker, "renowned," we read, "in the annals of Parliamentary election, for a severe contest with Col. Holroyd, subsequently Lord Sheffield, in dividing the suffrages of the city of Coventry, when the obstinacy of the combat excited much attention." His son's education was begun, we believe, at the school of the Rev. Mr. Pickbourne, of Newington Green. There Rogers contracted one or two friendships which lasted almost as long as his own life. When a young man, after the fashion of the Grays and Beckfords, he began to study the world of art and manners in foreign cities, picture-galleries, embassies, and courts. We have, within the last dozen years, heard Mr. Rogers describe how he had seen Marie Antoinette dance, and illustrate the same by himself walking a minuet. There is, also, an anecdote of his having left an early poem at Dr. Johnson's door only a day or two before the Doctor's death. But this event happened in 1784, and the date of the publication of the "Ode to Superstition" in 1786. We notice these things somewhat doubtfully, since long before Mr. Rogers retired from society, he had outlived the time, at which a man shrinks from being thought old—and had reached the stage when "to be

very old is pleasant rather than otherwise." Should the Diary of Memoirs, which it has been said he kept from a very early age, be given to the world, we may know more exactly what company he kept in Paris and London before the French Revolution.

In the year 1792 appeared "The Pleasures of Memory," and a notice or two in the memoirs of the time, will show that the writer, besides presenting himself to the public, had time and inclination to wait on those whom Fame had already marked. In 1795, his epilogue written for Mrs. Siddons was spoken by her at her benefit. In 1798, the year when his "Epistles to a Friend" was published, we find Madame d'Arblay writing to her sister, Mrs. Phillips:

"I learned . . . that Mr. Rogers, author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' that most sweet poem, had ridden round the lanes about our domain to view it, and stood—or made his horse stand—at our gate a considerable time, to examine our Camilla Cottage—a name I am sorry to find, Charles, or some one, had spread to him; and he honored all with his good word."

This humor for *pilgrimage*, however warped or influenced, lived in Mr. Rogers to the last years of his life. His mind (under conditions) was to the last open to admire and appreciate, and this, perhaps, was one main secret of his poetical success.

To complete our notice of his career as a poet, it may be told that the "Pleasures of Memory" was followed at an interval of twenty years by his "Columbus." To this succeeded "Jacqueline," which originally appeared together with Lord Byron's "Lara" (a union soon followed by a separation), "Human Life," and lastly "Italy." The illustration of the last-named poem was the last task for the public undertaken by the author—a task, it may be added, beyond the compass of any one less easy in fortunes, since the production

of that volume is said to have cost £10,000, and the days had not then set in when cheap literature on the one hand, had been balanced by a luxury in typography and engraving undreamed of by our fathers. There can be no question that the taste, no less than the cost, brought to bear on this volume, in which some of the most exquisite designs of Turner alternate with those of Stothart, mark a period in the history of English book-illustration. To this day Rogers' "Italy" remains without a peer.

Setting accessories aside for the moment, a word may be said in regard to the place of Mr. Rogers among modern English poets. His poetry is select rather than brilliant. He produced very sparingly—he polished every line with a fastidiousness fatal to vigor—and seemed so little equal to the labor and fatigue attending on a sustained flight, that two of his poems on most ambitious subjects, "The Voyage of Columbus," and "Italy," were given forth to the world in the form of fragments. His "Pleasures of Memory" stand midway betwixt Goldsmith and Campbell, though not on the level of either. Measured against that beautiful poem of the affections, Cowper's "Lines on his Mother's Picture," the reminiscences of Mr. Rogers are faint. The heart in them beats languidly, though the music is "tender and gravely sweet." The symmetry of the versification, nevertheless, has installed several passages among our stock quotations. There are lines and cadences in "Jacqueline," slight as is the structure of the story, that take possession of the heart through the ear—and which, by all who are not exclusively given over to the modern style of mystical meaning and rugged versification, will not willingly be let go. Betwixt the indulgent fondness of those to whom these things are already "pleasures of memory," and the recusant spirit of a younger school, too apt to attest its vigor and audacity by undervaluing those who have preceded it, we may stand ill for a fair judgment of these poems. But they will remain, we think, for future critics to test and try, and future lovers of verse to love, in the silver, if not in the "golden" book of English poetry. Again, in the "Italy" of Rogers we have not the Italy of those passions, "sudden and lasting," which Byron sang—nor the Italy of violent words and painfully inconclusive deeds, which has been so sad a sight to more modern pilgrims—but the Italy of

"ruins and the vine." The gentler appearances of its "fatal beauty" have rarely been more gracefully sung than by Rogers; and though his pictures may be undervalued as too smooth and feeble on a first reading, there are not a few who, after passing the Alps, have been surprised, like ourselves, to find how their truth of traits and tones, the quiet musical harmony of some single line, or the sentiment of the entire fragment, calls them up again—as familiar melodies recalled by the sights of the way.

Rogers must be commemorated as one who, for more than half a century past, has figured in the foremost rank of London literary society, even in a record so immediate as this. It may be doubted whether any poet, even in the Augustan age of clubs and chocolate houses, ever lived so much in the eye of the world of men and women as the banker-bard of St. James's Place. He had pitched his tent there more than half a century ago. Ere that period, too, he had pronounced himself as a Liberal, and the associate of Liberals, in a manner which socially cost him dear: as we are reminded by a curious entry from Dr. Burney's "Memoirs:—"

"May 1st, 1804.—It was at the Club, at which Rogers, put up by Courtney and seconded by me, was balloted for, and blackballed: I believe, on account of his politics. There can, indeed, be nothing else against him. He is a good poet—has a refined taste in all the arts—has a select library of authors in most languages—has very fine pictures—very fine drawings—and the finest collection I ever saw of the best Etruscan vases—and, moreover, gives the best dinners, to the best company of men of talents and genius, of any man I know, and with the best wines, *liqueurs*, etc. He is not fond of talking politics, for he is no *Jacobin-ciragé*—though I believe him to be a principled Republican, and therefore in high favor with Mr. Fox and his adherents. But he is never obtrusive; and neither shuns nor dislikes a man for being of a different political creed to himself; and, in fact, he is much esteemed by many persons belonging to the Government and about the Court. His books of prints of the greatest engravers, from the greatest masters, in history, architecture, and antiquities, are of the first class. His house in St. James's Place, looking into the Green Park, is deliciously situated, and furnished with great taste. He seemed very desirous of being elected a member of the club."

This ostracism, however, was soon annulled. Only a few years after the above amusing note was made, London saw that outburst of Liberalism in verse which gives one of its marking glories to the past half

century. That was a golden age for Whig society when Moore sang his own Irish Melodies as none else has ever sung them, to the delight of all the music-lovers of London; and there was Moore's new political epigram, or satire, to chuckle over at Lord Holland's table—when Byron beat Walter Scott's North Country ballad-romances out of the field by his Greek tales of crime and mystery—and was not unwilling to allow friends or enemies in corners to add that last spice of interest to the "sweet new poem" which lay in ascribing its origin to some personal adventure. How, with Moore and Byron, Rogers, as the *Amphitryon* and *dilettante* and wit of St. James's Place, was perpetually mixed up and intimately conversant, the published diaries and memoirs of the two poets have already told. That such compact of unity meant no compact of mutual forbearance, when a poignant verse could be penned, or a sharp speech made, or a clever note written, is as little a secret. It must have been worth something "to have heard the chimes at midnight" with two such comrades as Byron and Moore. But when Byron left England, and Moore was out of London, there was "the Bard of Memory" from morning till midnight in public—giving breakfasts, dining out, afterwards to be seen at the Ancient Concerts or the Opera, or at some of those gatherings which call themselves society in the small great-houses of Babylon. How nerves and thews and sinews could bear such a life of intellectual disport—such a ceaseless flow of varying society as that in which the last fifty years of the life of Rogers passed—seems marvellous; the wonder being doubled to all familiar—and who in London was not?—with his fragile appearance. Nor were society and entertainment by him taken easily. They implied perpetual effort, perpetual change, a perpetual call on the spirits. His was not a mere *coterie* made up of a few old friends, among whom the hour could steal away without much excitement. The young poet or painter—the freshly-arrived American traveller—the new actress—the beauty of the season—were all to be found in his circle as they rose on the horizon, mixed up with old acquaintances and established reputation of the Holland-House set. The services and acts of kindness of Rogers to those whom his fancy adopted were many, munificent, and secret. In his

relations with artists and men of letters, however, it must be said his tastes were somewhat influenced by his sympathies. He must be commemorated as one of the first English connoisseurs who appreciated the serene and delicate sanctities of *Fra Beato*. He attached himself earnestly to the genius of Stothard, at a time when a more potent and more technically accomplished arbiter of taste—Sir George Beaumont—was unable to relish the works of the painter of "The Canterbury Pilgrimage."

But as years wore on, his fastidiousness became somewhat wayward, and his predilections balanced by antipathies for which no reason could be given. His affection for music was greater than his knowledge of it. This amounted to a gentle *dilettantism*, recalling that of Gray, writing canzonets to an air by Geminiani, to be sung by Miss Speed; and stopping short of the boldness, romance, and discovery which has marked the art since Beethoven was in his prime. But till an accident confined him to his chair, Mr. Rogers continued to be an attendant at the Opera, the Ancient Concerts, and, when these died out, at the Exeter Hall Oratorios. Till a very late period, he might be seen at midnight, feebly hurrying home from these on foot—no matter what the weather—thinly dressed, and as resentful of the slightest offer of attendance as was "the Duke" when he was scarcely able to mount his horse. The passion for pleasure did not forsake him till a very late period. Only a few years since, a street accident, caused by this imprudent manner of wandering home alone, sentenced him to a chair for the rest of his days.

A trait has still to be noted, without which no sketch of Rogers, as a man of society, could be complete. Never was host less exclusive in forming his circle; and countless are the acts of substantial kindness which unknown and unfriended persons have occasion to associate with the memory of that breakfast-table in that shaded dining-room pleasantly described by Sydney Smith, as "a place of darkness where there shall be gnashing of teeth." Rogers took a tender and indulgent notice of children, rather singular in a wit and a bachelor. But, whether as balancing accounts against the myriad merciful courtesies which he did, or whether as in-

voluntarily venting humors which could not be concealed, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" was also known and noted for the indulgence of a "critical" spirit, sometimes passing the bounds of what is gracious in wit, and permissible in reply. He would conceive an antipathy to look or gesture in an inoffensive person, and pursue the party with an active dislike, which was curious in proportion as it was unreasonable. He was aware of his own propensity, owned it without misgiving, and accounted for it in a manner as ingenious as it was original. "When I was young," he has been heard to say, "I found that no one would listen to my civil speeches, because I had a very small voice—so I began to say ill-natured things, and then people began to attend to me!" The habit grew with time, indulgence, and the considerate politeness of a younger generation, to an occasional excess of irritable severity—of which, possibly, the wit of St. James's Place was unaware; but in sketching the figure of Rogers as a man long conversant with London society, the keenness of his tongue could be no more omitted or concealed than the extraordinary pallor of his complexion could be overlooked by the painter who professed to offer a record of his expressive but peculiar head. This, by the way, has been done with striking exactness, though perhaps on too large a scale, by Mr. S. Laurence.

The following memorandum of some bequests made by Mr. Rogers to the British Nation is from another source:

The "late Mr. Rogers" (how strangely the words sound!) was fifty years in collecting seventy pictures. Other collectors (we have known them) have had the supposed good (rather the ill) luck to find seventy so-called good pictures in seven years. Of these seventy pictures Mr. Rogers has left three to the nation. Nor are we disposed (his bequest was long known) to quarrel with the selection he has made. He has given us the best small Titian in England—shall we say the world?—the far-famed "Noli me Tangere." In making this bequest, he has given us the picture for which he gave the most. Money, therefore, in making his bequest, never entered into his thoughts. For the "Noli me Tangere" he gave, at Mr. Champenowne's sale,

1000 guineas—a very large sum in those times (five-and-thirty years ago) for a small *Italian* picture. For a Dutch picture, when Plancus was king, and Peel and Baring were collectors, it would not have been much.

We have spoken as yet of only one of Mr. Rogers' three bequests to the nation. The *Giorgione* (on panel, 15 in. by 11 in.) is the portrait of a young Knight, called among critics "Gaston de Foix." Very fine indeed is this picture. Knowing men attribute it to Raphael. It is a small full-length of a man in armor, with his head bare, and his face seen in front. The coloring is gorgeous—the figure and expression noble. Mr. Rogers delighted to call attention to it; and Mrs. Jamieson has described it with her usual accuracy and point.

Mr. Rogers' third bequest is the "Head of Our Saviour crowned with Thorns," by Guido, so exquisitely engraved in the line manner by William Sharp. Mr. Rogers obtained this picture at the sale of Benjamin West, the painter. It is a very fine sketch. West was fond of asserting (what we believe to be true) that it was painted "in one day." The impasto is so thin that the canvas is merely covered. There is no trace of retouching, and most unquestionably there is no varnish.

A lurking wish must not escape some record in this column. We could have wished that Mr. Rogers had left the nation the far-famed "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Rogers acquired it at Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery sale for the insignificant sum of one hundred guineas—the sum, Northcote states, that Sir Joshua received for it. Nay, he might have left us the "Strawberry Girl" of the same delightful artist, for which Lord Carysfort paid Sir Joshua fifty pounds, and Mr. Rogers obtained at something like pawnbroker's interest.

But to other matters. The "last Argonaut of classic English poetry," for so Byron in his better—not in his bitter—moments delighted to call him, chose his grave in Hornsey churchyard, in the Islington environs of London. We remember Hornsey church ere the demon of so-called improvement lessened its attractions. There lies the infant daughter of Thomas Moore, and there that exquisite song-writer was wont, when in London, to make periodical visits to the grave

of his infant daughter, Barbara. Youth and age will lie together in the same churchyard, and many will quit Hornsey hereafter in the mood of Collins when

quitting Richmond and the grave of Thomson, breathing pathetically:

"In yonder grave a DRUID lies."

From Chambers's Journal.

C H E S S A N D W A R .

TRULY, Napoleon III. finds employment for his subjects in France as well as in the Crimea, thought I, when lately threading my way amongst piles of building materials, and the wreck of dismantled houses, in search of a favorite haunt of by-gone days in the fair city of Paris. My search was in vain. The Café de la Régence, that for more than a century had been the head-quarters of Parisian literature and chess-playing, had fallen before the modern march of improvement, and I could not discover even the spot upon which this world-renowned resort had so long stood. The Régence was established about 1718, during the regency of the Duke d'Orleans, from which circumstance it derived its name. It immediately became, and till nearly the close of the eighteenth century continued to be, the principal rendezvous of the leading French literati of the period. The profligate Duc de Richelieu, Marshal Saxe, the two Rousseaus—Jean Baptiste and Jean Jacques—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Holbach, Diderot, Marmontel, Grimm, are but a few of the celebrated names that frequented its large, low-roofed, dingy, sand-bestrewn *salon*. Grimm tells us that a guard used to mount daily at the Régence, to prevent the mob from breaking the windows, so eager were they to see Jean Jacques Rousseau attired in his fur-cap and flowing Armenian robe. Benjamin Franklin, too, when in Paris, was a constant visitor to the Régence, and there, in all probability, acquired the first idea of his entertaining "Morals of Chess;" for towards the end of the last century, the Régence gradually became

more of a chess than a purely literary resort.

To the *littérateurs* of the *petit-maitre* school succeeded the stern men of the Revolution. Robespierre, who, in spite of the change of fashion, still wore hair-powder and ruffles, played chess in the Régence with the close-cropt, shabby-looking Fouché. Another player of that period was the young sous-lieutenant of artillery, who subsequently astonished the world as the Emperor Napoleon. About this time, too, arose—the Régence being their fostering *alma mater*—the great school of chess-players, which has made France so celebrated for the game. Legalle, Philidor, Boncourt, Deschappelles, Mouret, La Bourdonnais, St. Amant, with a host of other less renowned celebrities, bring the series down to almost the present day—all now, save St. Amant, numbered with the dead—the very hall, that has so often resounded with their victories, levelled to the ground.

As may well be supposed, the Régence, when it had a local habitation and a name, was rich in traditionary lore. The tables where Voltaire and Rousseau used to sit, were, to a late period, known by their names. I have drank coffee at Jean Jacques, and played chess on Voltaire. The most cherished legend, however, was, that Robespierre, who was passionately fond of chess, granted the life of a young royalist to a lady, the lover of the proscribed, who, dressed in male attire, came to the Régence and defeated the sanguinary dictator at his favorite game. We would gladly believe this redeeming trait in the character of one who

has so much to answer for, but the story sounds too like a myth. You might mollify the heart of the most tigerly disposed of the human race with a good dinner and a bottle or two of *Clos de Vougeot*, but you can not disturb the equanimity of the mildest-mannered man, or annoy his *amour propre* in a greater degree, than by giving him check-mate. Still, as the relater of the legend said, "let us hope it is true."

The French novelists have laid many of their scenes in the Régence, and the compilers or manufacturers of facetiæ have found it a fertile soil. Of the latter, there is one that even our own learned Josephus Millerius, of witty memory, would not have been sorry to record. It relates how a certain man frequented the Régence, six or seven hours daily, for more than ten years. He never spoke to any one; and when asked to play, invariably refused, but manifested great interest in the games played by others. One day, at length, a very intricate and disputed question arose between two players. The by-standers were appealed to; but the opinions on each side were equal. The taciturn man was called in as umpire. He hesitated, stammered, and, when pressed, acknowledged, to the extreme astonishment of all, that he knew nothing whatever of the game, not even the initiatory moves. "Why, then," exclaimed one, "do you waste so many precious years watching a game you can take no possible interest in?" "I am a married man," was the quiet reply, "and I find myself more comfortable here than at home with my wife."

Deschappelles was probably the best, and certainly the most remarkable, chess-player that ever entered the salon of the Café de la Régence. He was naturally endowed with an exclusively peculiar talent for rapidly acquiring a complete mastership over the most intricate games of skill. At trick-track, a very difficult and complicated game, somewhat resembling backgammon, he was unrivalled. Polish draughts, a highly scientific game, little inferior to chess, he mastered in three months, beating the very best players of the day, though seven or eight years is generally considered a fair period for a person of ordinary abilities to become a second or third rate player. More extraordinary still: he always asserted that he acquired all he ever knew

of chess in four days! "I learned the moves," he used to say; "played with Bernard [a celebrated player]; lost the first, second, and third day, but beat him on the fourth; since which time I have neither advanced nor receded. Chess to me has been, and is, a single idea. I look neither to the right nor to the left; but I simply examine the position before me, as I would that of two hostile armies, and I do that which I think best to be done." Still more extraordinary is the manner in which this preternatural faculty was developed. In his first youth, Deschappelles was considered to be a person of rather inferior abilities. Joining, however, the army of the Republic, he was one of a small body of French infantry which was charged by a brigade of Prussian cavalry: in the *mêlée*, his right hand was shorn off; a sabre-cut clove his skull, and another gashed his face diagonally from brow to chin. This was not all. The whole Prussian brigade galloped twice over his mangled body; once in the onslaught, and again in their retreat. Deschappelles was subsequently picked up, and carried off the field, his head presenting a ghastly mass of fractures. To the surprise of every body, he ultimately recovered; and to his death, which occurred but a few years since, he ever attributed his unparalleled endowments, as regards games of skill, to the *bouleversement* his brain received on that awful occasion!

Great men, in their varied walks of life, are generally modest; Deschappelles, however, was an exception to the rule. Yet his assumption, if not warranted, was at least supported by his merits; it was a sort of military frankness, rather than gasconade. He was as proud, and talked as much of his success in growing prizemelons in the Faubourg du Temple, as he was of his chess-victories in the Palais Royal. In short, it seems that in every thing he turned his mind to he was successful; and so much were the Parisians impressed with the idea of his universal abilities, that the Gauls—one of the secret societies of 1832—had seriously proposed, in the event of a forcible change of government, to create M. Deschappelles dictator of France.

Mouret, chess-teacher to the family of Louis Philippe, was one of the most amusing of the later frequenters of the Régence. It was he who, shut up in a drawer barely sufficient to contain a good-

sized cat, for many years conducted the moves of the celebrated, but improperly termed, automaton chess-player, in almost all the principal towns of Europe. Many were the amusing anecdotes he used to relate, when subsequently revealing the secrets of his prison-house. Though the slightest noise, the least audible intimation of a living creature being concealed in the chest—apparently filled with wheels and other mechanism, upon which the automaton played—would have been fatal to the deception, Mouret never lost his presence of mind, save upon one occasion. It happened thus: The automaton was exhibiting in the capital of one of the minor German principalities, and, as usual, drawing crowded audiences. A professor of *legerdemain*—every body is a professor now-a-days—who was performing in the same place, finding his occupation gone through the superior attractions of the wooden chess-player, determined to discover and expose the secret. Aided by his long professional experience of the deceptive art, he soon saw through the trick, which more learned persons had only distantly guessed at; and, assisted by an accomplice, raised a sudden outcry of fire just as the automaton was in the midst of an interesting game. The noise of the alarmed spectators rushing from the room, struck a momentary panic to the heart of Mouret, who, believing himself about to be burned alive, struggled so violently to release himself from his concealed bondage, that he rolled the automaton, turban, cushion, and all, over on the floor. Maelzel, the visible exhibitor, instantly flying to the rescue, dropped the curtain; but next day the automaton left the town, and the astute conjurer remained master of the field.

In justice to chess, it must be added of poor Mouret, the most amusing of storytellers, that he was the only first-class chess-player I have ever met with who extinguished fine abilities, sacrificed character, and destroyed life, by over-indulgence in strong waters.

But I have wandered too long among the traditions of the *Régence*. Fatigued and disappointed by my fruitless search after the building itself, I made my way round by the *Place du Palais Royal*, and seating myself in a peculiarly comfortable arm-chair, commenced an agreeable flirtation with a glass of lemonade. There, while musing on the chess-paladins of the past,

I was startled by an appearance which, at first glance, I took to be a spectre, but immediately after recognized as one of the last living relics of the olden time. It was the tall, thin, black-stocked, frock-coated, buttoned-up, linenless-looking, grisly old Pole, with the unpronounceable name, who, for many years, has been so well known to the *habitués* of the *Régence*. I never met with any one who could spell and pronounce his most cacophonous of names; but that did not matter, as he had long held the titular rank of colonel; while the youngsters of the *Régence*—behind his back, though, be it said—gave him the sobriquet of *Leipsic*, from his interminable, and not always very well-relished, accounts of that famous battle.

He was doing the *flaneur* business in grand style, when, like the ancient mariner, I held him with my eye, and, to keep up the nautical allusion, soon brought him to anchor in the chair beside me. Our first greetings being over, we lamented the decadence of chess and the fall of the *Régence*; then spoke of other matters of general and peculiar interest. As I suspected that the great question of the day, to him at least, related to dinner, I at once, by a quiet invitation, set his mind at rest on that important subject, and then inquired where the Parisian chess-players now mustered.

"Some of them," he replied, are *aristots* shut up in clubs—a vile system, excuse me, though borrowed from your own country. A few still worship *Caïssa*, the divine goddess of chess, in a café; come," he continued, "let me introduce you to her modern temple."

I found the temple of *Caïssa*, as my companion rather magniloquently denominated it, to be, in spite of plate-glass, gilding, and marble-topped tables, little better than a third-rate café; and saw, as soon as I entered, that the fane of the goddess was desecrated by draughts and dominoes—the games of boors and children. The Pole invited me to play, but I declined; for not relishing either the air of the place or the tone of its company, I had at once made up my mind to remain but a few minutes. We had discussed a *demi tasse* each, and were about to depart, when a young soldier entered the salon—a Zouave who had been wounded at the Alma. I am an Englishman, and, of course having a thorough contempt for enthusiasm, detest scenes and all such sort

of things; still, I could not refrain from fraternizing with the brave fellow, from shaking the remaining hand of one who had lost the other fighting beside my own countrymen. Then the filling and emptying of glasses, the universal rite and symbol of fraternity, had to be duly celebrated. Did we not drink *trinquer* together! Did I not, in honor of the occasion, drink a whole *petit verre* of that, to me at least, a horribly offensive compound—offensive to the olfactory as well as to the gustatory nerves—*crème d'absinthe*!

The entrance of the soldier, like the breaking of a potent spell, unloosed a score of tongues. Draught, domino and chess players threw up their games, to converse on the all-absorbing topic of the war. With no little amount of vociferation and gesticulation, the movements of the allied armies were freely criticised, and approval or censure loudly proclaimed by the wordy disputants. I need scarcely observe, that there are matters connected with the war humiliating and painful to English ears; with true French politeness, these subjects were not brought forward in my presence. But as the hot debate was rapidly leading towards that unpleasant direction, the wily old Pole created a diversion by exclaiming: "After all, gentlemen, war is but chess, and chess is war."

"What!" shouted the Zouave, with that indescribable emphasis which a Parisian *gamin* gives to the simple pronoun *quoi*.

"I repeat," replied the colonel, "that the principles of chess and war are the same, and in chess will be found a complete epitome of the art of war. For instance, no one can play at chess without first acquiring a perfect knowledge of the various moves which distinguish the different pieces, neither can a general command an army who is ignorant of the simple evolutions of a *peloton*. How can a man handle a number of regiments who can not manoeuvre a single battalion?"

"True, true," chorused a number of voices. It evidently appeared that the Pole had mounted his hobby; and the audience, forgetting their previous debate, had unanimously determined that he should ride it for their amusement.

"When opening the game," continued the colonel, "we direct our moves so that no one of our pieces or pawns can neutralize the effect of another; while, at the

same time, we place them where they can not be attacked with impunity, and in the most advantageous position for assaulting the enemy. A skillful general will act on a similar principle. He will select the ground most favorable for the action of his infantry and cavalry, taking care that they do not restrain the fire of his artillery; and, by the same rule, he will use all the means in his power to prevent the enemy from deploying *his* forces in so advantageous a manner. At chess, this can be done only by having the first move. There are first moves also in war. The general who first takes the field acts on the offensive, his opponent being compelled to act according to the manner in which he is attacked. And, as in chess, it is no very great disadvantage to be forced to act on the defensive; for, in the course of a campaign, the attacking army will be almost sure to make some mistake, which, if promptly taken advantage of by its opponents, will change the defense to an attack. In war, as in chess, it is much more difficult to attack than to defend. The great secret of success in chess is foresight, not only to direct your own moves towards a definite object, but also to penetrate the intentions of your adversary. It is the same in war. Your enemy makes a certain movement; it is for you to divine his motives for doing so. This is absolutely indispensable, if you wish to be in a position to parry successfully his attacks. A small disadvantage in chess, a crowded situation, an unsupported piece, a neglected opportunity of castling, and other apparent trifles, frequently leads to the loss of the game. So it is in war: the fate of arms depends upon a number of minute particulars and combinations. We should be astonished if we knew the very small links in the chain of circumstances which have lost great battles, and neutralized the effects of glorious campaigns. But I am tiring you, my children, with the garrulous gossip of an old soldier and chess-player."

"No, no!" was vociferated from all parts of the room. "Proceed, if you please; we are all attention."

"Well, I will say a few words more. I need not tell you that, when a projected attack at chess is foiled by the superior defenses of your adversary, it should be immediately abandoned, and your men placed in another position of attack, or on the defensive. In war, an obstinate per-

sistence in attack has been fatal to the fame of many great generals; they lost their men, and with them the means of forming another attack, on a less formidable position, and even the power of making a vigorous defense. A great general is never obstinate. Napoleon I., particularly in his Italian campaigns, was the beau-idéal of a chess-player. The art of war, as exemplified by that great general, wholly consisted in the proper application of three combinations: first, the disposition of his lines of operation in the most advantageous manner, either for attack or defense; secondly, the skillful concentration of his forces, with the greatest possible activity, on the weakest or most important point of the enemy's lines; thirdly, the simultaneous employment of this accumulated force upon the position against which it was directed. This is exactly the correct system of attack at chess. The principles of defensive operations in war and chess are precisely similar. It is an acknowledged principle, that the basis of a plan of attack should form the best possible line of defense. This fundamental rule can never be violated with impunity; for nothing is more embarrassing than a sudden transition from offensive to defensive operations—when false moves, or an unfortunate oversight, has deranged the plan of an assault. There likewise is considerable analogy between the abilities required to form a great general and a skillful chess-player. The commander of an army should possess a complete knowledge of the general principles of war, which may be required during a tedious campaign, or demanded by the exigencies of actual conflict. He must plan, arrange, and conduct preliminary operations; act with promptness and decision in cases of emergency; judge of the importance of a position, or the strength of an intrenchment; discover, from the slightest indications, the designs of the enemy, while he

shrouds his own in impenetrable obscurity; and, at the same time, preside with unshaken self-possession over the shifting fortunes of a tumultuous battle-field. A skillful chess-player requires qualities of a similar description. To a perfect mastery of the difficult art of selecting and occupying, with the utmost rapidity, a commanding position, he must add a thorough knowledge of all the many and complicated varieties of stratagems and snares, which he is alternately called upon to invent and put into practice—to see through and defeat.

"All great generals have been chess-players; and it is a curious fact, that the traditions of both the East and the West relate that chess was invented during a siege. The Hindoo legend states that it was invented by the wife of Ravan, King of Ceylon, in order to amuse him with an image of war, while his metropolis was besieged by Ramah, in the second age of the world. The Western tradition, however, is more feasible. According to it, the game was invented by Palamedes, to amuse the Grecian warriors during the ten tedious years of the siege of Troy. Sinon, it is said, was one of the most celebrated of the Greek players, and derived the idea of the wooden horse, with which he finally check-mated the Trojans, from the knight of the chess-board."

This awful climax recalled me to myself. I had begun to fancy myself in the Régence, when, startled by the appearance of that wooden horse, I looked round and saw that I was in a vulgar café without traditions and without celebrities.

Catching the old soldier's eye, I made a significant gesture, implying that I was going to dinner, and walked out. I had gone but a few paces ere he rejoined me; and I was soon happy to find that neither his appetite nor his immense fund of anecdote was at all affected by his lecture on Chess and War.

From the Leisure Hour.

HOME LIFE IN TURKEY.

ASIA MINOR has been in many respects so lavishly gifted by nature, that strangers passing through the country, enchanted by the beautiful scenery, and excited by the clear air and sunny skies, feel inclined to believe they have found an earthly paradise. A longer residence might perhaps dispel this delusion; but the climate is indeed delightful; and although the midday heat in summer is far too great for out-door exercise, the mornings and evenings are delicious, and a plentiful dew refreshes the parched vegetation. The cold in winter is extreme, which braces the enervated frame. The houses are so badly built, that the inhabitants suffer much in the cold months; for instance, the panes of glass are let into the frames by a groove, without a morsel of putty, thus forming a complete trap for draughts, besides playing a most noisy accompaniment to conversation in a storm. Then, the basement story of a country-house has seldom any side-walls; the upper stories are raised on pillars, so the wind sweeps through perfectly unchecked; and the flooring-planks are so carelessly laid down, that, looking through your parlor-floor, you see the servants killing and plucking fowls for to-morrow's dinner, with other agreeable sights; and if you try to lay down a carpet, it balloons up, till walking over it becomes quite a work of difficulty. These minor evils, however, could be easily removed by a very little trouble; and house-rent is not high, though it is the dearest item in expenditure here. The constant fires make property so unsafe, that, in towns, the builder, calculating that his house will not last more than six years, charges you for rent a sixth portion of the original cost. As the houses are chiefly built of wood and plaster, they are not very expensive. We paid £30 a month for our house and bath; but then the proprietor was accustomed to make money by the bath-house, which source of profit was lost to him during our residence, and added consequently to the rent; and we had large

out-buildings and stabling—in a very ruinous and dilapidated condition certainly, but still they were there.

The great evils for residents to struggle against, are the country fevers—some of a very bad kind, but the most usual one the common intermittent fever and ague, which is not dangerous, but weakens much, and is difficult to be shaken off, even after returning to England. High and low, young and old, are all equally affected by this curse of the country. When you go into the bazaars, you see a great bundle of cloaks heaving in a corner, and are told that so and so has just got the cold fit on; you turn round, and see a poor trader, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, languidly collecting his goods—his cold fit is just over; and he is going home, with parched lips and burning brow, to toss through the next few weary hours of fever. The natives yield unresistingly to the attacks of their enemy, and look upon every other day as sacrificed to it without hope of redemption: they know it will disappear with the season that brings it, and scarcely make an effort to stay its violence. Every one you meet has, of course, a different idea as to what gives you fever: if you eat peaches, and go out in the sun, you are sure to get it; if you drink cold water before walking, you are equally certain of a fit; if you venture to touch *caï-mac*—a delicious preparation of half-boiled cream, made into cakes a little thicker than pancakes—there is no hope for you. Many kinds of fruits are looked upon as “lumps of fever.” If you venture out when the dew is falling, you deserve to be laid up. This last rule really seems to have some truth in it. Sulphate of quinine is an unfailing specific for common ague, and we used to keep it mixed with acid, in quart-bottles, for all who chose to apply for it; but it is an expensive medicine, quite out of the reach of poor people; and really when you see them feeding entirely on unripe fruit, or sleeping in the open air in a perfect steam-bath of dew, you

only wonder they do not all die, instead of being only unwell. The eldest child of a Greek, who acted as a sort of porter at our gate, was a perfect martyr to fever. She was a very pretty little girl; and we promised to try to cure her with quinine, on condition she attended to some rules of diet during the process, as the children were all constantly eating raw cucumbers, pumpkins, and other such unwholesome viands. For some days, every thing went on well; but one morning I saw her in the court, presiding at a feast of green pomegranates, and instantly ran out, saying: "Ah! naughty Ghullanie!"—a name equivalent to our Rose—"you know you were forbidden to eat fruit till you were well." This being duly translated to her, the little lady, aged about ten, rose up, and with singular grace and dignity informed me, in the liquid tones of her beautiful Greek, "That she would not eat *fruit* after having been forbidden to do so, but every one knew that pomegranates were not included in that category; and, in fact, the lining membrane of green ones especially was known to every body as an excellent thing for fever." Certainly people here do eat pomegranates in every stage of fever, and the inside skin being very bitter, may have some good effects; but I wonder what English girl of that age would have been able to defend herself in such a manner. The children, from being constantly at liberty, and not confined to a nursery like ours, are all precocious. They are generally pretty, and look so funny dressed up in their miniature turbans and trains, that I always expected them to begin acting some charade or play. Both sexes are dressed exactly alike while they are juvenile.

We went one day to visit the pacha's wife; and her son, a boy about twelve, left the room at once, with an absurd assumption of manliness, pretending not to see his mother's visitors. He was habited, as his father might have been, in a fez cap, and a dark, badly-fitting surtout of English cloth, with a leather belt. All Turks in government employment must wear this dress, which looks mean, and paltry beside their own flowing native costume. The pacha's wife was a dignified, middle-aged woman, who had been handsome, and still possessed beautiful almond-shaped dark eyes. Her high-bred ease of manner would have done honor to any drawing-room, and completely distin-

guished her from the chattering crowd of slaves around. When asked if she was the only wife, she replied in a very stately manner: "Yes, my husband and myself have always been sufficient to each other." I am sure she was a very superior woman, and her husband was a wise man. The house was in great confusion; many curious-looking rounded hair-trunks, with iron bands, were lying about, ready packed, as the family were just moving down to Stamboul; and the husband, a man of progress, intended going on board a steamer, shortly expected on the coast. The women had never seen a steamer, and were much alarmed at the prospect, and much relieved to hear we should be there also, thinking our presence a kind of guarantee for their safety. We did afterwards meet the poor things on board—at least we saw some bundles of clothes stretched on the deck, lying quite motionless—till at length starting into life, the unfortunate creatures beneath, tortured by the attacks of an enemy there was no escape from, in paroxysms of despair hastily tore off the muslin bandages which had hitherto concealed their faces from the gaze of the unfaithful, and then, struck with horror at the profanity of the act they had been guilty of, sank back in a state of utter prostration, and were one by one summarily carried down stairs to the ladies' cabin, and delivered over to all the unknown miseries of sea-sickness.

There was a remarkably lovely child in the pacha's house, with the most purely blue eyes I ever saw; but the Turks do not admire blue eyes—indeed, are very much afraid of them, believing that their possessors have the power of casting the "Evil Eye." A friend of ours was one day standing watching some poor bullocks, yoked to a load of wood far too heavy for them to move. After several ineffectual attempts to make them stir, the driver turned to the Englishman, and in no measured terms begged him to go away instantly, as it was of course utterly impossible for the bullocks to move, when his blue eyes were transfixing them. If you admire a child in Turkey, you are supposed to have thrown the Evil Eye on it; and the nurse will most probably spit at you, to avert any evil consequences to her charge. The Turkish domestic servants are nearly all slaves, both black and white, and seem very comfortably off. No doubt, they are often tyrannized over,

and sometimes harshly treated; but, on the whole, their chains appear to be as light as the chains of slavery can possibly be. Even after death, their identification with the family continues. When walking through the lovely cemeteries, you will see a square space railed off, containing perhaps a high headstone, with a sculptured turban on the top, indicating the spot where sleeps the lord of a household; beside it, a peaked stone—perhaps two or three—with a rose on it, tells you a wife lies beneath; some smaller stones round will probably complete the family circle; and then adjoining will be a tiny piece of ground, also inclosed, with an inscription relating that here lies some faithful Mustapha, or Ibrahim, who had been in the family fifty or sixty years, and was laid in death, as he had lived, close to the master he had served so well.

The peasants here have a great dread of being drawn in the conscription for the army. One day, when we were visiting the consul's wife, in rushed a poor woman in a dreadful state of agitation, followed by a group of sympathising friends, and dragging along her unfortunate son, a puny, sickly lad, who had just been drawn for a soldier. He looked about fourteen, and seemed quite scared and totally unmannered by the fearful prospect opening before him. The weeping mother frantically implored the great lady to take her son into service in any capacity—the servants of British subjects are exempt from the conscription—vehemently lamenting her hard fate, and pointing by turns to the youth of her son, his great delicacy, his want of height, and above all, to a slight deformity in one of his fingers; any of which reasons ought, in her opinion, to be sufficient to prevent his going to the wars. All the women chimed in in chorus; while the young candidate for martial honors stood behind, sobbing piteously, and certainly looking a most unfit subject to aid in upholding the glory and honor of the Ottoman Empire. It really seemed a hard case: he was his mother's only son; and after some consideration, her heart was set at rest by seeing him appointed to some nominal post about the children, where I often afterwards saw him looking very happy. The soldiers are generally small, dark-complexioned, wretchedly poor creatures, from the interior—very different from the stately Turk of the capital. They have a simple, good-natured look,

which is very pleasing. I always heard them spoken of as having good stuff in them, though the attempt to dress them in a sort of European uniform makes them feel uncomfortable, and look ridiculous.

On going into the town one day, we went, as usual, to leave our horses at a very decent sort of hotel—as things go here—kept by an Armenian and his wife. They had a pretty daughter, whose round good-tempered face had often attracted our attention; and as by this time we were looked upon quite as old residents in the country, and friends of the house, we were taken into consultation on the subject of a proposal which had just been received for the young lady from a Frank visitor—I believe Italian—who, attracted solely by her rosy cheeks and dark eyes—for he could not speak a word of any language intelligible to her—wished to transplant her to his own home. The mother explained the whole affair to us most volubly, and the daughter listened with frightened looks, and seemed altogether more alarmed than flattered at the honor done her by the Frank. The elder woman seemed to have settled the matter in the most sensible possible manner—quite provokingly so to my ideas. She informed the dismayed and eager suitor, that, “many foreigners coming here, take a fancy to our daughters, and wish to have them for wives; but then they go away, and forget their promised brides. Go back, then, stranger, to your own country, and remain there a year; at the end of that time, if you have not altered your way of thinking, return here, and I will gladly give you my daughter.” After such a speech, there was nothing to be added or suggested by us; and in a few moments both mother and daughter were deep in the discussion of a Turkish dress, which I wanted to have made, and appeared far more interested in the details of colors and trimming, than in the consideration of the poor unbeliever's offer of marriage. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact, that in this country, where one hears so much about the subjugation of women, no one seemed to think of referring to the paternal parent for his opinion. The mother held forth to her friends, and discussed minutely her own ideas on the subject, without paying the smallest attention to the melancholy, and decidedly hen-pecked man, who was quietly pursuing his

daily avocations in the house. Certainly, the ordinary class of Franks in this country are calculated to give the natives but a poor idea of European society: they are usually the very refuse of Southern Europe—men who, from bad conduct, or some unfortunate circumstances, find the home-circle closed against them, and come out here to pick up a living as they best can. From the talented members of this class springs up that witty, wicked, and dangerous man called a *chevalier d'industrie*.

We fell in with a brilliant specimen of this genus, who made his debut at the before-mentioned hotel, where he led a rollicking, pleasant-enough sort of life. I scarcely know how we first became acquainted with M. Achille: people are not particular with regard to introductions so far from home; and he was perfect in the art of suiting himself to his company. He spoke both French and Italian so well, that I knew not which country claimed him for her son. He sang exquisitely, and possessed a power of sketching I have never seen equalled: any blank piece of paper that fell in his way, the backs of letters, the fly-leaves of books, were instantly covered with fanciful designs, ruined mosques, and Moorish palaces. I still possess many of these specimens, all finished with a delicacy and rapidity that appeared to my inexperienced eyes quite miraculous. He soon made himself notorious by his furious and reckless riding through the crowded bazaars. We afterwards heard that when pressed for the payment of some silver-mounted pistols, scimitars, and other fancy articles he had selected, he pointed a bright stiletto at the startled trader, and replied: "That's the only payment you'll get from me!" He succeeded in borrowing £10 from my father, and gave him, at the same time, a little gold-headed cane, which he said "his honor was pledged to redeem at all hazards, as it was engraved with the arms of his family." I need not say the family arms are still in the possession of strangers. It is pleasant, however, to find that the Turks have learned to distinguish between the English, Franks, and others, and I have felt a thrill of national pride at hearing, "On the word of an Englishman!" used almost as a solemn oath in their bazaars. The children of Englishmen who have married Armenian or Greek wives, are very interesting specimens of human

ity. They are generally pretty, and very quick and intelligent. Indeed, to English people, they appear remarkably clever, from the extraordinary number of languages they can all speak. Their nurses are chiefly Greek, and they, of course, talk to their nurslings in their own beautiful language; daily intercourse with the natives around instructs them in Turkish; the father speaks to them in English, and the mother probably in Armenian; every visitor teaches them French, and Italian is learned as easily: so that by the time our children at home begin going to school, these little things are conversationally perfect in five or six different languages, and have thus already mastered a great deal of that knowledge our school-children toil so painfully after, and so seldom attain. Another characteristic of this class that struck us, was the wonderfully large appetite they are generally blessed with; fortunately, the necessaries of life are cheap out here, or the house-keeping-bills would be something frightful. I used to sit in silent amazement, watching the celerity with which immense piles of food disappeared down the throats of pretty piquant girls, who had certainly never been taught to be ashamed of the act of eating. We were much amused once by the naive speech of a young lady who was dining with us. There were two dishes of meat on the table, and when asked which she would prefer, she replied, looking alternately at each: "I'll take some of both, if you please, sir."

Some of these families have passed through most stirring and exciting scenes. I am sure their history would open thrilling pages of romance to the reader. I remember two girls once giving me a description of a morning of alarm they had spent some time before, near Constantinople. It was a time of great tumult; the town was almost in a state of siege; the bands of lawless Albanian soldiers were wandering about, recklessly plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The street where these girls lived was almost deserted; the inhabitants had fled, shutting up their houses—they had no servants—the mother was very ill, confined to bed; the father was compelled to go out, leaving these two girls with two or three little children alone in the house. He directed them to keep perfectly quiet, shut all doors and windows, and by that means strive as much as possible to escape

observation. The immediate neighborhood was quiet, but the distant sounds of riot sometimes reached them; and their suspense becoming at last intolerable, they went to the top of the house, to discover, if possible, what was going on. The death-like silence of the street was for some time unbroken; but at length one of the much-dreaded Albanians appeared. The sisters watched with breathless anxiety, and saw him trying the different doors, till, finding one close to them that yielded

to his hand, he entered; and in a few moments what was their horror and despair to see him come out of a window on the top of the house, and walk along the parapet, apparently looking in at each window in succession, as if to see which promised the best prospect of plunder. It was a fearful moment, but Providence shielded these defenceless children from harm, for the fierce Albanian passed the window behind which the frightened girls were cowering, without looking in.

ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

A LECTURE on recent discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia was delivered at Oxford on Wednesday last, by Colonel Rawlinson, C.B., to an audience of 1500 persons. Colonel Rawlinson, after apologizing for the familiar and homely manner in which he was about to address so learned an audience, proceeded to the progress of cuneiform discovery from the beginning of the century to the present time, giving a graphic account of his own adventures in procuring copies of some of the chief inscriptions. He showed how the Persian tablets had been deciphered by means of an alphabet gained from certain proper names—how from them it had been found possible to read the Babylonian transcripts—and how, finally, the Scythic were now undergoing investigation. He traced cuneiform writing up to the Scyths, who preceded the Semites in Babylonia, and announced the discovery that all the earlier Babylonian kings, for 1000 years were Scyths, and that the Semitic language did not supersede the Scythic in Babylonia till a little before the time of Nebuchadnezzar. Turning to the history of the Mesopotamian kingdoms, he passed briefly in review the three periods of the old Babylonian empire of Nimrod, which extended from B.C. 2300 to B.C. 1270; the great Assyrian empire, which lasted from B.C. 1270 to B.C. 625; and the later Babylo-

nian, which began B.C. 625, and ended with the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, in B.C. 538. He called attention especially to the points where the monuments confirmed and elucidated Scripture, showing that, while in the first period there was but a single point of contact, and that questionable—the identification of a certain Kedor Mulpula, King of Babylon, who calls himself "Ravager of Syria," with the Chederlaomer of Genesis—in the second period and the third, the points of contact are numerous, and the coincidences both marked and frequent. These he traced with some minuteness, dwelling especially on the close agreement of an account given by Sennacherib of a campaign against Hezekiah, king of Judah, in his third year, with the narrative of the same event in the 18th chapter of the 2d book of Kings (verses 13 to 16), and on the recent discovery of Belshazzar's name at Mugheir (Ur of the Chaldees), and the evidence that he was the son of Labynetus or Nabonadius, associated by him in the empire during the latter part of his reign. In speaking of the time of Nebuchadnezzar he interwove a most interesting account of his discoveries during the autumn of last year, in the Brisi-Nimrud. At the conclusion of his lecture, which was applauded very warmly throughout, Colonel Rawlinson called special attention to the importance of the

subject, not only as filling up a great blank in history, but especially as confirming and authenticating the historical truth of Scripture, which many persons at the present day—more perhaps on the continent than in England—were seeking to

call in question. Colonel Rawlinson sat down amid loud cheers; and the Vice-Chancellor rose, and in a few emphatic words thanked him in the name of all present for his able and interesting lecture. The assemblage then dispersed.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

MODERN SONG-WRITERS.

No portion of English literature is more deserving the attention of discerning critics than our ballad poetry. We do not refer to those interminable lyrics which were the great delight of our ancestors, and which chronicled the deeds of heroes, or the loves of gallant knights and ladies faire, but to the popular songs of our modern writers, which enter so largely into our recreations, and which engross, perhaps imperceptibly, so extended an influence on the public mind. At the present moment there are from thirty to forty trading establishments, known as the music-publishing trade, which employ a vast amount of capital, and devote a ceaseless energy, in the production of lyric compositions; they give employment to many hundred engravers, lithographers, artists, stampers, printers, paper-makers, &c., in addition to their own staff of clerks, warehousemen, travellers, shopmen, &c., &c. Indeed, since the progress of musical education, which has made rapid strides during the last few years, no branch of trade has been augmented more than the one to which we refer. The drawing-rooms of few of the middle classes are without their pianoforte, and to be able to sing is considered as indispensable an accomplishment as to be able to dance. Few will be found to deny that it is a more intellectual one. To meet this extended demand, the number of our song-writers has proportionately increased; and, although Barry Cornwall, in 1832, lamented that "England was singularly barren of

song-writers," he could scarcely at this moment make the same complaint. That amid the thousands of songs that are annually published but few will survive the year that gave them birth, we are quite ready to admit; but this may be attributed in some measure to the slight notice which is taken of our song-writers by those who control the literary oracles of the day. There is no lash for the pretender or impostor, but little stimulus for the deserving. Thus any scribbler who has the facility for rhyming, and is fortunate enough to associate himself with some popular composer, creeps into a certain notoriety, which he mistakes for fame, and the very multiplication of his name obtains for him a repute with the public which he little deserves. A catching melody is the great desideratum with the music-publisher; the words, provided there is nothing in them that can shock the sensibility of fastidious mammas and prim schoolmistresses, are quite a secondary consideration. As long as this is the case, we shall never considerably increase the number of our national song-writers; but, on the other hand it cannot be denied that, amid this mass, we have many lyrics of great beauty, and which deserve to be separated from the rubbish among which they are embedded.

We suppose we must name Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor—"Barry Cornwall"—as the head of the living English song-writers, although it is somewhat singular that, shortly after he made the re-

mark which we have quoted above, Mr. Thomas Davis, in his "Essay on Irish Songs," wrote of him: "Barry Cornwall has certainly produced a volume of poems not deficient in grace and vigor, but which are *scarcely songs*, though he calls them so, and are not in any sense *national songs*." To a certain extent this is true, although Barry Cornwall has written many lyrics which, in our opinion, come strictly under the denomination of songs. We shall not select that much-bequizzed effusion, "The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea!" as a specimen of his best style, although, thanks to the music of the Chevalier Neukomm, it obtained a world-wide popularity; but surely "The Bloodhound," "The Stormy Petrel," "When Friends Look Dark and Cold," "Sing—Who Sings," that fine bacchanalian strain, are equal to any songs in the language. The test that most of Barry Cornwall's songs are not lyrical, is to be found in the few that have obtained musical interpreters, compared to the many "songs" he has written. Perhaps the most popular modern song-writer is Dr. Charles Mackay, although there is too much class politics in many of his lyrics. His songs, "There is room enough for all," "There's a good time coming," appeal more to the passions than to the heart, and illustrate a certain phase of political economy, rather than portray any national sentiment. Most of his sweetest things are miniature poems, and not songs; for instance, his "Nine Bathers," and many other equally delightful verses scattered through his "voices" from the crowd and mountains. An opportunity has recently been afforded him of doing much for English lyric poetry—much by way of embellishment, and much that was calculated to retrieve it from its present neglect, and correct the public taste respecting it. He undertook to do for our English airs what Moore and Burns have done for Ireland and Scotland. The plan he has adopted is that chosen by Moore, to write entirely new verses to the old airs; but we question if Burns's plan would not have been the more congenial to public taste, and answered the purpose better. He improved and elaborated the words of the old poets—with what success will at once be seen by the following specimen. The old song of "Galla Water," as printed in Herd's collection, runs thus:

"Braw, braw lads of Galla water,
O braw lads of Galla water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie."

Burns modernized the song:

"There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow's braes, nor Etrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Above them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his if he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water."

We have only given one verse of each version; but it will be seen, although the rhymes in Burns's version are not a whit better than in the original, how easy it is to retain the sentiment of the old poet, while the song is purged from the vulgarity so offensive to modern taste. Burns's songs of "John Anderson my Jo," "My love is like a red, red rose," "Talk not of love," "Green grow the rushes O," "My heart's in the Highlands," and many others, were founded on older songs. We do not think we shall lose our old favorite, "Sally in our Alley," in Dr. Mackay's new song to the same melody; but we regret he has not adopted the wiser course of presenting her to us in more suitable attire.

It has been said that war, wine, and love, were the only subjects for song; but we cannot agree in this proposition. The stars, the streams, the flowers—any object that is redolent of beauty, any sentiment of feeling and affection, of joy and sorrow, may awake the minstrel strain, and find an echo in the human heart. It was left to Mrs. Hemans to originate a new school of lyric composition, and nobly has she accomplished her task. Selecting the home-affections for her themes, and still writing with melody floating in her mind, she produced a large number of lyrics, which, wedded to appropriate melodies, many by her sister, became at once and for ever incorporated among the best specimens of lyrical composition of which our country can boast. It would be difficult to name single specimens where all are so beautiful; but we may refer to the "Songs of a Guardian Spirit," "Songs for Summer Hours," the "Songs of Captivity,"

"Lays of Many Lands," etc., for the correctness of our assertion.

The best abused of our recent song-writers was Thomas Haynes Bayly, but how few have excelled him in flow of versification, pathos, and sentiment! It was Bayly's misfortune that many of his worst songs became the most popular; but this must be attributed more to the false taste of his audience than to himself. Bayly wrote in the latter part of his lifetime, as most of our writers of any note still write, for the trade, and for a living, and he could scarcely have obtained the latter if he had refused to succumb to the wishes of the former. "Oh no, we never mention her," "We met," and other of his popular songs, were trashy enough, we admit; but who will deny the sterling merit of "The Pilot," "Isle of beauty, fare thee well!" and many other songs now almost forgotten by the public? If we admit the fancy, tenderness and expression of Moore to be essential qualifications for a song-writer, we must not refuse a high meed of praise to Bayly. It is matter of regret that the collected edition of his songs is published at a price which places them beyond the reach of the general reader; were it not so, he would still find admirers among the lovers of lyric poetry. Some future collector will yet do justice to the genius of Haynes Bayly.

There is another song-writer who has earned for herself an extended popularity, and whose lyrics, in the simple language of passion, often devoid of ornament, but never untrue to nature, come home to every heart. Addressed to the people, they have been sung and understood by them, and, as that which is true must inevitably be universal, they have found a cheerful welcome in higher places. Need we name Eliza Cook? We believe her writings have not been noticed in those quarters that could once crush or make an aspirant for poetic fame—for how few like Byron would have nerve enough to beard the lion in his den?—but she appealed directly to the public, and has obtained a verdict that no literary malice or unworthy cliquism can set aside. Her songs are essentially English—witness the "Song of the Haymakers," "The Englishman," though this is somewhat egotistical, "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Farm-Gate," "Winter Tree," "Gipsy's Tent," "I'm Afloat," and a hundred others! Even Barry Cornwall must admit that we are

not barren of songs, if we are "barren of song-writers." There is another circumstance which operates strongly against those who are known as the song-writers of the day. The stage, the best medium of introducing songs to the public, is entirely denied them. The librettos of our operas are written by men entirely ignorant of lyric composition, and utterly devoid of poetic feeling, while none but the most talented musicians are employed in setting their horrible trash to music. Why should there not be a combination of the dramatist and the lyricist? We should then have fewer of such unmeaning lines as

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twould break thine own to see,
In such a moment I'll but ask
 That you'll remember me."

We could answer the question, but it is foreign to our present purpose. This we will say, that a union of poetry and music is a desideratum that has long been denied to the admirers of English opera, and that under the present system we see no chance of the wished-for consummation being accomplished. To return. Among our best song-writers must be mentioned Mr. Alaric Watts, although we hear him less frequently than we ought to do: his charming "Lyrics of the Heart" have revived an interest in his name, and we trust he has not hung his harp upon the willow. Mr. H. F. Chorley has written some charming songs; among others, "The Brave Old Oak;" and so has Charles Jefferys—a name familiar to the musical amateur of the day. His song, "Oh life is a river," is a noble strain, and worthy of a place in any collection. Nor must Mr. William Jones and his numberless melodious strains be forgotten. Mr. Charles Swain, of Manchester, has enriched our lyric stores with many songs of considerable merit, although chiefly known as a contributor to the annuals. He has recently published a volume entitled "English Melodies," the copyright of which has, we understand, been purchased by one of the leading music publishers, for the purpose of presenting its contents to the public in a musical garb. The most prolific song-writer of the day—it has been written of him in a popular periodical that he "supplies reams of songs to the music publishers weekly"—is unquestionably Mr. J. E. Carpenter. So many of his exquisite lyrics have graced

the pages of the *New Monthly* during the last few years, that we need do no more than chronicle his name among the tuneful of his brethren alluded to in this paper. His "Child and the Dewdrops," "The Worth of Time," and scores of others, are strains that the world will not willingly let die. His muse seems as vigorous as ever, and we are glad to find that a number of his best songs have recently been collected and published in a cheap form by those enterprising publishers Messrs. Routledge & Co., who have also issued, in a neat volume, the spirited ballads and other lyrics of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, a writer who, for the same obvious reasons, the author of this paper is precluded from saying more about in this place; though mention must be made of "Bonny Black Bess," "The Gitanilla," "Jolly Nose," and "My Old Complaint."

Among our female lyrists, Mrs. Crawford occupies no mean position. Mrs. Norton and her sister, Lady Dufferin, have contributed much, and worthily, to song-literature; and Mary Howitt, among much beautiful poetry, has given us a few snatches of song. A few of our modern authors, as if wishing to be inscribed on the roll, have occasionally thrown off a song. We only remember one by Charles Dickens—the "Ivy Green," but it is good enough to make us wish there were more. Some of Tennyson's verses have been set to music, and so partake of the character of a song; for instance, his sweet lyric "The Queen of the May;" but he has not simplicity enough to become successful as a song-writer. We remember some sterling songs by Douglas Jerrold. No man was better qualified to make a song-writer; if he had turned his thoughts that way, he would have written those quaint compounds of sentiment and epigram which constitute the charm and completeness of the old English songs. We have not earlier mentioned the name of Thomas Moore in our random thoughts about modern song-writers, because he has long since occupied a niche in the Temple of Fame, and because his writings were even in his lifetime, the close of which was embittered by mental and bodily suffering, incorporated with the literature not of his own land only, but of every land where the English tongue is spoken or understood. We believe that, notwithstanding

the beauty of his longer poems, he will live by his songs, and thus afford another instance of the importance and durability of this branch of literary composition. We are now necessarily reminded of another name rich in tuneful associations, and worthy of the bards with whom it will be handed down to posterity. Samuel Lover must ever take high rank among the writers of Green Erin; rich as the Emerald Isle is in song-treasures, she can boast of nothing finer, although they have been equalled, than the "Angels' Whisper" and the "Four-leaved Shamrock." In the comic vein, amongst modern song-writers, Lover is, perhaps, unequalled. What a fine boisterous lilt, yet full of heart-warm affection, is "Rory O'Moore!" How natural the quiet humor of "The Low-back'd Car!" Lover, however, has had full justice done him, and heartily does he deserve to wear his laurels, if, indeed, he would not prefer to wear a wreath of his own "green immortal shamrock."

We doubt not it has frequently struck our readers as something surprising, that among the hundreds of poetical writers for magazines and other serials, many exhibiting great talent, they seldom meet with the same names on the title-pages of the published music of the day. Barry Cornwall has explained the reason very concisely. "A song," he says, (adopting the English model as the fit one,) "may be considered as the expression of a sentiment, varying according to the humor of the poet. It should be fitted for music; and, in fact, should become *better* for the accompaniment of music; otherwise it can not be deemed, *essentially*, a song." Now, take ten out of every twelve lyrics that you meet with scattered over our periodical literature, and, if you have an ear for music, endeavor to sing them to some well-known melody which they will apparently fit; the words may come in, but the accent, the fall of the musical phrase, will occur in the wrong place; and even if the first verse should go smoothly, the probability is that the second or third will halt most lamely. The secret of successful song-writing is the happy combination of a fine musical ear with a poetic temperament. The song-writer need not be a practical musician, but it will assist him wonderfully if he be one.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

A GLANCE AT SICILY.

RECENT events seem likely to attract a large share of popular attention to the beautiful island of Sicily, once the garden and the granary of Rome, now an oppressed and neglected appanage of the kingdom of Naples. Since 1759, the sceptre of Sicily has been swayed by sovereigns belonging to the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon, who have been thus graphically described by a celebrated author: "As the Cæsars had shown us to what wickedness the moral nature of princes may be perverted, so, in this family the degradation to which their intellectual nature can be reduced, has been not less conspicuously evinced." Had Southey lived to the present time, he would have beheld a prince of this race, whose bad parts maintained so politic a state of evil, that they would not allow any good part to intermingle with them; and whose character was as infamous for moral obliquity as contemptible for intellectual incapacity.

According to the statement of a recent writer, Naples has experienced no fewer than thirty-eight revolutions. Normans, French, Germans, and Spaniards have all held her in subjection. She has endured the extremes of neglect and misgovernment. Her native nobility have been insulted and passed over, and her people ground down to the dust, by feudal tyranny and excessive taxation. Thousands of her children, too, are condemned to a life of celibacy, and eat the bread of idleness—drones in the great hive of humanity. What wonder, then, that these causes, operating in combination for years and centuries, should have debased and enfeebled the national character, until what Lord Nelson wrote of Naples, in 1798, is scarcely exaggerated in 1855. "It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels." Such is the monarch, such is the people, who dominate over the beautiful island of Sicily, of whose inhabitants they entertain the utmost hatred and jealousy.

Many indeed, are the faults of the Sicilians.

They are passionate, indolent, and voluptuous; but they are brave, and lovers of freedom, for which they have often contended nobly; and though at present they are unarmed, and overawed by the presence of Neapolitan troops, they fret and chafe under the yoke, and wait but encouragement and opportunity to throw it from their shoulders. Of this the sovereigns of Naples are perfectly aware, and have in consequence adopted the most stringent and barbarous measures to repress any outbreak. But recently, a father and son were executed, solely for the crime of having a musket in their house. In spite however, of this severity, the Sicilians may yet be enabled to burst their fetters. We appear to be, at this moment, upon the eve of a European war, and in the course of events, it seems highly probable that the Sicilians may either be entirely free, and allowed to choose their own form of government, or released from the hated Neapolitan yoke, and transferred to some power under whose sway they may enjoy the blessings of a paternal government, and by whom the magnificent natural resources of their island may be fully developed.

Since 1815, one circumstance has operated most unfavorably for the Sicilians, in repressing all their efforts for freedom, and in riveting upon their necks the yoke of arbitrary power. That circumstance has been the preponderance of Austria in the affairs of the Italian peninsula. Although Austria, enraged by defeat, and stimulated by the instinct of self-preservation, exerted all her resources in effecting the downfall of Bonaparte, she had no hesitation, when that object was effected, to accept a share of those very French conquests which she had armed to restore. At the Congress of Vienna, she received Venice, with all her mainland provinces, and the French conquests in the Grevins, in addition to Mantua and the Milanese which she had formerly held; thus obtaining for herself all, and more than all, that political in-

fluence over the Italian peninsula which the Spanish Bourbons had exercised during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That influence has uniformly been exercised for evil, for the suppression of every attempt at freedom, for the strengthening and continuance of despotic power. We shall give one striking instance of this, applicable to Naples and Sicily. In 1820, the Spanish constitution, a very free system, was demanded from the King of Naples, and was solemnly sworn to by him and the Crown Prince. This, however, displeased Austria, for it tended towards freedom. A congress was therefore held at Laybach, at which Ferdinand was present, and from which he issued a decree abolishing the very constitution to which he had but recently sworn. The constitutional government refused to submit, and, in 1821, an Austrian army entered Naples, made themselves masters of the kingdom, and restored the ancient despotism. Thus, the Sicilians, in all their struggles for freedom, have had to contend, not merely with Naples, but against the political influence and brute force of the empire of Austria—a most hopeless and unequal contest.

The fair island of Sicily has had many masters—Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French, Germans and Spaniards have all held her in thrall; but under none of these has she been so neglected and misgoverned as under her present masters, the Spanish Bourbons. Not only are her people disarmed, oppressed, and heavily taxed, but there exist almost no roads through the island; agriculture is neglected, or pursued upon an erroneous and exhaustive system; the mines are unworked; and foreign energy and capital, which might remedy these evils, are rigorously and sedulously excluded. Syracuse, which was once fifteen miles in circuit, and contained 1,200,000 inhabitants, has now dwindled into a town having but 14,000, and the whole population of the isle, in spite of its extent, its glorious climate and fertile soil, is but 1,650,000.

But besides the tyranny and neglect of Naples, there are many internal causes which militate against the well-being of the Sicilians, and impair their natural strength. The habits and social constitution of the people would, indeed, almost require to be reorganized to enable them to do justice to themselves and to the fair island on which Providence has placed them. The principal internal causes to which we

have thus alluded as inimical to the prosperity of Sicily, are two in number—first, the swarm of idle and profligate monks; and, secondly, the very great number of titled persons too proud and indolent to work. There are about 70,000 ecclesiastical persons, 17,000 of whom are females. Many of the secular clergy are diligent and useful; but the monks, or regular clergy, 40,000 in number, are among the most idle and profligate of the community. The mere statement of these facts is sufficient to enable the reader to perceive, at a glance, the great loss of material prosperity which the placing of so large a proportion of the population in the non-productive class must inevitably entail upon the state, as well as the danger to decency and morality which must arise from condemning so many of both sexes to a life of celibacy. In Sicily everybody is titled; there are 127 princes, 78 dukes, 140 marquises, and of counts, barons and chevaliers a number too great for any herald's college to enumerate—all, like the monks, great consumers and non-producers. Improvement is, and has long been, at a stand still. Agriculture has not advanced a step for centuries; there are few inns, and those of the worst sort, and fewer carriage roads—the transport from village to village being accomplished on the backs of mules and donkeys. Even in the capital, the nobly-placed Palermo, but little has been done; and its streets, in the nineteenth century, are still unlit by gas. The population, too, are, for the most part, poor and miserable; over-awed and oppressed by a strong military force, and impoverished by the exactions, forced from them for the support of their tyrants.

The administration of justice at Palermo is as great a mockery as at Naples; and nothing can be more disgusting to a stranger than a visit to the vicaria, or hall of justice, and to the prisons in which offenders are confined. These last are dismal and filthy dens, swarming with vermin and unfit for the reception of the worst of our species; but as the government here calculate that the faster prisoners die off the more trouble is saved to justice, they are considered to answer their purpose remarkably well.

In Sicily, the date-palm, the cactus, the vine, aloe, pomegranate, chestnut, tamarind, and almost every fruit and vegetable known in Europe flourish luxuriantly,

and even sugar-cane is susceptible of extensive cultivation—but roads, and the energy to make them, are alike wanting, and so will remain while an obstinate and bigoted government jealously excludes all foreign interference. These deficiencies will, therefore, never be remedied under the rule of the Spanish Bourbons; it is not their interest; as long as they can hood-wink the people, and keep them unarmed and apart, from the difficulties of communication, they are safe—no longer. Ignorance alone would be blind to the faults and follies of their government; weakness alone would submit to their sway; a strong and enlightened nation would not tolerate it for an hour.

The following remarks by a recent intelligent traveller in Sicily, Captain Chamier, tend to show both how much is and has been neglected by the Neapolitan government, and how much might easily be effected under more favorable circumstances and a milder rule:

"Nature has been prolific of her bounties in Sicily: for independent of the fertility of this island of Ceres, there are mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, and copper; here also are sulphur,

alum, nitre, vitriol, quicksilver, saltpetre, and fossil salts. What would not a few millions of English capital and English energy extract from this soil! What untold treasures sleep undisturbed in this island! But the Neapolitan government would, in its wisdom, rather allow the treasures to sleep for ever, than by admitting English companies, run the chance and the danger of another sulphur question. Even the yellow and transparent amber, which is picked up at the mouth of the Gairietta, and all the neighborhood of Etna, is the result of individual employment, and seems to belong to anybody who will take the trouble of bending his back and elongating his arms.

"That which has fallen into English hands, such as the Marsala wine trade, has amply repaid the energy and enterprise of the possessor. Two thousand and fifty tons are alone exported to Boston; and it is marvellous the increase and improvement which have followed Mr. Ingham's science and activity. With this exception, everything seems to languish and linger in Sicily."

Let us hope, however, that a better day may soon dawn for the Sicilians, when, freed from the yoke of the oppressor, and exulting in the consciousness of liberty and strength, they will exert every energy to overcome that ignorance, to encourage energy and enterprise, and to develop the dormant resources of the richest and fairest island of the Mediterranean.

L A S C A S A S .

THE character used to embellish the present number of our journal, was Fray Bartolme de las Casas. He was one of the most remarkable men of the sixteenth century. He was born at Seville in 1474. His father accompanied Columbus in his first voyage to the New World. He was educated at the University of Salamanca. In 1498 he completed his studies in law and divinity, and in 1502 accompanied Oviedo, in the most brilliant armada which had been equipped for the Western World. He was the first person consecrated to holy orders in the New World; and on the occupation of Cuba by the Spaniards, Las Casas passed over to the

Island. His mild and benevolent teaching gained him great influence over the Indians, and enabled him greatly to ameliorate the condition of the conquered race, for which he was honored as the "Protector General of the Indians." His life was in a great measure devoted to the instruction and benefit of the natives, which secured to him their lasting gratitude and affection. He made five voyages to the New World, returning each time to procure from the government of Spain benefits and ameliorations from the cruelties inflicted upon the Indians by the colonists.

Las Casas wrote a "History of the Indians," which occupied his leisure for thirty

years. He afterwards wrote a short account of the destruction of the Indias, in which he sets before the reader the manifold atrocities committed by his countrymen in different parts of the New World, in the prosecution of their conquests. It is a tale of woe. Every line of the work may be said to be written in blood.

The government testified their sense of the signal services of Las Casas, and in

1544, though at the advanced age of seventy, he assumed new duties, and embarked for the fifth and last time to the shores of America. His constitution, naturally excellent, was strengthened by a life of temperance and toil; and he retained his faculties unimpaired to the last. He died, after a short illness, July, 1566, at the great age of ninety-two, beloved, respected, and mourned.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN. By W. H. Prescott. Vols. I. and II. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Mr. Prescott has extracted from a mass of documentary evidence, dispersed through the various libraries of Europe, materials for re-constructing, in great part, the history of Philip the Second. The character of that monarch, which has fallen as often into the hands of the romancist as into those of the critic, is now presented fairly and clearly. We are not yet in possession of the writer's summary view, for his work is unfinished, but the story of Philip's life, from his birth to the death of his son, suffices to illustrate his human qualities, not less than those qualities not entirely human, which he imbibed from the preachings of the Holy Roman Church. He, like his predecessor, bequeathed a memory over which libellers and eulogists long disputed; he was parodied and idealized; and inevitably so, because he contended with as much force as cruelty against one vast party, and in favor of another. It was natural that the Papal champion should be aspersed as the Protestant scourge.

With an obvious desire to arbitrate between the factions of history, and to place a European name as far from libel as from flattery, Mr. Prescott has not found it possible to introduce many softening tints into his picture. The shadows predominate: bigotry, inhumanity, selfishness, a contempt for the natural affections, political faithlessness, and an Asiatic indifference to human suffering. Panegyrists ascribe to him the exaltation of Spain, which under his government attained her height of glory; but he bequeathed an empire diminished, divided, corrupted, which had lost at once its prestige and its integrity. Charles the Fifth, viewed in comparison with this sombre king, presents a more astonishing figure. He was not the ally of so many royal houses; he accredited no Duke of Alva to emulate a Tartar viceroy; he equipped no armada to ravage England, but he ruled his immense dominions with vigor and policy; he was the virtual, before he was the titular sole sovereign of Spain; he gained the

German crown; his generals conquered two vast western empires; and though, in rivalry with him, other princes rose to prove that the sway of Europe was in future to be divided, Charles stood at the head of the Catholic dynasties, their champion against Sulyman and against the Lutheran League. His successes at Muhlberg and Pavia are, indeed, balanced by his failure at Metz, and his capitulation at Passau. With the brilliance of his earlier career was ignominiously contrasted his relapse into superstition and gluttony; yet the fifth Charles will ever be ranked among great politicians and conquerors. For his son, a similar, but not an equal eminence is to be claimed. He found Spain mighty, and left her degraded and reduced. He lost a kingdom in the Netherlands, and a navy in the Spanish sea. Spain, after his death, was hurried speedily and violently through the stages of her long decline. When the successor of Charles acquired his throne, he had not, like Charles, to subjugate Mexico and Peru; he had not to inspire and encourage those desperate warriors who plundered for Spanish treasures the riches of Zacatecas and Potosi. He had not to form the army which conquered at Pavia; he had not to found the navy which rode the waters of the East and West ascendant everywhere except in the narrow seas; he had not to teach the martial Ottoman nation that there existed a power which could repel its fury. He was related, by his first marriage, to Portugal, and by his second to England. In Italy his Neapolitan, Sicilian, and Lombard territories gave him an influence almost supreme. Castile, Arragon, and Granada, which, when his father began to reign, were separate and dangerous states, were now provinces of a consolidated empire.

In addition to these advantages, Philip enjoyed others in the internal condition of his empire. He was a Caesar, not a king in council. The dependencies of Spain were governed by Spanish viceroys; in Spain itself the power of the nobles was extinct; the laws were edicts; its legislator was the monarch alone. At Villalar the authority of the Commons had disappeared. Even the Netherlands, though

jealous of their ancient institutions, "consented to supply the necessities of the crown by a tax larger than the revenues of America."

Such was the position of Philip when he ascended the Spanish throne. Nevertheless, his reign was disturbed by numerous dangers, and marked by numerous disgraces. Parallel with almost its entire course is traced the conflict with the Netherlands, exasperated by his policy, and irreconcilably alienated by the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. Philip avowed as his leading principle the inviolability and universality of the Papal power; yet he was so unfortunate at the very commencement of his reign, as to engage in a war with the Pope, who, though his temporal forces were routed in every engagement, was still able to bring the Spanish commander upon his knees, suing for forgiveness, and confessing an act of treason against the Church.

Thus, though successful in a military point of view, Philip had been forced into an attitude of humility. The victories of St. Quentin and of Gravelines came, however, to enhance the military renown of Spain, and the king erected, as the first trophy of his reign, the magnificent palace of the Escorial.

Mr. Prescott's history has been written in good faith, and with admirable art. It brings together a profusion of original materials, collected from the principal libraries of Europe, and patiently and skillfully analyzed. The whole narrative of the reformation and revolt in the Netherlands, of the Norman crusade against the orders of Christian chivalry, of the English episode in Philip's career, of his domestic policy, and of his family life, required to be illustrated by new evidence; but this evidence lay in public and private collections of ancient date, involved with masses of irrelevant annals, and it was a work of great labor to extract and arrange it. All this portion of his task Mr. Prescott has completed with as much ingenuity as diligence. But—and every one knows this—he is more than a superior compiler. He has a style of his own, and it is a vigorous, pointed, and pictorial style, exactly suited to a historian of the highest class.

The reader who may be tempted to study, in this masterly narrative, the history of Philip the Second, has probably studied other subjects in other of Mr. Prescott's works. Therefore, he does not want to know what Mr. Prescott's general manner is: it will content him to learn that the story of Philip contains as much graphic matter, colors as bright, anecdotes as pleasant, criticism as sound, historical views as broad and luminous, as the story of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is the book to sustain a reputation—and to increase it.

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELD have added to their choice list some very attractive works: "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor, by George S. Hillard," of Boston, segregates some of the finest specimens of vigorous Saxon to be found in the language. The volume is composed of sentences, weighty with meaning, most manly and liberal in tone, and exquisitely wrought. Many of them are worthy of a place among proverbs, for their pith and beauty. "Mimic Life" is a series of sketches of actresses, by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly Mrs. Mowatt. They were personally known to the author, and led singularly adventurous and romantic lives. The narrative is designed to show some of the elements of excitement which make up the life of the actor. Its easy style and romantic details both make it readable. "Ballads by William Makepeace Thackeray" is a collection,

by the author, of the songs and ballads written by him during the last fifteen years. They are precisely what would be expected of this favorite humorist—sensible, shrewd, satirical, and full of life. They are in all moods but the serious, and relate to a great variety of subjects. They have great merit as satire, but a poor claim as poetry. Mr. Thackeray is never at home in the ideal, and there happens to be poetry nowhere else. Two juvenile works are also sent us by this house, of superior quality in their way—"The Magician's Show-box," and "Kit Barn's Adventures," the humor and the illustrations of which will be quite enough to make them popular with young readers.

Messrs. MASON BROTHERS have recently issued two unusually good works of fiction—"Hampton Heights, by Caleb Starbuck," and "Lanmere, by Mrs. Dorr." The former is an effective performance, finished in style, skillful and natural in the evolution of the plot, and animated in dialogue, with moral purpose constantly in sight. Its scene is laid amidst country life, and the characters are common-place; but they are well-defined, and invested with so much of the charm of personal feeling that the reader becomes deeply interested in them, and is instructed by their history. The second tale is a story of home life, of the evils of ill-government, the beauty of patience and forgiveness, and the blessings of piety. It is gracefully written, with kindly feeling, and an admirable moral purpose. These are both works of wholesome influence, and of unquestionable literary merit.

Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND are issuing a very fine uniform edition of the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper. This is a great service to the literary character of the country, as well as an unspeakable boon to readers of taste and feeling. Slowly but surely the public verdict has come to stamp the name of Cooper as the highest in our annals of genius, and to place his works among the great achievements of art which have the pledge of immortality. We are not surprised to see that new and better editions of these works are continually called for, and that time adds only attraction to them.

SCHAUS'S DRAWING STUDIES, for schools and academies, containing heads, figures, animals, landscapes and flowers. An admirable book. W. Schaus, 311 Broadway.

SIR George Ballingall, M.D., professor of military surgery in the University of Edinburgh, died suddenly last week, at his country residence in Perthshire. He had occupied the chair for thirty years, and until the recent institution of a similar class at Dublin by Sir P. Crampton, Edinburgh was the only school where special lectures on military surgery were given. Sir George was in early life surgeon to the 33d regiment. Besides his "Outlines of Military Surgery," the text-book for his class, he has made several contributions to the literature of his profession, especially "Observations on the Diseases of the European Troops in India," and "Observations on the Site and Construction of Military Hospitals." He was a man highly esteemed by the profession, and valued as a teacher in the Edinburgh School of Medicine.

ATTENTION has been called to the indigent circumstances of a writer who has some claim on public sympathy for his labors in the cause of education—Mr. Joseph Guy, author of the "Elements of Astro-

nomy," "Geography," and about twenty other class-books, well known to teachers and pupils. The case, as represented in a public advertisement, is one which seems to deserve the assistance of Government when there are any funds available for such an object.

We hear from Paris that the Emperor of the French intends to offer a prize of 20,000 francs (£800) for the best poem on the taking of Sebastopol; also three or four other prizes of equal amount, on different subjects connected with the Universal Exhibition. We, however, only mention this as *on dit*, without in any respect guaranteeing its truth.

M. DUMAS is still Dumas the marvellous! He has had a little tiff with the Imperial Government—that mighty power having apparently shaken in its shoes because Alexandre, lover as he is of paradox and parenthesis, thought fit to state, in a private letter to a friend, the curious physiological fact, that his body was in Paris and his heart in Jersey and Brussels. Simple folks would have thought that such a state of things would have been uncomfortable only to M. Dumas. But the power that reigns in France is not content with a "divided" duty; and the body without a heart has lately been in trouble. Alexandre was put under process; but Napoleon's good genius stepped in to prevent more wicked laughter in the *cafés*. So the author of "Monte Christo" is not to be a martyr. What then will he do? In the words of the *Daily News* correspondent, "he intends to remain in Paris but a very short time, in order to bring out two dramas, (one at the Vaudeville, the other at the Porte St Martin,) and to superintend the publication of a new edition of all his works in three hundred volumes, and then to travel for several years, visiting China before he comes home." To bring out two new plays and to edit three hundred volumes ought to occupy him at least a month!

ADVICES have been received of the death of the eldest brother of the house of Rothschild, at Frankfurt, on the 6th ult. Baron Anselm von Rothschild is the third of the brothers who have departed this life in 1855, the head of the house in Naples, Carl, and the head of the house in Vienna, Solomon, having already died this year. Of the five brothers, there remains now only James, the head of the house in Paris. Baron Anselm was looked on as the founder of the great financial Rothschild power, and, though possessed of less cultivation and education than his brother, was a decided genius in money matters; he died childless, and has left to the house a fortune of 30,000,000 gulden. The funeral took place on the morning of the 8th ult., and, though devoid of any attempt at external splendor, it was attended by more than one hundred carriages of persons to whom, during life, he had stood in so many varied positions of man of business, patron, friend, and benefactor, including all religions and confessions.

ONE of the most distinguished writers of the nineteenth century, the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, died at Constantinople. The language in which he wrote is not popularly read, in England and France; yet the fame of the poet had overcome this all but insurmountable obstacle. M. Mickiewicz was formerly Professor of Slavonic Literature in the College of France. Lately he has discharged the duties of Librarian to the Arsenal. At the desire of the Imperial Government, he had repaired to Constantinople on a scientific mission, and he there fell a victim to the ravages of cholera.

MRS. Gaskell, of Manchester, has undertaken to write the "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (author of "Jane Eyre,") having been requested to do so by both father and husband.

MR. Lardner, assistant librarian of the British Museum, has lately been in so excitable a state as to make it necessary that some one should always be with him. While at the Museum on Tuesday week, on a sudden, he ordered the servant to quit his room on the second floor, which order she unfortunately obeyed. He then flung himself from the window, and received such frightful injuries, that he expired in a few minutes after he was taken up. The jury returned a verdict of "Insanity."

FRANCIS LIEBER has just closed a connection of twenty years' standing with the College of South Carolina, by resigning his professorship of Political Economy. Dr. Lieber's reputation is world-wide, as one of the most distinguished men of the age, in that department. He was one of the Prussian soldiers at Waterloo; afterwards the friend and correspondent of Niebuhr the historian; and the associate of Byron in the Greek struggle for independence. In his riper years, he has conferred honor and substantial benefit on the country of his adoption, by originating and editing the *Encyclopedia Americana*, and by writing a profound work on *Political Ethics*, which is, probably, unsurpassed in ability by any similar work. As an original and profound thinker, and thorough master of political economy and kindred sciences, Dr. Lieber would do honor to any institution which may be fortunate enough to secure his coöperation. The post which he has just vacated in South Carolina College will not be easily filled.

DR. VERON, the former proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, and author of "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris" has recently made his debut as a romancist with a story of Parisian Life entitled "Cinq Cent Mille Francs de Rente." (Five hundred thousand Francs a year.) The title seems to have been suggested by Samuel Warren's celebrated novel. The book shows up very cleverly, and with an unsparing hand, the follies of the branches of the Potiphar family in Paris, as represented by various "Nouveaux riches" and "Parvenus." One of the most eminent capitalists and millionaires of Europe has his portrait drawn, they say, with most life-like exactness.

THERE seems to be in France, as there has been in England lately, a rage for cheap books, or "railway reading," as they call it on the other side of the channel. The two publishers who have more especially devoted themselves to this object, are Messrs. Hachette & Co., whose series is styled "Bibliothèque des Chemins de fer," and a joint stock company, under the designation of "Librairie Nouvelle," whose series bears the same title as that of their firm. These works are in 18mo. form, excellent print and paper, and containing from 130 to as much, in several instances, as 500 pages each volume, the prices ranging from 50 centimes to 1 franc. Some of the best of the modern French *littérateurs* are embodied in these two series, including contributions from Lamartine, Karr, Sandeau, Dumas fils, Champfleury, and many other eminent names. To meet this demand the enterprising firm of Michel Levy Frères have within the last two or three weeks enrolled themselves as candidates for popular patronage. They have already issued four or five vols. of a series, bearing their own name, and selling for 1 franc a volume. The

authors they start with, are Mme. de Girardin, Scribe, George Sands, De Stendahl. When it is considered that all of the above works are subject to copyright, they are really marvels of cheapness.

FRANCIS RUDE, the French sculptor, died lately at the age of seventy-one. His statue of the Neapolitan fisherman first made him famous, having for it received the cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Philippe. He was the principal artist employed by M. Thiers in decorating the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. The grand jury of the Paris Exhibition had shortly before his death awarded to him a grand médaille d'honneur.

FOR the vacancy in the French Academy, caused by the death of Count Molé, there are already several candidates in the field, the most important of whom are M. Troplong, President of the Senate and the Court of Cassation, and a learned writer on law; and Emile Augier, the dramatic poet. Jules Janin is also spoken of.

THE works of Dr. Channing, of the United States, have obtained the honor of translation into French. A translation of Ranke's "History of France in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," has also just been published at Paris.

THE discovery of a new "variable star" has just been made by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, in Prussia, and he has given it the name of T. Piscium. The degree of variability is from the ninth to the eleventh magnitude.

NEW MONTHLY PERIODICAL.—The New Year, as usual, is a signal for the commencement of literary speculations, some of which die after a brief and checkered career, whilst others survive and eventually become property. *The Idler* is a new English candidate for the latter desirable consummation, and, judging from the prospectus, it ought, from its spirited bill of fare, to have a good chance. Among its leading attractions, is a new tale from the pen of the author of "Singleton Fontenoy."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—This well-known and deservedly popular periodical has passed into the hands of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, the

highly respectable successors of the late Henry Colburn. The sum given for the copyright was £750 and we consider it well worth the money. We perceive it stated by some of our contemporaries that it was valued at £100; but it should be mentioned that this valuation took place on the other side of the Channel, and no doubt by those who would have had no objection to buy it at that price. Fortunately for those who had an interest in realizing the full value of the property, the Irish valuation was simply laughed at. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, we hear, intend still to publish it in Dublin as heretofore, and that they will preserve the national character of the Magazine to the fullest extent.

MR. James Hardiman, a well-known Celtic scholar, formerly Commissioner of Records in Dublin Castle, and afterwards Librarian to the Queen's Colleges, died lately at the age of seventy-three. His "History of Galway," and "Bardic Remains of Ireland," have given him a distinguished name among the authors of Ireland.

THE sales of the libraries of the Rev. Dr. Townshend and the Rev. Dr. Gilly, are fixed for the 11th and 17th inst., at Messrs Southgate and Barrett's rooms. They are most valuable collections, chiefly of historical and ecclesiastical works.

M. LEVERRIER and Sir R. Murchison have been elected foreign members of the Royal Academy of Science at Stockholm.

THE Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, of Paris, has elected M. Texier a member, in the room of the late Baron Barchon de Ponhoen.

M. DE KONINGH, professor at the University of Liege, has been elected foreign member of the Academy of Science at Munich, as attached to the class of physical sciences and mathematics.

SOME of the artistic trophies captured at Sebastopol have already arrived at the Louvre at Paris. The most important of them are two sphinxes in white marble.

THE Paris papers announce the death of F. Berat, a musical composer and poet of some little note.



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MARCH, 1856.

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE REIGN OF PHILIP II.*

AMONG the many important subjects of inquiry which the history of the sixteenth century suggests, few are more striking than the sudden and prominent part taken by Spain in European politics. During the long succession of the middle ages, nearly every other European state and kingdom—Italy, France, Germany, England, the free cities of Flanders, the flourishing towns on the shores of the Baltic, even remoter kingdoms, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, by turns, or together, took part in the stirring drama of those times; while Spain, separated only by the chain of the Pyrenees, appeared as utterly cut off from the great European family as the regions beyond the Caucasus. Indeed, from those half-mythic times, when the chronicler told of Charlemagne's paladins, and the fatal pass of Roncevalles, to the day when Columbus laid a new world at her feet, Spain scarcely ever appears on the pages of European history—scarcely even in European legend and romance. Even their deadliest foemen, the Saracens, held

a far more prominent place in the popular mind than the Spaniard.

It was not until almost the close of the fifteenth century that Spain first challenged a place in the councils of Europe. But, under Charles V., mighty was her power and influence, and as mighty during the reign of his son. Unlike his father, who, not content with the strifes of diplomacy, charged with his armies mounted on his war-steed, and even when struck down by his "old enemy," and helpless as an infant, was borne on a litter at their head—Philip withdrew from personal warfare; but then, in the privacy of his cabinet, he wove those intricate webs of state policy, and issued those sanguinary mandates, which made the influence of the Escorial to be felt beyond the uttermost bounds of Europe. The history of this great Archimago of the Romish faith is, indeed, an important one—not to be manufactured with scissors and paste; nor is it a theme for the superficial historical student; for, along the whole course of his life, with how many kingdoms and peoples was he brought in contact—England, with the strife of her Reformation and the rise of her proud nationality; Flanders, with its deadlier strife for religion

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. 2 vols. Bentley.

and freedom; Germany, with the feuds of its princes, and the contests of its people; and France, with her fierce conflict of rival parties, the treachery of the Guises and Catherine de Medicis, and that crowning atrocity, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Even signal victories over the Turk—the Cross, as of yore, triumphant over the Crescent—cast a romantic splendor over that long reign. And all along there is the sullen countenance and cold, but expressive features of Philip the Second looking out upon us; and his dark sinister eye glares forth like that of some evil spirit, bent on the work of destruction, fearful indeed to contemplate, but from whence shall eventually arise abiding good. We are gratified to find that Mr. Prescott has undertaken this important history. No one can be better qualified for the task than himself, both from his previous knowledge of the history of Spain, and his command of hitherto unemployed materials, but, more than all, his skill and judgment in using them. Only the two first volumes are, as yet, before us, and to them we will now proceed to direct the attention of the reader.

Philip the Second was born at Valladolid, on the 21st of May, 1527. Ere the festivities customary on the birth of an heir to the crown could be completed, tidings of the capture of Clement the Seventh and of the atrocious sack of Rome arrived, and the emperor, who, doubtless, shared the general indignation, although he cannot be altogether acquitted of participation in the earlier steps which led to these results, immediately gave orders that all public rejoicings should cease. The disappointed Spaniards obeyed this mandate most reluctantly, and, singularly enough, prophesied that the reign of the prince, who, in after years, became so uncompromising and unscrupulous a champion of the Church, would be injurious both to her and to Spain. Well had it been for that age had the augury proved true. Charles seems to have exercised a praiseworthy care in the education of his only son. The first seven years of the boy's life were passed with his mother, Isabella of Portugal, an excellent woman, worthy of her namesake ancestress, and then he was transferred to the superintendence of Juan Martinez Seliceo, a professor in the college of Salamanca, under whose teaching he became a tolerable Latin scholar, and also made some progress in French

and Italian. Philip's proficiency in languages, however, never rivalled his father's, for, in conversation, he was rarely inclined to venture beyond his own mother tongue. He is said to have shown a more decided taste for science, especially the mathematics, while to the arts, especially architecture, he in after life paid much attention. While the learned professor of Salamanca thus superintended Philip's literary education, Don Juan de Zuniga, commendador mayor of Castile, was charged with his instruction in all those athletic and graceful exercises which were indispensable to the accomplished cavalier of the sixteenth century. But little taste had Philip for these accomplishments, in which in youth his father had delighted, and, far worse, still less inclination had he to receive those lessons of lofty principle, of honor and truthfulness, which his noble-hearted tutor was well qualified to impart, and for which the wise father had warmly eulogized him. As Philip "grew in years, and slowly unfolded the peculiar qualities of his disposition," caution, reserve, suspicion, and an utter absence of generous feeling, became strongly marked, and, together with the acuteness beyond his years, which he is said to have displayed, and his perfect self-possession, must, even in his boyhood, have indicated "what manner of man he should be." The loss of his mother ere he was twelve years old, his appointment to the regency, his marriage with his first cousin, Mary of Portugal, at the early age of sixteen, and the birth of his son, the ill-fated Don Carlos, with the consequent death of his young wife, within two years after, may be noticed as we pass on to the first important event of Philip's history, his visit to his father at Brussels, in the autumn of 1548.

This visit was arranged with the greatest magnificence, for "the emperor was desirous that his son should make an appearance that would dazzle the imagination of the people among whom he passed," and should flatter his Flemish subjects, too, by the assumption of a state to which they had been accustomed by their Burgundian princes. Sailing from Rosas with a fleet of fifty-eight vessels, commanded by the illustrious Andrew Doria, Philip arrived at Genoa, and after a few days' festivity, during which, however, we find he made his first essay in kingcraft most successfully, the narrator informs us that, while his answer to the suppliant was exceedingly com-

plimentary, "it was sufficiently ambiguous as to the essentials," he proceeded to Milan, and, crossing the Tyrol, took the road past Munich and Heidelberg towards Flanders.

Four months were occupied by this splendid progress; and, as the heir of the great Emperor rode slowly along, each village sent out its inhabitants to gaze, and each town and city reverently opened its gates, and welcomed him with thunders of artillery, with humblest addresses, and not unfrequently with silver goblets brimful of golden ducats. These last were received by Philip himself with gracious condescension. The reply to the addresses the taciturn prince delegated to the Duke of Alva, who, already high in favor, rode beside him. At length the gorgeous procession entered Flanders; and, as it drew near Brussels, the eager crowds rushed forth, greeting their future ruler with wild enthusiasm, and amid the roaring of cannon, the merry peals of myriad bells, and the shouts of heartiest welcome, Philip, with Alva at his bridle-rein, entered the festive city. Philip and Alva in Brussels! What would have been the greeting, could a prophet voice have foretold the unimaginable miseries these two should inflict on its inhabitants!

The meeting between the father and son was affectionate; it was nearly seven years since they had met, and Charles, ambitious and grasping as he was, was not deficient in natural affection. "He must have been pleased with the alteration which time had wrought in Philip's appearance," Mr. Prescott remarks, and we subjoin his full-length portrait:

"He was now twenty-one years of age, and was distinguished by a comeliness of person, remarked upon by more than one who had access to his presence. That report is confirmed by the portraits of him, from the pencil of Titian, taken before the freshness of youth had faded into the sallow hue of disease, and when care and anxiety had not yet given a sombre, perhaps sullen expression to his features. He had a fair, and even delicate complexion. His hair and beard were of a light yellow; his eyes blue, with the eyebrows somewhat too close together. His nose thin and aquiline. The principal blemish in his countenance was his thick Austrian lip; his lower jaw protruded even more than his father's. To his father, indeed, he bore a great resemblance in his lineaments, though those of Philip were of a less intellectual cast. In stature he was somewhat below the middle height, with a slight, symmetrical figure, and well-made limbs. He was attentive to his dress, which was

rich and elegant, but without any affectation of ornament. His demeanor was grave, with that ceremonious observance which marked the old Castilian, and which may be thought the natural result of Philip's slow and phlegmatic temperament."

But Philip, although resembling his father in some points, both in person and character, was, in many essential respects, widely different. Charles was far more Fleming than Spaniard; Philip far more Spaniard than Fleming—indeed, altogether Spanish in tastes and feeling. The free and frank deportment of the emperor, which, despite of his tyrannical measures, rendered him so popular with his Flemish and German subjects, contrasted strangely in their eyes with the cold, formal demeanor of his son. The love of athletic sports which Charles in his youth displayed, his taste for gorgeous ceremonial and a splendid court, even his love of good cheer—the potted capon and eel-pasties, for which he endured a penance far more severe than hair shirt or scourge could inflict—and his deep potations—the mighty goblet, containing a full quart of Rhenish, drained at a single draught, as Roger Ascham, who witnessed this feat of imperial excess, so wonderingly records—all these endeared him to the wealthy, pomp-loving, luxurious burghers of Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, who could scarcely comprehend, far less admire, the prince who, although but just past twenty, rigidly adhered to one system of diet, who seldom took part in the tourney, scarcely ever hunted, but preferred to pass his hours in the privacy of his own apartment, in company with a favorite few, but talking of nothing and thinking of nothing but Spain. But however distasteful to Philip, he was compelled, in conformity with his father's will, to take part in the festivities in his honor; and in the great square of Brussels, opposite the palace, and arrayed in unaccustomed splendor of cloth of gold and violet velvet, he ran the first course against Count Mansfeldt, and received a brilliant ruby as the prize. There is a mournful interest in the details of this tournament, so graphically and spiritedly described by Mr. Prescott. Count Hoorne, among the challengers, and the gallant Count Egmont, with lance in rest, supporting Philip; and Alva sitting among the judges, while the emperor, beneath the gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold, his sisters, the regent, and the dowager-queen

of France, on either hand, occupied almost the very spot where, on that sad morning twenty years after, the tolling bells, the black scaffold, and the headsman drew together a greater, but heart-broken crowd, to witness the execution of those two gallant nobles, while Alva, drunk with blood, but with thirst yet unsatiated, watched behind the lattice the fall of their gory heads.

A residence of more than two years in Flanders, if insufficient to reconcile Philip to the habits of his Flemish subjects, was an amply sufficient space of time for Charles to initiate his son into that science of government which he understood so well. Every day Philip passed some time in his father's cabinet conversing on public affairs, or in attending the sittings of the council of state; and it is probable that Charles "found his son an apt and docile scholar." One thing was still wanting to his father's wishes; that in addition to the crown of Spain, the diadem of the Germanic empire should be secured to his son; and earnest was Charles with his brother Ferdinand to induce him to waive his prospective claim in favor of his nephew. But Ferdinand was unyielding; while to the suggestion that Philip might at least become king of the Romans, the plea that this was in the gift of the electors was urged—a plea unanswerable, and at once fatal to the claims of Philip of Spain; for, as Sorriano remarks, while his manners had been "little pleasing to the Italians, and positively displeasing to the Flemings, they were altogether odious to the Germans." A kind of compromise was at length entered into between the two brothers, and Philip prepared for his departure. He had now accomplished the object of his visit in regard to his Flemish subjects; but even then "the symptoms of alienation between the future sovereign and his people, which was afterwards to widen into a permanent and irreparable breach, might be discovered," and when Philip again visited Flanders, there was little of that wild enthusiasm which hailed his first appearance.

It was with no reluctant feelings, therefore, that Philip returned to Spain. In July, 1551, he re-landed at Barcelona, proceeding to Valladolid, and there quietly resumed the duties of the regency during the next three years; while his father, humiliated by his flight from Innspruck, and the disastrous results of the siege of

Metz, at length began to meditate that abdication which ere long was to startle Europe. Ere this step had been arranged—probably ere it was definitely decided upon—death, which, if it so often extinguishes ambitious hopes, so often, on the other hand, awakens or aids them, offered a new prize to the still grasping emperor. Young Edward of England had died, and Mary, the cruelly-used daughter of Catharine of Arragon, the persecuted sister of the Protestant boy-king, the desolate princess, on whose behalf, and for the free exercise of whose faith, Charles, as her nearest maternal relative, had repeatedly interfered, was now actually queen, and unwedded! What a prize for his still widower son!

The history of Philip of Spain now links itself with that of England; and in entering upon it we shall refer to English affairs more largely than Mr. Prescott has done, since scarcely any portion of our annals requires so much to be re-written as those of the reign of Mary.

Few kings' daughters, from their very cradle up to womanhood, have been the object of so many marriage treaties as Mary Tudor. Giustinian has told us how Bonnivet placed the diminutive ring on the little child's finger as she stood on her mother's knee, thus betrothing her to the Dauphin, then a babe in his nurse's arms. (*B. Q.*, No. XLII., page 462.) But the peace thus solemnly ratified between Henry and Francis was ere long broken, and then Charles V. sought a closer alliance with his cousin, still the heir-presumptive of the English crown, although then but six years old, and by the treaty of Windsor stipulated that at the age of twelve she should be sent to Spain to complete her education. This treaty is very important, for we find that it was there stipulated that Mary should be brought up in the habits, the language, even the costume of Spain. "And who is so well qualified to instruct her in all this as the queen, her mother?" said Henry.*

Charles, well acquainted with the inveterate nationality of his aunt, willingly ac-

* "For if her father shuld seke a maistresse for hir to frame hir after the maner of Spayne, and of whom she myghte take example of vertue, he shulde not fynde in all Xtendome a more mete than she now hath, the queene's grace, her mother, who is comen of this house of Spayne, and who for th' affection she berith to the emperor will norish her, and bringe her up, as may hereafter be to his most contentacion."—*Letter of the Ambassador's, July 8th, Cotton MSS.*

quiesced, and thus the princess royal of England was educated as an alien in her own land! Up to the year 1525, this engagement was still considered binding; and an emerald ring, in token of constancy, was presented by the grave ambassadors to Charles, as a love-token from the little princess, which he as gravely received, saying "he wolde weare it for hir sayke." But Charles was now twenty-six years of age, and, naturally enough, his subjects desired to see him married without delay, rather than wait some years longer for his English cousin; so only two months later he wrote to the king and cardinal requesting their assent to his marriage with another first cousin of more suitable age, Isabella of Portugal, who became, as we have seen, mother of Philip II. Ere long Henry and Francis again made peace, and then Francis, now a widower, obligingly offered either himself or his second son. After many negotiations, the subject was dropped, and during the subsequent years the divorce of Catharine fully occupied Henry's mind, while, cast out from court favor and disgracefully branded with illegitimacy, few European princes would be likely to seek alliance with the portionless "Lady Mary." Soon after Catharine's death, however, we find Charles again interfering on behalf of his cousin, and proposing a marriage with his nephew the Infante of Portugal; but ere the arrangements were completed, Francis again came forward with a renewed offer of his second son. Soon after there were proposals from the Duke of Cleves, and then from the Duke of Urbino, both at the suggestion of Charles, who dreaded above all a French alliance, and to these a third was subsequently added, from Duke Philip of Bavaria. The latter visited England and presented Mary with a diamond cross; but all these negotiations, like the former ones, were broken off.

On the death of her father, with the exception of a proposal from the Marquess of Brandenburg, Mary was allowed to remain in quiet obscurity, the emperor no longer proposing alliances, but keeping close watch over her interests, and, on the occasion of Edward's council arresting her chaplains for performing mass, directing his ambassador to threaten war unless her religious tenets were respected. This was in 1551, and as Edward was then a sickly youth, it is not improbable that Charles, far-sighted as he had always shown himself,

began to form his plans, should the premature death of the young king open the succession to Mary. At length, in July, 1553, Edward died—from natural causes there is little doubt, for most important to the maturing the projects of Northumberland would a few months, even a few days, have been. The story of the joy that pervaded England when Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen must be dismissed as a palpable falsehood. The poor girl, whose father was as despised as her mother, "the proud lady of Bradgate," was hated, who was raised to a fifteen days' royalty by that most detested of all the *parvenu* nobles of that age, Dudley, the upstart assumer of the proud title of the Percies—the murderer—not the less so because "in course of law"—of Somerset, the king's uncle, and who was well known to sway the young king as a mere puppet—it was impossible that his daughter-in-law could ever have been the object of the people's choice, even had not the king's two sisters been living. But, then, can we believe that Mary's accession was hailed with rejoicings? Contemporary testimony, Protestant as well as Catholic, assures us it was so; and when we remember how much reason the people had to dread a disputed succession—how their fathers had suffered from that very cause in the wars of the Roses—how they themselves had suffered from the feuds of rival nobles—we can well believe that they would be content with any ruler who would set them free from the unbearable tyranny of the Somersets and Northumberlands of that day. We must remember, too, that among the Catholic nobility and their followers—then a large majority—the accession of the Catholic princess, who, through such cruel persecution, had stood firm to her faith, was indeed a triumph. Thus we think it will be found that Mary, notwithstanding her foreign habits, and the slight impression which, notwithstanding her wrongs, she had made upon the people, was yet welcomed by them. They had yet to learn how devoted she was to Spain, and how willing to lay their liberties at the feet of a foreign despot.

Edward died on the 6th of July; and however Northumberland might plot to keep his death secret, we find the wary emperor so quickly apprised of it, that in a letter dated from Brussels only five days afterwards, he gives his first directions to

jealous of their ancient institutions, "consented to supply the necessaries of the crown by a tax larger than the revenues of America."

Such was the position of Philip when he ascended the Spanish throne. Nevertheless, his reign was disturbed by numerous dangers, and marked by numerous disgraces. Parallel with almost its entire course is traced the conflict with the Netherlands, exasperated by his policy, and irreconcilably alienated by the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. Philip avowed as his leading principle the inviolability and universality of the Papal power; yet he was so unfortunate at the very commencement of his reign, as to engage in a war with the Pope, who, though his temporal forces were routed in every engagement, was still able to bring the Spanish commander upon his knees, suing for forgiveness, and confessing an act of treason against the Church.

Thus, though successful in a military point of view, Philip had been forced into an attitude of humility. The victories of St. Quentin and of Gravelines came, however, to enhance the military renown of Spain, and the king erected, as the first trophy of his reign, the magnificent palace of the Escorial.

Mr. Prescott's history has been written in good faith, and with admirable art. It brings together a profusion of original materials, collected from the principal libraries of Europe, and patiently and skillfully analyzed. The whole narrative of the reformation and revolt in the Netherlands, of the Norman crusade against the orders of Christian chivalry, of the English episode in Philip's career, of his domestic policy, and of his family life, required to be illustrated by new evidence; but this evidence lay in public and private collections of ancient date, involved with masses of irrelevant annals, and it was a work of great labor to extract and arrange it. All this portion of his task Mr. Prescott has completed with as much ingenuity as diligence. But—and every one knows this—he is more than a superior compiler. He has a style of his own, and it is a vigorous, pointed, and pictorial style, exactly suited to a historian of the highest class.

The reader who may be tempted to study, in this masterly narrative, the history of Philip the Second, has probably studied other subjects in other of Mr. Prescott's works. Therefore, he does not want to know what Mr. Prescott's general manner is: it will content him to learn that the story of Philip contains as much graphic matter, colors as bright, anecdotes as pleasant, criticism as sound, historical views as broad and luminous, as the story of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is the book to sustain a reputation—and to increase it.

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELD have added to their choice list some very attractive works: "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor, by George S. Hillard," of Boston, segregates some of the finest specimens of vigorous Saxon to be found in the language. The volume is composed of sentences, weighty with meaning, most manly and liberal in tone, and exquisitely wrought. Many of them are worthy of a place among proverbs, for their pith and beauty. "Mimic Life" is a series of sketches of actresses, by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly Mrs. Mowatt. They were personally known to the author, and led singularly adventurous and romantic lives. The narrative is designed to show some of the elements of excitement which make up the life of the actor. Its easy style and romantic details both make it readable. "Ballads by William Makepeace Thackeray" is a collection,

by the author, of the songs and ballads written by him during the last fifteen years. They are precisely what would be expected of this favorite humorist—sensible, shrewd, satirical, and full of life. They are in all moods but the serious, and relate to a great variety of subjects. They have great merit as satire, but a poor claim as poetry. Mr. Thackeray is never at home in the ideal, and there happens to be poetry nowhere else. Two juvenile works are also sent us by this house, of superior quality in their way—"The Magician's Show-box," and "Kit Barn's Adventures," the humor and the illustrations of which will be quite enough to make them popular with young readers.

Messrs. MASON BROTHERS have recently issued two unusually good works of fiction—"Hampton Heights, by Caleb Starbuck," and "Lanmere, by Mrs. Dorr." The former is an effective performance, finished in style, skillful and natural in the evolution of the plot, and animated in dialogue, with moral purpose constantly in sight. Its scene is laid amidst country life, and the characters are common-place; but they are well-defined, and invested with so much of the charm of personal feeling that the reader becomes deeply interested in them, and is instructed by their history. The second tale is a story of home life, of the evils of ill-government, the beauty of patience and forgiveness, and the blessings of piety. It is gracefully written, with kindly feeling, and an admirable moral purpose. These are both works of wholesome influence, and of unquestionable literary merit.

Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND are issuing a very fine uniform edition of the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper. This is a great service to the literary character of the country, as well as an unspeakable boon to readers of taste and feeling. Slowly but surely the public verdict has come to stamp the name of Cooper as the highest in our annals of genius, and to place his works among the great achievements of art which have the pledge of immortality. We are not surprised to see that new and better editions of these works are continually called for, and that time adds only attraction to them.

SCHAUS'S DRAWING STUDIES, for schools and academies, containing heads, figures, animals, landscapes and flowers. An admirable book. W. Schaus, 311 Broadway.

Sir George Ballingall, M.D., professor of military surgery in the University of Edinburgh, died suddenly last week, at his country residence in Porthshire. He had occupied the chair for thirty years, and until the recent institution of a similar class at Dublin by Sir P. Crampton, Edinburgh was the only school where special lectures on military surgery were given. Sir George was in early life surgeon to the 33d regiment. Besides his "Outlines of Military Surgery," the text-book for his class, he has made several contributions to the literature of his profession, especially "Observations on the Diseases of the European Troops in India," and "Observations on the Site and Construction of Military Hospitals." He was a man highly esteemed by the profession, and valued as a teacher in the Edinburgh School of Medicine.

ATTENTION has been called to the indigent circumstances of a writer who has some claim on public sympathy for his labors in the cause of education—Mr. Joseph Guy, author of the "Elements of Astro-

mony," "Geography," and about twenty other classical books, well known to teachers and pupils. The case, as represented in a public advertisement, is one which seems to deserve the assistance of Government when there are any funds available for such an object.

We hear from Paris that the Emperor of the French intends to offer a prize of 20,000 francs (£280) for the best poem on the taking of Sebastopol; also three or four other prizes of equal amount, on different subjects connected with the Universal Exhibition. We, however, only mention this as an odd, without in any respect guaranteeing its truth.

M. DUMAS is still Dumas the marvellous! He has had a little tiff with the Imperial Government—that mighty power having apparently shaken in its shoes because Alexandre, lover as he is of paradox and parenthesis, thought fit to state, in a private letter to a friend, the curious physiological fact, that his body was in Paris and his heart in Jersey and Brussels. Simple folks would have thought that such a state of things would have been uncomfortable only to M. Dumas. But the power that reigns in France is not content with a "divided" duty; and the body without a heart has lately been in trouble. Alexandre was put under process; but Napoleon's good genius stepped in to prevent more wicked laughter in the *cafés*. So the author of "Monte Christo" is not to be a martyr. What then will he do? In the words of the *Daily News* correspondent, "he intends to remain in Paris but a very short time, in order to bring out two dramas, (one at the Vaudeville, the other at the Porte St. Martin,) and to superintend the publication of a new edition of all his works in three hundred volumes, and then to travel for several years, visiting China before he comes home." To bring out two new plays and to edit three hundred volumes ought to occupy him at least a month!

ADVICES have been received of the death of the eldest brother of the house of Rothschild, at Frankfurt, on the 6th ult. Baron Anselm von Rothschild is the third of the brothers who have departed this life in 1855, the head of the house in Naples, Carl, and the head of the house in Vienna, Solomon, having already died this year. Of the five brothers, there remains now only James, the head of the house in Paris. Baron Anselm was looked on as the founder of the great financial Rothschild power, and, though possessed of less cultivation and education than his brother, was a decided genius in money matters; he died childless, and has left to the house a fortune of 30,000,000 gulden. The funeral took place on the morning of the 8th ult., and, though devoid of any attempt at external splendor, it was attended by more than one hundred carriages of persons to whom, during life, he had stood in so many varied positions of man of business, patron, friend, and benefactor, including all religions and confessions.

ONE of the most distinguished writers of the nineteenth century, the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, died at Constantinople. The language in which he wrote is not popularly read in England and France; yet the fame of the poet had overcome this all but insurmountable obstacle. M. Mickiewicz was formerly Professor of Slavonic Literature in the College of France. Lately he has discharged the duties of Librarian to the Arsenal. At the desire of the Imperial Government, he had repaired to Constantinople on a scientific mission, and he there fell a victim to the ravages of cholera.

Mrs. Gaskell, of Manchester, has undertaken to write the "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (daughter of "Jane Eyre") having been requested to do so by both father and husband.

Mr. Lardner, assistant librarian of the British Museum, has lately been in so excitable a state as to make it necessary that some one should always be with him. While at the Museum on Tuesday week, on a sudden, he ordered the servant to quit his room on the second floor, which order she unfortunately obeyed. He then flung himself from the window, and received such frightful injuries, that he expired in a few minutes after he was taken up. The jury returned a verdict of "Insanity."

FRANCIS LIEBER has just closed a connection of twenty years' standing with the College of South-Carolina, by resigning his professorship of Political Economy. Dr. Lieber's reputation is world-wide, as one of the most distinguished men of the age, in that department. He was one of the Prussian soldiers at Waterloo; afterwards the friend and correspondent of Niebuhr the historian; and the associate of Byron in the Greek struggle for independence. In his riper years, he has conferred honor and substantial benefit on the country of his adoption, by originating and editing the *Encyclopædia Americana*, and by writing a profound work on *Political Ethics*, which is, probably, unsurpassed in ability by any similar work. As an original and profound thinker, and thorough master of political economy and kindred sciences, Dr. Lieber would do honor to any institution which may be fortunate enough to secure his cooperation. The post which he has just vacated in South-Carolina College will not be easily filled.

DR. VERON, the former proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, and author of "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris" has recently made his debut as a romancier with a story of Parisian Life entitled "Cinq Cent Mille Francs de Rente." (Five hundred thousand Francs a year.) The title seems to have been suggested by Samuel Warren's celebrated novel. The book shows up very cleverly, and with an unsparing hand, the follies of the branches of the Potiphar family in Paris, as represented by various "Nouveaux riches" and "Parvenus." One of the most eminent capitalists and millionaires of Europe has his portrait drawn, they say, with most life-like exactness.

THERE seems to be in France, as there has been in England lately, a rage for cheap books, or "railway reading," as they call it on the other side of the channel. The two publishers who have more especially devoted themselves to this object, are Messrs. Hachette & Co., whose series is styled "Bibliothèque des Chemins de fer," and a joint stock company, under the designation of "Librairie Nouvelle," whose series bears the same title as that of their firm. These works are in 18mo. form, excellent print and paper, and containing from 130 to as much, in several instances, as 500 pages each volume, the prices ranging from 50 centimes to 1 franc. Some of the best of the modern French *littérateurs* are embodied in these two series, including contributions from Lamartine, Karr, Sandeau, Dumas fils, Champfleury, and many other eminent names. To meet this demand the enterprising firm of Michel Levy Frères have within the last two or three weeks enrolled themselves as candidates for popular patronage. They have already issued four or five vols. of a series, bearing their own name, and selling for 1 franc a volume. The

authors they start with, are Mme. de Girardin, Scribe, George Sands, De Stendahl. When it is considered that all of the above works are subject to copyright, they are really marvels of cheapness.

FRANCIS RUDE, the French sculptor, died lately at the age of seventy-one. His statue of the Neapolitan fisherman first made him famous, having for it received the cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Philippe. He was the principal artist employed by M. Thiers in decorating the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. The grand jury of the Paris Exhibition had shortly before his death awarded to him a grand médaille d'honneur.

FOR the vacancy in the French Academy, caused by the death of Count Molé, there are already several candidates in the field, the most important of whom are M. Troplong, President of the Senate and the Court of Cassation, and a learned writer on law; and Emile Augier, the dramatic poet. Jules Janin is also spoken of.

THE works of Dr. Channing, of the United States, have obtained the honor of translation into French. A translation of Ranke's "History of France in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," has also just been published at Paris.

THE discovery of a new "variable star" has just been made by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, in Prussia, and he has given it the name of T. Piscium. The degree of variability is from the ninth to the eleventh magnitude.

NEW MONTHLY PERIODICAL.—The New Year, as usual, is a signal for the commencement of literary speculations, some of which die after a brief and checkered career, whilst others survive and eventually become property. *The Idler* is a new English candidate for the latter desirable consummation, and, judging from the prospectus, it ought, from its spirited bill of fare, to have a good chance. Among its leading attractions, is a new tale from the pen of the author of "Singleton Fontenoy."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—This well-known and deservedly popular periodical has passed into the hands of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, the

highly respectable successors of the late Henry Colburn. The sum given for the copyright was £750 and we consider it well worth the money. We perceive it stated by some of our contemporaries that it was valued at £100; but it should be mentioned that this valuation took place on the other side of the Channel, and no doubt by those who would have had no objection to buy it at that price. Fortunately for those who had an interest in realizing the full value of the property, the Irish valuation was simply laughed at. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, we hear, intend still to publish it in Dublin as heretofore, and that they will preserve the national character of the Magazine to the fullest extent.

MR. James Hardiman, a well-known Celtic scholar, formerly Commissioner of Records in Dublin Castle, and afterwards Librarian to the Queen's Colleges, died lately at the age of seventy-three. His "History of Galway," and "Bardic Remains of Ireland," have given him a distinguished name among the authors of Ireland.

THE sales of the libraries of the Rev. Dr. Townshend and the Rev. Dr. Gilly, are fixed for the 11th and 17th inst., at Messrs Southgate and Barrett's rooms. They are most valuable collections, chiefly of historical and ecclesiastical works.

M. LEVERRIER and Sir. R. Murchison have been elected foreign members of the Royal Academy of Science at Stockholm.

THE Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, of Paris, has elected M. Texier a member, in the room of the late Baron Barchon de Ponthéon.

M. DE KONINGH, professor at the University of Liège, has been elected foreign member of the Academy of Science at Munich, as attached to the class of physical sciences and mathematics.

SOME of the artistic trophies captured at Sebastopol have already arrived at the Louvre at Paris. The most important of them are two sphinxes in white marble.

THE Paris papers announce the death of F. Berat, a musical composer and poet of some little note.

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